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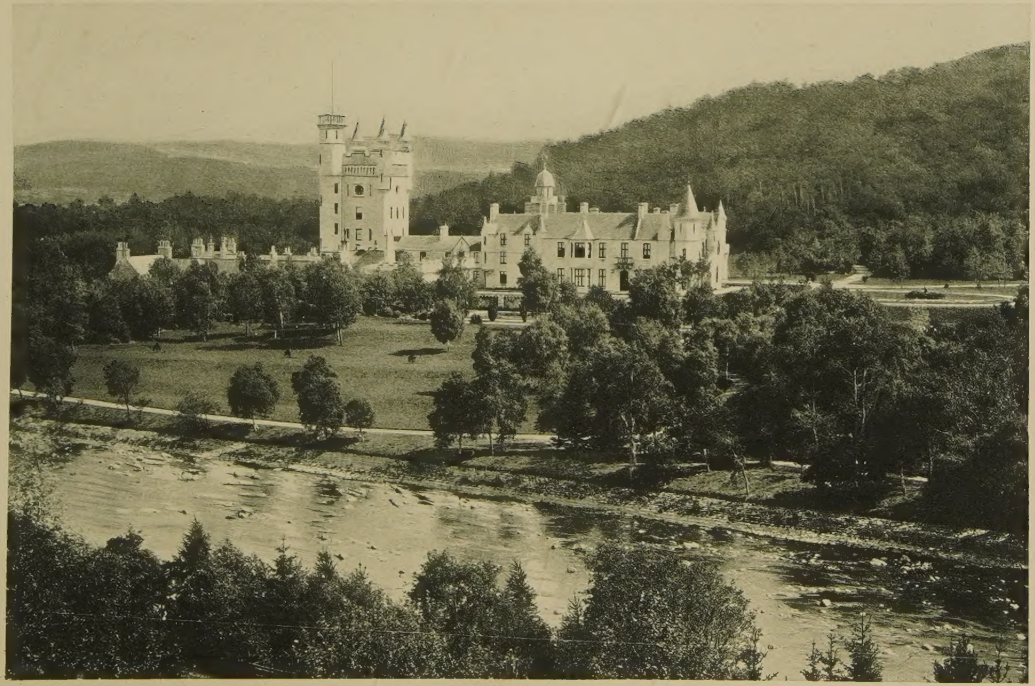

Balmoral Castle

SCOTLAND

HISTORIC AND ROMANTIC

BY

MARIA HORNOR LANSDALE

ILLUSTRATED

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

PHILADELPHIA

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1902

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SCOTLAND,

HISTORIC AND ROMANTIC.

CHAPTER X.

AYR.

The long, curved stretch of territory that forms the County of Ayr borders the southwestern Scottish coast northwards from Wigtown to Renfrew, along the Firth of Clyde. It had a Celtic population in its early days, and became a part of and shared in the vicissitudes of the Strathclyde, or Cumbrian, Kingdom after the fall of the Roman power in Britain.

The first great historical landmark that can be identified with Ayr is the battle of Largs, fought on the 2d of October, 1263, when the Norse King Haco made his supreme effort to wrest back from the Scots the possessions once held by Norway on the west coast. There had been some fruitless negotiations with Alexander III., and then Haco raised a great fleet, manned it with his brawny warriors, and set forth to conquer and to recover his own. It is recorded that so bent was he on the undertaking that

even the awful warning of an eclipse of the sun, seen at Orkney August 25, whither he sailed first, failed to deter him. Passing around by the north and west, and harrying the coast as they went, the Norse host finally cast anchor off Ayrshire. The men of Ayr began with negotiations; but all the time that the parleying proceeded a strong though quite irregular force was assembling, and moreover the time of the winter storms was approaching. At last these latter broke out in great fury. Haco's fleet suffered serious damage, and some of his galleys were driven ashore at Largs. The natives fell upon their crews in overpowering numbers. Haco's reinforcements, landing in detachments, were defeated, and the battle ended with the utter rout of the invaders and the annihilation of their fleet.

King Haco and a remnant escaped to Orkney, where he shortly afterwards died. As many of the killed were buried on the battle-field, the Cromlech, called locally Haco's tomb, most probably contains some of their bones, while others are thought to lie beneath a large mound in the town itself. The battle of Largs was a decisive one; it marks sharply the close of a period of Norwegian depredation by which the Scottish coast had long been troubled, and from the year 1263 not one other piratical descent of the men of the North is recorded. Lady Wardlaw's ballad of "Hardyknute" has this event for its theme; while the scene is laid in the ancient tower of the Fair-

lies, whose ruins stand on Fairlie Burn, in the Largs district. In the town of Largs there is a part of an ancient church whose north transept, called the Skelmorlie Aisle, was put up by Sir Robert Montgomery in 1636, probably as an enclosure for the magnificent Renaissance monument he built at the same time for himself and his wife, Margaret Douglas of Drumlanrig. "Sir Hewe Monggombyrry," who was killed at Otterburn, is also said to be buried there.

The whole of Cunningham[1] was at one time called Largs. It formed a lordship, inherited from his mother Devorgilla by John Balliol, King of Scotland 1292–1296. It was given later to Walter, the Steward of Scotland, by his father-in-law, Robert Bruce, after the abdication of Balliol.

Seagate, a ruined Castle of the Montgomeries, is in the town of Irvine, further up the coast; and two or three miles north of Irvine is Eglinton Castle, the principal seat of the Earl of Eglinton, which came to the Montgomeries with the marriage of Sir John Montgomery, eighth descendant of the founder of the family in Scotland, to the heiress of Sir Hugh de Eglinton. Sir John and his son Hugh were both in the battle of Otterburn, and the latter was killed. Percy's spear and pennon, captured by him, were however preserved as trophies. It is related

[1] Ayrshire is in three ancient divisions—Cunningham, Kyle and Carrick.

in a memoir of the family that "when the late Duke of Northumberland requested their restoration, the late Earl of Eglinton replied, 'There is as good lea land here as any at Chevy Chase; let Percy come and take them.'" Ardrossan, six miles further north, which also came to the Montgomeries through marriage, was long their chief stronghold. It occupied a commanding position on the coast, five or six miles northwest of Irvine. Here Wallace is said to have fallen upon the English garrison, when they unsuspectingly sallied forth to quench a fire he had himself kindled in the adjoining village. After slaying the soldiers, he cast them into the Castle dungeon, which therefrom took the name of "Wallace's Larder." Ardrossan Castle was leveled to the ground by Cromwell, and hardly any trace of it now remains.

Almost all that is known of the life and exploits of the great Scottish national hero, Sir William Wallace, is found in the narrative of Henry the Minstrel, popularly known as "Blind Harry," who wrote in the middle of the fifteenth century, and whose rhymed account in the vernacular became the *niebelungenlied* of the Scottish peasantry. Gradually however, as the language changed, the poem grew obsolete, and there was danger that the hero whom it commemorated might fade away from the imagination of the people. Then Hamilton of Gilbertfield in 1722 put forth a modernized paraphrase, which though not

brilliant, considered as a piece of literature, achieved the end of keeping Wallace's memory green and the main facts of his life familiar to the people of Scotland.

William Wallace was the younger son of Sir Malcolm Wallace of Ellerslie, in Renfrewshire (descended from Richard Wallace of Riccarton on the Irvine) and Jean Crawford, his wife. During the troublous times that preceded the War of Independence the family broke up. Sir Malcolm and his eldest son took refuge in Dumbartonshire, while William accompanied his mother to Dundee, where he was educated. He early became embroiled with the English over-lords, and in a fray in the streets of Dundee killed the son of the Governor. Shortly after this his father and brother fell in a skirmish with the English. Wallace's history for the next few years is a constant succession of broils, adventures and hairbreadth escapes. Then came his marriage in 1297 to the heiress of Lamington and the circumstances connected with her death, alluded to elsewhere. (Blind Harry however differs from Wyntoun, another early historian, in his account of these events.) Thenceforward we find him engaged in organized resistance to the invading English. Many of the early developments of the national struggle had their scene in Ayrshire. The "Burning of the Barns of Ayr" is attributed to the summer of 1297. A "justice-air" had been ordered for the 18th of June, to be held in the Barns of Ayr (*i. e.*, a barrack, so con-

trived in this instance as to allow of the entry of but one person at a time). All the leading Scots of the neighborhood were summoned to be present, and though greatly angered at so high-handed a measure on the part of the English, they did attend. Wallace by a happy chance was delayed and so escaped the fate of his companions, all of whom were seized as they entered one by one and hanged. His niece, "a trew woman," warning Wallace of what had happened, he, with such a following as he could raise, hid in the neighboring Laglane Wood till night, when he sallied forth and set fire to the Barns and a number of other buildings where the English were celebrating their exploit with wild revelry. All their efforts to escape were useless, as the Scots guarded every approach, and great numbers died horribly. The scene, according to Blind Harry, outdid in dreadfulness "bot purgatory or hell."

While Ayrshire was the scene of many of these early adventures, the closing eight years of Wallace's short life have to do mainly with other parts of Scotland. Rallying to himself a band of patriots who refused to acknowledge Edward as King, he drove the English out of Glasgow. Thence he marched rapidly through the Western Highlands, arousing the national spirit of the country. Thence he went to Perth, where he defeated an English army at Scone. Taking possession of Perth, he marched to Aberdeen, where he burned a hundred English ships. From there he

went to Dundee and began a siege, when he learned of the advance of an army under Warenne, Earl of Surrey, and Hugh Cressingham, the Treasurer. Leaving Dundee, he met the English at Stirling Bridge and completely defeated them on September 11, 1297. For a while the English were driven from the country and Wallace was elected Guardian or Regent of the Kingdom. Many of the great nobles rallied to him; but soon dissensions arose, for they looked upon Wallace as rather a parvenu, and many of them left him to make their peace with King Edward. Yet a few stuck to him; among others, Sir John Stewart of Bonkyll, Sir John Graeme (both of whom fell at Falkirk) and Sir Andrew Murray of Bothwell. At the end of the year Wallace and Murray were strong enough to lead an invading army into England, burning and plundering the northern counties. Edward, who was absent in Flanders during these events, patched up a peace with France and returned furiously angry. He marched a great army to Scotland and completely defeated Wallace at Falkirk in July, 1298, and again overran the country. Wallace then resigned the Guardianship of the Kingdom and disappeared from Scotland. He went to France, it is supposed, to ask assistance from the French King—Philippe-le-Bel. While there he distinguished himself by successes against pirates in the Mediterranean. The French King showed him great distinction, but would give him no assistance. He had just become

brother-in-law to King Edward and father-in-law to the Prince of Wales. Wallace was back in Scotland in 1303, harassing the English at the head of a small band of followers, but it is not known if he were at the battle of Rosslyn.[1] The patriot was finally captured in May, 1305, at Robroyston, some four miles northeast of Glasgow, in a house which it is said was not destroyed until 1826. He was betrayed by one "Jack Short," believed to be a Ralph de Haliburton, who delivered him to Sir John Menteith, an old comrade of Wallace's and cousin germain to Sir John Stewart of Bonkyll.

Menteith was then acting as Sheriff of Dumbarton for King Edward, and it may have been his duty to hand Wallace over to his enemies, but popular opinion has ever denied this. For six hundred years the name of John Menteith has been execrated in Scotland, and even to-day the feeling is strong.

Wallace, who was but thirty-five years of age, was carried to London and tried for treason to Edward, whose subject he never was. He was condemned and executed at Smithfield August 23, 1305, with all the barbarous formalities of the age. He was hanged as a robber. While still breathing he was cut down and his entrails torn out and burned for sacrilege. He was then beheaded as an outlaw, and finally his body was quartered for treason. His head was fixed on London Bridge; his right arm on the bridge at

[1] See p. 189, Vol. I.

Newcastle; his left arm was sent to Berwick; his right leg and foot to Perth; his left quarter to Aberdeen. The equanimity with which he bore his fate excited the admiration of his enemies.

The death of the leader was intended to be the final overthrow of the Scottish struggle for independence, any lingering dream of prolonging which it was hoped would be stamped out by the sight of his dismembered body, but the contrary was the result. "Of the bloody trophies sent to frighten a broken people into abject submission the bones had not yet been bared ere they became tokens to deepen the wrath and strengthen the courage of a people arising to try the strength of the bands by which they were bound, and if possible break them once and for ever." Nor was the new leader long wanting.

Robert Bruce, Earl of Carrick and Lord of Annandale (afterwards King of Scotland), was an Ayrshire man, though he chanced to be born in England at Writtle, near Chelmsford, in Essex (1274). He was the eighth in descent of a family whose dual allegiance to the Kings of England and of Scotland often led them into positions of great perplexity. All his Bruce ancestors with one exception (William) were named Robert, and they are thus often confused in history. The first Robert of history came from Breaux, near Cherbourg, in Normandy, with William the Conqueror, who invested him with enormous grants of land chiefly in Yorkshire. His son Robert (2d) was one

of the numerous Norman nobles whom David I. invited to Scotland, and to him he gave as his second wife the heiress of Strathanand or Annandale, a property inherited by Robert (3d), that lady's eldest son. This second Robert was early put in an embarrassing position. David, who espoused the cause of Matilda, his niece, the daughter of Henry I., went to war with Stephen, who had been elected King of England. Bruce, as an English baron, had to follow King Stephen. He was considered a suitable person to negotiate between the combatants, and was sent by Stephen to King David. His mission was unsuccessful, but his speech to the King has been preserved. "To see my dearest master, my patron, my benefactor, my friend, my companion in arms, with whom I spent the season of youth and festivity, in whose service I am grown old—to see him thus exposed to the dangers of battle or to the dishonor of flight wrings my heart." Both King and noble burst into tears, and Bruce returned to the English camp. His eldest son Adam followed him, but his second son, Robert (3d), remained with King David, who shortly afterwards was defeated at the battle of Northallerton, where young Bruce, fighting valiantly, was taken prisoner by his own father and sent captive to King Stephen. That monarch kindly handed him over to the care of his mother. While a prisoner with his parents he was given grants of land in the north of England and inherited the lordship of Annandale in Scotland.

Adam Bruce, elder brother of Robert (3d), had no land in Scotland and remained an English baron. Robert (4th)—son of William, brother and heir of Robert 3d—married Isabella, a natural daughter of William the Lion, and he also received certain lands and privileges in England from King John. Robert (5th) married the Princess Isabella, daughter of the Earl of Huntingdon (an English earldom, though a Scottish Prince), the brother of William the Lion, and with her he received the lands of Hatfield and Writtle in Essex, where subsequently King Robert was born. He and his wife died in England and were buried at Saltre Abbey in Huntingdonshire. Their son Robert (6th) was a competitor for the crown of Scotland, as has already been related. He fought for Henry III., and with that monarch was taken prisoner by Simon de Montfort and the rebellious barons at the battle of Lewes in Sussex in 1264. After the Scots' crown was adjudicated to Balliol in 1292 Bruce retired to his English estates, but he seems to have returned to Scotland, for he died at Lochmaben in 1295 at the patriarchal age of eighty-five.

His son Robert (7th) appears to have lived the life of an English noble. He went as a Crusader to Palestine with Edward I. in 1270, and was ever afterwards a great personal friend of that sovereign, who it is recorded once lent him £40, and in the I. O. U. Edward styles him *dilectus bachelarius noster* (our

dearly beloved comrade). This 7th Robert had a crusading companion, Adam of Kilconquar, who died in the Holy Land and whose widow was in her own right Countess of Carrick. When Bruce returned to Scotland in the year 1271 the old chronicles relate that he met this lady one day when he was hunting on her lands. The widow at once fell in love with him and asked him to accompany her. On his showing hesitation she seized his bridle and and led him off with some show of violence to her Castle of Turnberry, where she married him and thus brought the Earldom of Carrick to the family of Bruce.[1]

Robert Bruce (8th), the future King, was the eldest son of this marriage. When in 1292 the Scottish crown was adjudged to Balliol his father resigned to young Robert, then eighteen years old, the Earldom of Carrick and along with his aged father retired to England. Robert (7th) remained Edward's liegeman throughout. He attended the English Parliaments, accompanied Edward I. in his expedition against Balliol in 1296 and was present at the battle of Dunbar. Once only it is said did he lay claim to the crown. When Balliol had abdicated he reminded

[1] Carrick, which is the old southern division of Ayrshire, has never ceased since the accession of Bruce to be connected with the crown; the title Earl of Carrick has since 1404 been borne by the heir to the Scottish throne and is one of the titles of the Prince of Wales.

Edward of an old promise to give it to him. "Have I no other business but to conquer kingdoms for you?" replied the King. Bruce took the hint, retired to England and died there in 1304.

Young Robert Bruce's early career is most perplexing and is difficult to explain. In 1296 he signed fealty to Edward at Berwick, and was then in high favor with him; the King attests "the great esteem he has for the good service of the Earl of Carrick." In 1297 he renewed his fealty to Edward at Carlisle, and in Edward's interest he raided the lands of Douglas. The same year he joined the insurgents under Wallace, fought against Edward, but capitulated at Irvine, and was again received into the king's peace. In 1299 he, along with the Red Comyn and Lamberton, Bishop of St. Andrews, were made Guardians or Regents of Scotland. He attacked Edward's garrison in Lochmaben Castle, and he besieged and took Stirling Castle. In 1302 he is again at peace with Edward and attends his Parliament. In 1304 he is in London, arranging his succession to his father's estates; he receives the King's thanks for services; but he also in this year makes a secret treaty with Bishop Lamberton "against all men." In 1305 he is with King Edward at Westminster and attends his Lenten Parliament; and he is probably a witness of Wallace's trial and execution. In 1306 he is in Dumfries, and has slain the Red Comyn, his former colleague in the Re-

gency, and six weeks later he is crowned at Scone. What the inner workings were that prompted these to us inexplicable actions — why, in spite of such constant rebellion, he was so constantly restored to favor—we cannot tell. It would almost appear that there were some niceties of the feudal laws, some complications of the dual nationality, which have not come down to us, but were understood perfectly at the time, that justified Bruce's conduct to his contemporaries. In any case, we find no record of censure at the time for these constant changes.

What caused his final step that began with his secret treaty with Lamberton is also not known. Tradition says that after one of the skirmishes in which he took the English part, when eating his food before washing off the blood of the battle, he was taunted by an Englishman, who said, "Look at that Scotsman, eating his own blood!" Tradition also says that he was personally reproached by Wallace. It may be that the heroic conduct of Wallace aroused in him the remembrance of his Scottish ancestry and his lofty claims; his mother's blood—the last of a long line of Celtic Earls—his grandfather's claim to the Scottish throne. Of all this we know nothing; but, after taking the final steps at Dumfries and Scone, he became the incarnate genius of Scottish nationality. We have already seen him at Dumfries. Thence he went to Scone and was crowned on March 27. In June he was defeated at Methven, near

Perth; in August defeated at Dalry, in Perthshire. Thence he wandered an exile in the Highland wilds, down through Menteith to Loch Lomond. Escaping by ship somewhere near Dumbarton, he next made for Cantyre, and was hospitably received by the Lord of the Isles. Thence he retired to the island of Rachrin—now called Rathlin—on the north coast of Ireland, where he spent the winter. In the spring he crossed to the Scottish island of Arran, from which he could see his ancestral home in Carrick. Sending a faithful follower named Cuthbert to the mainland, to see what chance he might have to capture his Castle of Turnberry, that henchman found things as bad as could be. Had matters been favorable, Cuthbert was to light a beacon as a signal to come over; but it was the springtime, when the farmers were burning the heather, and Bruce, seeing a fire, took it for the signal. Cuthbert also seeing it, and knowing that the King would be deceived, met him at the trysting-place and told him of the mistake, and implored him to return. The King, however, determined to attempt the recovery of his Castle, which was held by Henry de Percy, an English knight. He attacked the Castle by night, completely defeated the garrison, and drove Percy from Carrick. This was his first success since his coronation; yet he was not strong enough to take the field, and he retired to Glentrool, in Galloway, where some of his adventures have already been narrated. By

May, 1307, he found himself strong enough to risk a pitched battle, and on the 10th he completely defeated the superior army of Edward's Governor, the Earl of Pembroke, at Loudon Hill, in the east of Ayrshire. Two months later the furious Edward died, on his way to Scotland to attack him. Bruce then marched to the north, and began his series of triumphs, leaving Douglas at that time to maintain the national cause in the south.

Having gone through Scotland, reviving the national spirit everywhere, he defeated Comyn, Earl of Buchan, at Slaines, in Aberdeenshire, in December, 1307, and again at Inverurie in the following May. In August, 1308, he defeated the Lord of Lorn at Loch Awe, in Argyllshire. In February, 1310, he received the fealty of the clergy at a general council at Dundee. In 1311 and again in 1312 he invaded the north of England. In 1313 he took Perth, in January, and leveled King Edward's walls with the ground. In February his friend Douglas took Roxburgh Castle. In March his nephew Randolph took Edinburgh Castle, and in June, 1314, at the battle of Bannockburn, Bruce finally delivered Scotland from the English yoke.

Of Turnberry Castle only the scantiest remains are left; they occupy a craggy point south of Culzean Bay. It was the original seat of the Earls of Carrick, the Celtic Earls of Galloway. Duncan, grandson of Fergus, was the first Earl of Carrick; his son

and successor married Margaret, daughter of Walter, the first High Steward of Scotland; and their daughter it was who fell in love with and married Robert Bruce (7th), as narrated above.

Ailsa Crag, the rocky islet from which the family of Kennedy, Earls of Cassilis, take their title of Marquis of Ailsa in the British peerage, lies about ten miles off the coast.

> "Thy life is but two dead eternities—
> The last in air, the former in the deep:
> First with the whales, last with the eagle-skies—
> Drown'd wast thou till an earthquake made thee steep,
> Another cannot wake thy giant size."

So runs the conclusion of Keats' sonnet, "To Ailsa Crag," written during the walking tour made by the poet and his friend, Charles Armitage Brown, in the summer of 1818. It was while making this trip that Keats laid the seeds of the disease of which he died three years later. Somewhat further north, on Culzean Bay, is the modern Culzean Castle, a huge building covering three acres of ground, and now the chief seat of the Marquis of Ailsa. The earlier Castle that occupied this site was built by Sir Thomas Kennedy, a younger son of Gilbert Kennedy, third Earl of Cassilis and a victim of "The Auchendrane Tragedy."[1] The Kennedies are a very ancient family in Ayrshire. Dunure, their original seat, now in ruins,

[1] A feud between the Earl of Cassilis and the Mures of Auchendrane. Scott founded his drama, *An Ayrshire Tragedy*, upon it.

crowns an over-hanging cliff a few miles north of Culzean. David, third Lord Kennedy, was created Earl of Cassilis in the beginning of the sixteenth century; he was killed at the battle of Flodden, and his grandson, who was made prisoner by the English at Solway Moss, is said to have been entrusted to the care of Archbishop Cranmer, who converted him to the Protestant faith. After acting for some time in the interests of the English and receiving a salary from them, he went over to the French party in Scots politics, and was one of the eight members sent by Parliament to be present at Queen Mary's marriage to the Dauphin. The French were greatly incensed at the refusal of these envoys to bestow the crown-matrimonial upon the Dauphin, and singular to narrate, three of them died in one night, the Earl of Cassilis among them. His body was brought home and buried in Maybole Collegiate Church, founded in 1371 by Sir John Kennedy of Dunure, and the first establishment of the kind in Scotland. It is still standing in a semi-ruinous condition and is used by the Kennedies as a burial-place. Gilbert, the fourth Earl of Cassilis, fought at the battle of Langside for the Queen, but contrived to make his peace afterwards with the Protestant Lords. It was this personage who carried off Allan Stewart the Commendator, from Crossraguel Abbey to Dunure Castle in 1570, and there required him to sign papers conveying away all the abbey lands. The Commendator said he would not sign,

whereupon the Earl had a huge fire lighted in one of the vaults and suspended him over it. Before the Churchman was quite done, however, Kennedy of Bargany arrived with a force and delivered him. Cassilis, who for the past six years had held the lands in lease, succeeded by some other means in forcing Stewart to resign them absolutely; the latter is said never to have recovered from his "roasting," but to have been maimed for life.[1] Crossraguel Abbey, whose ruins are still standing between Girvan and Maybole, was founded by Duncan, Earl of Carrick, in the latter part of the twelfth century—that is, he gave the Cluniac Monks of Paisley certain lands, on the condition of their founding a house of their order in Carrick. The last Abbot was a brother of the Earl of Cassilis—that Quintin Kennedy who for three days held a public disputation with John Knox in the Provost's house at Maybole in 1562.

Cassilis Castle, the other great seat of the Kennedies, stands on the Doon, a few miles to the northeast from Maybole. It formerly belonged to the Montgomeries, but having fallen to "ane lass," she was made the object of the stormy wooing of the Laird of Dalrymple, who actually besieged her in her own house to force her to marry him. She was defending herself with great spirit when Kennedy of Dunure came to the rescue, and after beating off Dalrymple induced the lady to take him instead. The Kennedies

[1] See Notes to *Ivanhoe*, Chap. xxii.

made it their chief residence, and it is still in the family. The town house of the Earls of Cassilis was Maybole Castle, commanding the town of Maybole from the east. It is in good preservation and is occupied by Lord Ailsa's factor. At the west of the main street stands the Tolbooth Tower, once a part of the Castle of the Laird of Blairquhan.

Bargany, a seventeenth century mansion, built out of the materials of the old Castle near by, stands on the Girvan, only a few miles from the coast. "A mighty commodious House; and if any make a greater shew and appearance, yet it has the advantage of them for contrivance and accommodation." It is now the property of the Earl of Stair. The chief seat of the Kennedies of Bargany was Ardstinchar Castle, whose scanty remains stand near the shore on a rocky eminence near Ballantrae village.

The Bargany Kennedies are buried in what was once an aisle of a sixteenth century church in Ballantrae. There is seen the fine tomb of the young Kennedy, who was killed in the feud alluded to on page 17.

Loch Doon Castle (thirteenth century) is built upon a rocky islet in Loch Doon. It was to this stronghold that Sir Christopher Seton fled after Bruce's defeat at Methven. He was present at the stabbing of Comyn, and also attended the coronation of Bruce shortly afterwards at Scone, and was therefore a marked man. The Castle was held at the time by its hereditary keeper, Sir Gilbert de Carrick, who is

charged with needlessly surrendering it to the English and betraying Sir Christopher. The latter was taken to Dumfries and promptly executed.

Fifteen or twenty miles north of Loch Doon is Auchinleck (pronounced Affleck) Castle, chiefly interesting as having been the seat of the Boswell family since early in the sixteenth century. The first Boswell of Auchinleck died on Flodden Field. There are buildings or parts of buildings belonging to four different periods—first there is the ruin of the ancient keep, which occupied a lofty rock at the junction of two burns; then the seventeenth century and eighteenth century mansions, and finally the one now used by the family, built about a hundred years ago to supersede that visited by James Boswell and Dr. Johnson in 1773. The then Lord Auchinleck (Boswell's father) is said to have been "a man of profound judgment, with a considerable taste for the olden literature of the country," but he "entertained no great respect for Dr. Johnson . . . he expressed his contempt for the great lion of literature by designating him 'a *dominie*, an *auld dominie;* he keeped a *schule* and called it an *academy*.'"

Some miles above Kilmarnock, on Kilmarnock Water, are the ruins of Dean Castle, the seat of the Boyds, Earls of Kilmarnock, descended from a brother of Walter, the first High Steward of Scotland. The Castle was burned in 1733 through the carelessness of a servant, and the Earl, who was

abroad at the time, learned of his misfortune through a newspaper. Twelve years later he went out in the '45 and was one of the prisoners taken on the field at Culloden. "He was soon after led along the lines of the British infantry, in which his eldest son (Lord Boyd), then a very young man, held the commission of an ensign. The Earl had lost his hat in the strife, and his long hair was flying in disorder around his head and over his face. The soldiers stood mute in their lines beholding the unfortunate nobleman. Among the rest stood Lord Boyd, compelled by his situation to witness, without the power of alleviating, the humiliation of his father. When the Earl came past the place where his son stood, the youth, unable to bear any longer that his father's head should be exposed to the storm, stepped out of the ranks without regard to discipline, and taking off his own hat, placed it over his father's disordered and wind-beaten locks. He then returned to his place without having uttered a word."[1] The Earl, together with Lord Balmerino and the Earl of Cromarty, was tried before the House of Lords in July of the same year; he and Lord Balmerino were executed on Tower Hill August 18, 1746. "Among the individuals, in number seventy-seven, executed for their share in the insurrection of 1745–6 the Earl of Kilmarnock was the only one that confessed guilt or expressed repentance."[2]

[1] Chambers' *History of the Rebellion of* 1745–46.

[2] *Tales of a Grandfather.*

Rowallan Castle, on the banks of Carmel Water, was anciently the stronghold of the Mures of Rowallan and the home of Elizabeth Mure, whose marriage to Robert II. was the cause of much genealogical controversy.

Elizabeth was related to Robert, then the High Steward, afterwards King, within the degrees of consanguinity wherein marriage was forbidden by old canon law, except with papal dispensation. She had long been the Steward's mistress and had borne him several children. Subsequently Robert married her, an act which by Scottish law in ordinary circumstances legitimizes all children born before wedlock. This marriage and the legitimacy of his successors was long a matter of doubt, but in 1789 a papal bull of dispensation sanctioning the marriage was found in the Vatican, dated November 12, 1347. This discovery however did not end the fierce controversy that had long raged among Scottish antiquaries. Riddell, a very respectable authority, maintained that it was beyond the power of the Pope himself to legitimize *ex post facto* the offspring of a connection inherently illegal; and if the Stuart right to reign rested on legitimacy alone the whole race of royal Stuarts could not be accounted the legal heirs to the throne. This point had however been provided for by two decrees of Parliament, the first (1371) declaring Lord John, Earl of Carrick (Robert III.), heir to the throne; the second (1373) limiting the succession to the Earl of

Carrick and his full brothers and the heirs male of their bodies.

The descendants of Robert II. by his second wife Euphemia Ross could not forget however, that the succession of the elder branch rested upon a doubtful claim. And this fact had an influence in bringing about the murder of James I. (1437), two of the leading perpetrators being the King's uncle, Walter Stewart, Earl of Atholl (son of Euphemia Ross), and Sir Robert Stewart, the Earl's grandson. When the first of these was executed for his share in the crime an iron crown was placed on his head in scorn of his supposed pretensions to the throne. The Mures of Covenanting times were active Presbyterians and the Castle took the nickname of the Auld Kirk from the conventicles held there.

Robert II. when High Steward was a near neighbor of the Mures, and in order to conduct his wooing he had but to ride over from his own Castle of Dundonald (which was but ten or twelve miles distant), whose gloomy ruins may now be seen crowning a steep hill in the northern part of the parish of the same name.

When in 1371 the High Steward succeeded his mother's half-brother David II. on the Scottish throne Dundonald became a royal Castle, as is witnessed today by the representations on the west wall of the lion of Scotland and the Stewart arms.

Early in the eighth century a pious missionary from

Ireland, Winnin by name, landed on the Ayrshire coast somewhere near Ardrossan; he soon became famous as a healer, and the church of the neighborhood was named for him after his death. Several hundred years later the noble Priory of Kilwinning was erected on the same site, it is usually said by Sir Hugh de Morville, Constable of Scotland and the founder of Dryburgh Abbey. A deep glen separates it from the Auchans estate, owned by the Earl of Eglinton, and the home in the eighteenth century of Susanna Kennedy, the celebrated Dowager Countess to whom Allan Ramsay dedicated the "Gentle Shepherd," and who was so charmed with Dr. Johnson, when he and Boswell waited upon her in 1773, that she embraced him at parting, claiming him for an adopted son.

The Monks called Tyronesians, from Tyron in France, where their order was first established, were brought from Kelso. The last and most famous of the Abbots was Gavin Hamilton, Queen Mary's devoted supporter, who was killed at Restalrig in an encounter between the forces of the Queen and those of the Earl of Morton. "The south gable of the transept and one of its finely proportioned arches, a Saxon gateway and some mouldering walls are the only indications and memorials now extant of the once splendid results of superstitious piety and Italian art." The last words refer to an especially interesting feature connected with Kilwinning—the circumstance that it was the reputed birthplace in Scotland of the

Order of Free Masons. Corporations of Italian builders and workmen had been created at Rome with peculiar privileges, notably the power "of settling the rates and prices of their labor by their own authority and without being controlled by the municipal laws of the country where they worked. To the various northern countries where the churches had fallen into decay were these artists deputed. In consequence of the exclusive privileges conferred upon them they assumed to themselves the name of Free Masons, and under this title became famous throughout Europe." [1] In 1736, when Lord Roslin, hereditary Grand Master, resigned the office for himself and his heirs, the whole Scottish organization of the order was changed.

North of Kilwinning on the Garnock River is the Church of Kilbirnie, once attached to the Priory. It was the burial-place of the Craufurds of Kilbirnie and the Cunninghams of Glengarnock, the ruins of whose Castles are within a mile or so of the village. It contains the tomb of Captain Thomas Craufurd[2] of Jordan Hill.

Without attempting to speak particularly of any more of the ancient Castles and ecclesiastical remains of Ayrshire it may be well now to take a rapid glance

[1] Kilwinning's claim to priority in this connection has, however, been called in question. (See *History of Free Masonry*, R. F. Gould.)

[2] The hero in the famous capture of Dumbarton Castle in the year 1671.

at the two associations which render that county especially conspicuous in the history of Scotland—the Covenanters and Robert Burns.

Although Queen Mary counted among her most devoted and faithful adherents representatives of some of the leading Ayrshire families, it is noteworthy that the Reformation there took an earlier hold and advanced more rapidly than in almost any other county of Scotland. This is sometimes attributed to the settlement in Kyle of a colony of exiled Waldenses—"the Lollards of Kyle" they were called—who so disseminated their doctrines that when Wishart in 1543, and Willock and Knox on two occasions each, made preaching tours through the West Country they found the people of Ayr predisposed to give them a ready and a hearty hearing. Knox died in 1572, and 1581, the fourteenth year of James VI.'s reign, was the date of the National Covenant. This National Covenant, often termed the King's Confession, was designed to league King, nobles and people together at a time of terror when the massacre of St. Bartholomew was fresh in the memory, when the League was triumphant in France, and Philip of Spain was preparing to crush the Protestantism of England.

In 1638 Scotland was again in a state of terror, this time not from the Pope, but from the attempts of Charles I. and Laud to Anglicize the old Church of Scotland. The National Covenant was renewed by the advice it is said of Sir Archibald Johnston of

Warriston, the most eminent lawyer of his time and a man of fervent though austere piety. The formal signing of the document took place at the Greyfriars' Church in Edinburgh in 1638 amid scenes of extraordinary enthusiasm.[1] John Campbell, Earl of Loudon, an Ayrshire nobleman, made a stirring address in its favor, and the heads of the ancient Ayrshire houses of Eglinton and Cassilis were present on the occasion. One of its most fervent supporters at this time was the great Montrose. Except in the North, all Scotland became Covenanters and prepared for war. The following year (1639) Episcopacy was formally abolished by the Scots' Parliament, to which King Charles was perforce obliged to agree. Two years later (1641) the terrible Irish Rebellion occurred, followed by dreadful massacres and disorders, in which Ireland it is said lost one-third of her population. Meantime the English troubles increased, the civil war broke out and in September, 1643, the King had made peace with the Irish and had arranged for an Irish army to join him in England. Both England and Scotland were convulsed with indignation.[2] The recollection of the terrible atrocities by the Irish rebels was still fresh in the memory, and to bring them over to mix in English quarrels seemed barbarous. The English Parliament appealed to the Scots Covenanters for military help and of their own ac-

[1] See p. 65, Vol. I.

[2] This is the motive of the early part of the novel *John Inglesant.*

cord offered to take the Scottish Covenant. Scotland agreed, and "the Solemn League and Covenant" was signed at Westminster on September 25, 1643. The following January the Scots, according to agreement, sent an army into England, to which in May, 1646, Charles surrendered himself at Newark, and which in January, 1647, gave up the King to the Parliamentary army. It was while this Scots army was in England under General Alexander Leslie that Montrose, who had been gained over to the King, made his brilliant campaign, which ended so disastrously in his defeat at Philiphaugh by General David Leslie.

The "Solemn League and Covenant" was a document very much the same as the old Scottish Covenant, but additions had to be made to suit the English conditions. A pledge was added to "extirpate prelacy, superstition, heresy, schism," etc., and thus England became by Act of Parliament Covenanting and Presbyterian.

The Covenant was eminently monarchical; it protested its loyalty "to His Majesty's Government which by the descent and under the reign of 107 [Scottish] Kings is most cheerfully acknowledged." It was to the English Covenanters, professedly monarchical, that the Scots army had given up Charles, but the English Sectaries soon ousted the Presbyterians and triumphed over both King and Covenant.

While Charles was a prisoner in the Isle of Wight he found means to communicate with the more mod-

erate Covenanter leaders, and having found it impossible to collect or rally the scattered Cavaliers, he surreptitiously arranged with the Scots to confirm the Covenants, establish Presbytacy and extirpate the Sectaries. The Scottish leaders on their part engaged to send an army to rescue the King. In fulfillment of this treaty, known as the "Engagement," the Duke of Hamilton led an army into England, but it was met by Cromwell in Lancashire and defeated in battle at Preston (August 18, 1648). The Sectary Independents in England brought the King to trial and execution on January 30, 1649.

Meantime the less moderate Covenanters took fright at the "Engagement," and fearing lest the Covenant should be compromised, their leader, the Marquis of Argyll, raised an army of his own clansmen and some seven thousand Covenanter peasants of Ayrshire and the Western Counties, marched to Edinburgh and took possession of the Government. This coup was known as the Whigamore's Raid, from a name applied to these Ayrshire peasants, who used the word "whiggam"—"get-on"—when they urged their horses. The incident is chiefly interesting as from that time the word in its shortened form—"Whig"—was applied to the Presbyterian zealots, and in a few years the nickname came to be applied generally to the popular party in politics, as opposed to the aristocratic or conservative party.[1]

[1] The word "Tory," as applied to the aristocratic party, arose

The "Engagement," which ended so disastrously, infuriated the English Parliament with whom the King was then, though a prisoner, negotiating. It was the last straw. Charles was removed to London, tried and executed. The same tribunal condemned the Duke of Hamilton, who was executed two months after his Sovereign.

At once the Scottish Presbyterians, always monarchical, opened negotiations with Charles II., then in Holland, asking him to accept the Covenant and come and reign over them. But the young King was arranging with Montrose for an expedition into Scotland and evaded their invitation. Montrose's invasion went on, but failed miserably, and the great Marquis was executed in May, 1650. Another deputation sought Charles at Breda; the throne of Scotland was offered to him, if he would sign the Covenant. Charles wriggled and did what he could to avoid it, but even his courtiers advised him to submit, reminding him of the opinion of his grandfather, Henri Quatre, that Paris was well worth a Mass, and Scotland must indeed be a wretched country if it were not worth a Covenant. Charles consented, and had the miserable humiliation of signing, not only the old National

some thirty years later, from a rather similar origin. It is a corruption of an Irish word, meaning an outlaw, and at the time of the Popish Plot (1676) associated with the name of Titus Oates, it was applied to the Popish allies of the Cavalier party and very rapidly became a nickname for the whole party.

Covenant which condemned his mother's "idolatry," but also the Solemn League and Covenant which reiterated his father's backslidings and blood-guiltiness. He landed at the mouth of the Spey in June, 1650. Cromwell marched to Scotland and utterly defeated the Covenanting army at Dunbar on September 3. Charles retired first to Dunfermline, and later to Perth. He was crowned at Scone on January 1, 1651, the Marquis of Argyll, the great Covenanting leader, putting the crown on his head with his own hands. At the ceremony the King had for a second time to sign the hated Covenants. In the midst of his Presbyterian court he was more like a State prisoner than a crowned Sovereign. Johnston of Warriston, his "Lord-Clerk Register," rebuked him for his ungodly life, a liberty which Charles never forgave. Once the young King was seen playing cards by a devout lady who lived opposite his lodging. The commission of the Kirk deputed one of their number to rebuke him. He was an old man and a wise one. No doubt he was smitten with pity at the incongruity of the incident; his admonition took the practical form of advising that the next time his Majesty played cards he should take care to shut his window. Bored to death, one day the King was missing, and he was, after much searching, found in Athole and brought back. Then an army was raised, which eluded Cromwell and entered England. Cromwell quickly started in pursuit, caught it up at Worcester, and completely de-

feated it on September 3, 1651. Charles escaped to the Continent,[1] and Scotland had to submit to Cromwell. The English Sectaries kept the peace in Scotland with a contemptuous indifference to religious disputes so long as there was no insurrection. The keynote to Cromwell's policy is found in a letter to the General Assembly (August 3, 1650) in which he writes: "I beseech you, in the bowels of Christ, think it possible you may be mistaken," advising the ministers at the same time to read Isaiah xxviii., 5 to 15.

In 1660 came the Restoration. The country was so intoxicated with joy that it seemed as if the Scots would do anything for the King. Charles remembered his bondage of 1650–51. He said Presbyterianism was no fit religion for a gentleman. It must be suppressed. Episcopacy was established by Parliament in May, 1661. The fate of the Covenants was soon settled; in 1662 they were declared illegal; in 1682 an oath was imposed specially renouncing them; in 1685 it was declared high treason to take them.

The government of Scotland was put into the hands of the Earl of Lauderdale and Lord Middleton, hated rivals and both renegade Covenanters. Sharp, who had betrayed the Presbyterian Church, was Archbishop of St. Andrews and Primate of Scotland. Persecution began early. The first victim was the

[1] Charles' escape is the subject of Sir Walter Scott's novel, *Woodstock*.

Marquis of Argyll, the great head of the Covenanters, who with his own hands crowned King Charles in 1650. The legal pretext was his submission to Cromwell, but the real reason was fear of his power and revenge for the death of Montrose. He was executed in Edinburgh on the same day that Episcopacy was proclaimed. The next notable victim was Sir Archibald Johnston of Warriston, on the same pretext—submission to Cromwell; some minor leaders also suffered.

Parish ministers were ordered to submit to the Bishops, yet to the Government's amazement about four hundred of them gave up their livings rather than do so, and were driven from their parishes. Fines were imposed on all, lay and clergy, who would not conform; and what was worse, soldiers were billeted on the unfortunate recusants to live at free quarters until the fines were paid. The studied insolence of the troops was felt even more than the pecuniary suffering.

The first collision took place in the uplands where Ayrshire, Galloway and Lanarkshire meet, always a great resort of the Covenanters. In November, 1666, the soldiers forced some neighbors to come to thresh an old "honest man's" corn in order that the fines might be realized. Word came that the old man was being abused and tortured. Other "honest men" went to his rescue and in the scuffle one soldier was wounded and the others surrendered. The captors took to the

hills and were soon joined by some three thousand Nonconformists. They determined to march on Edinburgh. The little army was met on the Pentlands by General Dalzell and completely defeated at Rullion Green on November 28,[1] and immediately the jails and the gibbet were crowded with victims.[2]

The next landmark in the movement was the "Indulgence" of 1669. When the Presbyterian ministers were driven from their charges, their places had been filled by Episcopalian incumbents, called at the time "the curates." They were chiefly young men from the North of Scotland, who as a rule had none of the gifts which the Scots then considered necessary in the clergy—personal piety, eloquence and learning. They were indeed the laughing stock of the country and Burnett, Bishop of Salisbury, admits that they were the worst preachers he ever heard.

Naturally the people hated to attend their services and preferred following their ousted ministers to the fields, to meetings which came to be known as "Conventicles" or "Field-preachings," and which were pronounced illegal. Yet the Government recognized a certain justice in the proceeding, and by the "Indulgence" of 1669 the "outed" ministers, who had lived peaceably and orderly, were allowed to return to their parishes to preach in their churches, but they were not

[1] See pages 76 and 163, Vol. I.

[2] *The Pentland Rising* is the subject of one of the earliest works of R. L. Stevenson.

restored to their temporalities, although arrangements were made for their maintenance. At the same time a new and severer act was passed against conventicles —any one either preaching, praying or attending them might be punished with death and confiscation of his goods.

Many of the clergy accepted this Indulgence and became the objects of contempt to the more fervent Presbyterians, who would have nothing to do with this "trafficking with Satan," and went on their way as before. It is these last who stood persecution and torture rather than make any compromise with a Non-covenanting Government, who are generally meant when the "Scottish Covenanters" are referred to.

Three years later a second Indulgence followed, with no happier results, and conventicles continued as before, especially in Ayrshire and the southwest. The Government thought that the local magistracy did not properly enforce the laws against the recusants, and in 1679 they quartered a force of about ten thousand West Highlanders at free quarters in the western shires. At that time the employment of wild Highlanders by civilized powers was looked upon in the same way as the employment of red Indians in the white men's quarrels was in America a hundred years later. Yet it is to the credit of both sides that in the three months occupation of the "Highland Host," as it was called, there was practically no bloodshed, the only death being that of one Highlander in a scuffle.

Still the harassment was terrible, and the Celts retired from the lowlands laden with spoil looted from the western counties.

In 1679 came the murder of Archbishop Sharp, and the struggle became more acute. Those attending the conventicles now went out armed. It was about this time that John Graham of Claverhouse appeared on the scene as captain of a troop of horse and with certain civil powers in Galloway and Dumfriesshire. The persecution received a fresh impetus from his untiring activity.[1]

Now followed the Covenanters' victory over Claverhouse at Drumclog (June 1, 1679), and their hopeless defeat at Bothwell Brig three weeks later. With Claverhouse began "The Killing Time," by which the Scottish people mean the nine years from 1679 to 1688, though more particularly the culmination of the persecution in 1684 and 1685. So loosely was the law now administered that four test questions might be put by even common soldiers—(1) Was the affair at Bothwell rebellion? (2) Was the killing of Archbishop Sharp murder? (3) Will you pray for the King? (4) Will you renounce the Covenant? An unsatisfactory answer meant imprisonment or often a bullet through the head.

In 1680 came Richard Cameron's Sanquhar Declaration of war against Charles II., after which time

[1] This period is the time depicted by Scott in his novel *Old Mortality*.

the "hill folk" were continuously in armed insurrection.

In 1682 Scotland had become so uninhabitable for freedom-loving men that thirty-six leading nobles and gentlemen, including the Earls of Callendar and Haddington, Lords Cardross and Yester, and others, negotiated with the colonial authorities of Carolina for a large tract of land, to which they might retire with their followers; but having had dealings with the Whig leaders in England, who were falsely accused of complicity in the Rye House Plot (for which Lord William Russell and Algernon Sydney died), the combination was broken up and the movement collapsed. For alleged complicity in this plot, Robert Baillie of Jerviswood, a Covenanter of old family and of the highest character, was dragged from his dying bed, tried and executed on Christmas Eve, 1684. He was the last Covenanter of rank to suffer.[1]

When in 1685 the Roman Catholic James ascended the throne, a relaxation came. In order to remove Catholic disabilities freedom of worship was given to all sects; but from this toleration the armed conventicle of the Cameronians, as the Covenanters were called after 1680, was especially excepted; and this can be little wondered at, after the Sanquhar Declara-

[1] Baillie of Jerviswood was brother-in-law of Johnstone of Warriston. His son and successor married Lady Grizel Hume. (See p. 234, Vol. I.) From them are descended the present Earls of Haddington, whose family name is Baillie Hamilton.

tion, of their leader, James Renwick, which renounced allegiance to the king. The end came with the Revolution of 1688, when James fled, and William and Mary obtained the throne.

Naturally many tales of suffering and persecution during this long period survive in the southwestern counties. Lochgoin, in the Fenwick Moors of Ayrshire, is one of the spots especially full of these associations. From Lochgoin farm-house, which commanded an extensive view across the moors, the approach of the soldiers could be seen from afar; while the neighboring uneven ground and moss-hags afforded convenient hiding-places for the proscribed. The family of Howie, who occupied the farm-house, were originally religious refugees from the Continent; so that with them endurance for conscience sake was a principle bred in the bone, and the representatives of the name in the persecuting times were ready to suffer every hardship for their religion. It is said that their house was plundered no fewer than twelve times. There is a story of one night, when the house was filled with men who had taken part in the Pentland Rising, old Howie had a thrice-repeated dream of meeting soldiers of General Dalzell, coming to search the place. Finally he sent some one to look if there were signs of approaching danger, when, sure enough, a body of troopers was observed so close at hand that the occupants had barely time to escape to the moors.

The author of the *Scots Worthies*, the great record of Covenanting heroes (1774), was a descendant of this family, and at a later day Lochgoin became a place of pilgrimage partly on that account and partly by reason of its numberless traditions of Covenanting times and the collection of relics preserved there—the sword and Bible of Captain Paton, executed in consequence of having held commands both at Pentland and Bothwell Brig, a banner and drum carried by the men of Fenwick into action and other objects of a similar kind endued with a sacred and thrilling interest for those brought up on accounts of the sufferings and heroic fortitude of their countrymen.

Of all the stories of this time none perhaps is so familiar as that of John Brown of Priesthill, in the east of Ayrshire, called in from the fields and shot down in the presence of his wife and young child by Claverhouse after a brief interrogatory. As this story is I believe nowhere denied, it must be accepted as a fact, and in truth the violence of the detestation in which the name of John Graham of Claverhouse was and still is held in the South and West of Scotland, where he had civic and military command during the last years of Charles II.'s reign, must be accounted for in a solid foundation of facts. It is however a little difficult to form an estimate of the character of a being who is described on the one hand as a "relentless ruffian," the "Devil with an angel's face," who "swept across the western and southern counties like a

demon of destruction guiding an exterminating whirlwind. Torture, rapine and murder marked his path. Those who fled were hunted down and shot in the fields, and those whose age or sex rendered them incapable of flight were tortured, abused and butchered by their own hearthsides,"[1] etc. While, on the other hand, we read that he was "one of the most accomplished men and gallant soldiers of his age, . . . stainless in his honor, pure in his faith, wise in council, resolute in action and utterly free from that selfishness which disgraced the Scottish statesmen of the time."[2]

No doubt the truth lies somewhere between the "Bloody Claverse" of Presbyterian writers, and the "Bonny Dundee," the "Conquering Graeme" and the "Gallant Claverhouse" of the ballads of Scott and Aytoun, and indeed there is no difficulty in supposing him—according to the standards of the day—brave, dauntless, astute and free from all taint of self-seeking, and at the same time possessed of a complete disregard for human life and an utter unscrupulousness in the discharge of what he conceived to be his duty. It was his boast that "in any service I have been in I never inquired further in the laws than the orders of my superior officers." Graham of Claverhouse was in fact the executive officer—the executioner, if you will—of the worst government that ever disgraced Scotland.

[1] *History of the Church of Scotland*, Rev. W. M. Hetherington.
[2] Aytoun. Introduction to the *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers.*

When the Revolution came the Presbyterian System was restored and the Episcopalian incumbents were ejected. Naturally the poor curates complained, but it is universally admitted that the ejectments were conducted with a humanity which could hardly have been expected from those who had so long been hunted and harried. It was done in a steady business way; no individual was allowed to act lest he might take the opportunity of avenging some private wrong. The ejectments were carried out systematically by committees. There was no dubiety however in the proceedings. Each incumbent was told that the house of God must be no longer a den of thieves; that he must no longer exercise ministerial functions; that the key of the church must be given up on a certain date, and the document finished with a simple warning: "If you refuse you shall be forced to do it." There is no record of one drop of blood being shed in this transference of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Though the Presbyterian System was again established, the Covenant was not renewed by the Church; yet, as has already been stated, it survives among the body of the strict Cameronians, who still exist in Scotland; by them the Covenant is still subscribed.

It was into the Scotland whose standards and manners, and habits of thought and life, had been moulded by seventy years of this ecclesiastical dominion that the poet of the Scottish people was born in the beginning of the year 1759. The event took place in a

Burns's Cottage

"rough clay bigging" (cottage) at Alloway, two miles south of Ayr. One wild night shortly afterwards a part of this cottage fell down, obliging the little family of three—William Burnes or Burns, his young wife and their week-old son Robert—to go out into the storm and seek shelter elsewhere.

If one is on the lookout for omens, they are no doubt to be found to fit the after fate of every new-born genius, but the picture of Robert Burns, barely arrived in the world and driven forth into the storm by the wretchedness of circumstances, is not without significance as the opening act of his tempest-tossed life.

Of the early years of that life, the one baneful and blighting circumstance was its poverty; in other respects Burns had better fortune than many another man of genius. Of his father it is impossible to read without admiration and respect. He was religious and sober-minded, but neither hard nor narrow; he toiled with unyielding self-sacrifice to give his sons an education, and he paid them the compliment of treating them as reasonable beings and companions, talking to them, writes Gilbert, "as if we had been men," and encouraging them to form and express their opinions fearlessly. Robert's mother, whom he is said to have taken after in manner and appearance, delighted his imagination with the legends, traditions and ballads with which her mind was stocked; and anything that this branch of his training might have

lacked was abundantly supplied by one Betty Davidson, an elderly relative of Mrs. Burns, who used occasionally to come on visits, and who had "the largest collection in the country of tales and songs concerning devils, ghosts, fairies, brownies, witches, warlocks, spunkies, kelpies, elf candles, dead-lights, wraiths, apparitions, cantraips, giants, enchanted towers, dragons, and other trumpery."

For their education proper, apart from what they got from their father, the boys had for a time the services of a well-educated, intelligent and zealous young man named John Murdoch, who was employed by a number of the farmers of the neighborhood to teach their children. They clubbed together to pay him his salary, and entertained him by turns in their cottages. For books they had free access to the Old and New Testaments, Mason's *Collection of Prose and Verse*, some school books, the *Life of Hannibal*, and *The History of Sir William Wallace*.[1] And a little later Robert was able to borrow from kindly-disposed people in the town of Ayr volumes covering quite a wide range. History, fiction, poetry, theology, agriculture, the drama—all are more or less well represented in the list he himself furnishes, which for a

[1] Hamilton of Gilbertfield's paraphrase of *Blind Harry*, which did such patriotic work in keeping the hero alive in the hearts of the Scottish peasantry. Burns himself says of this book, it "poured a tide of Scottish predjudice into my veins which will boil there till the floodgates of life shut in eternal rest."

very poor peasant lad, and more than a century and a quarter ago, is certainly not a bad one.

The Alloway cottage is still standing, tourist-haunted, and converted into a conventional show-place. There is probably no better way to do, but most of us would far rather choose never to see the rooms in which Burns' childhood was passed than to procure that experience by paying twopence and being shoved through a turnstile.

Further down on the road leading across the Auld Brig of Doon into Kyle stands Alloway Kirk, a ruin in Burns' boyhood days, and popularly supposed to be haunted. It was endeared to him by many associations, and in its kirkyard his father lies buried; so when, many years later, Captain Grose came to Scotland for materials for his *Antiquities*, Burns asked him to include a drawing of Alloway Kirk. This Grose agreed to do, on the condition of Burns writing something to accompany it. He recalled the traditions he had heard in his childhood, and composed "Tam o' Shanter;" and that is how this roaring bacchanalian piece came to be published in a sober antiquarian work like Grose's. The captain does not himself appear to see anything incongruous in its introduction there, to judge from the following note, which appeared in the first edition of his book: "To my ingenious friend, Mr. Robert Burns, I have been seriously obligated; he was not only at the pains of making out what was most worthy of notice in Ayr-

shire, the county honoured by his birth, but he also wrote, expressly for this work, the pretty tale annexed to Alloway Church."

When Robert was still but a slip of a boy—*i. e.*, at Whitsuntide, 1766—his father rented the neighboring Mount Oliphant Farm from Mr. Ferguson, whom he had been serving as gardener, borrowing £100 from his employer to stock it with. The venture proved a distressing failure, owing to the poor quality of the land and the death of Mr. Ferguson, which left William Burns at the mercy of an unprincipled factor. After eleven grinding years he therefore removed to the Lochlea Farm, about two miles from the neighboring village of Tarbolton.

Those years at Mount Oliphant probably exercised a more serious influence upon Robert's future than at first appears. It was mere accident that he there acquired most of his education. Such would have been the case wherever he might have chanced to pass that period of his life; and had the particular "bonnie sweet, sonsie lass" not been at hand who first awakened in him the eager tremulousness of love, and drove him to verse for its expression, no doubt some other would have served the purpose quite as well. But it seems not unreasonable to charge to the ungrateful Mount Oliphant soil—which entailed such heavy labor on all the family, with the attendant under-feeding and under-sleeping endured by Robert at the critical growing age—the seeds of that weakness that later un-

fitted his great frame to meet the demands he made upon it, and killed him at thirty-seven.

It must have been shortly after the removal to Lochlea that he made that famous excursion into the mysteries of mensuration that was the means of introducing him to other branches of knowledge, some of them unfortunately of a less admirable kind. He was seventeen when he spent a summer at the Kirkoswald School, on the coast, where he was thrown into the society of a wild set of seafaring men, smugglers and others, from whom, in the words of that oft-quoted sentence in his autobiography, he learned "to look unconcernedly on a large tavern bill, and to mix without fear in a drunken squabble." But it was there also that he got access to the works of several new authors (new that is to him) and studied the art of polite letter-writing, using for his guide a volume of letters written by wits of the reign of Queen Anne; and thus—in his own judgment at all events—he returned from Kirkoswald "very considerably improved."

The seven years at Lochlea are usually spoken of as the happiest of Burns' life. During the earlier part, at all events, his family circumstances mended a little and he had leisure to learn a variety of things, to fall in and out of love with dizzy rapidity, to write poems ("The Death of Poor Mailie," "Mailie's Elegy," "John Barleycorn" and "Winter: a Dirge," are all among those written at Lochlea), to

dance—this against his father's expressed wishes—and to be the best hand at the plow or on the threshing floor in the whole country-side.

Then came the Irvine episode—six months spent in another coast town, this one considerably north of Ayr and further afield than he had hitherto been. The plan was that he should learn flax-dressing from a half-brother of his mother's who lived there, but the experiment turned out disastrously. During a New Year revel the shop, with all it contained, burned to the ground, and Burns—who had in the meantime made a new acquaintance whose loose morals he admits himself, "did me a mischief"—returned home *sans* money, *sans* trade and *sans* virtue.

Two years later William Burns died of consumption, a lingering illness which, with a lawsuit, ruined him. The family immediately removed to Mossgiel Farm, in Mauchline parish. Of this new venture Gilbert writes: "It was stocked by the property and individual savings of the whole family and was a joint concern among us. Every member of the family was allowed ordinary wages for the labor he performed on the farm. My brother's allowance and mine was £7 per annum each, and during the whole time this family concern lasted, as well as during the preceding period at Lochlea, Robert's expenses never, in any one year, exceeded his slender income." Notwithstanding the conditions of hard, unremitting toil involved by such a statement, it was during the Moss-

giel years that Burns produced most of the works by which he is best known. Owing to the lively interest he took in a war then waging between the severely orthodox and the more liberal-minded clergy of the neighborhood—in which his warm friend Gavin Hamilton was also concerned—these early productions took the form of religious satires. "Holy Willie's Prayer," "The Holy Fair," and a number of other less famous pieces, were written then and "read into repute" by Mr. Aiken, a writer of Ayr, with whom he had formed an intimate friendship. Of "The Holy Fair" Lockhart writes: "It was acknowledged, amidst the sternest mutterings of wrath, that national manners were once more in the hands of a national poet . . . that the muse of 'Christ's Kirk on the Green' had awakened, after the slumber of ages, with all the vigor of her regal youth about her, in 'the auld clay biggin' of Mossgiel."

These satires were shortly followed by many of the most popular of his poems, "The Epistle to Davie," "The Mouse," "The Mountain Daisy," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," etc., and all the time he was carrying on a succession of love affairs and inditing poems to each fair one in turn. The more serious episode of Highland Mary, whom he expected to marry, but who died suddenly shortly before the appointed time, occurred during the Mossgiel life, and it was there that he first met Jean Armour, who later became his wife.

It is to the unfortunate circumstances of this connection that the first edition of *The Poems* is due. The birth of twin children, for whom he was utterly unable to provide, determined Burns to migrate to the West Indies, and in order to raise the passage money he, on the advice of his friends, arranged with a printer of Kilmarnock to strike off six hundred copies of the various poems, which in a very limited circle had already become so popular. Their success came like a gratifying surprise, but it does not seem to have suggested to the author or to his advisers that some occupation nearer home and more congenial might be found for him than the position of assistant overseer on a West Indian plantation. "As soon," he writes, "as I was master of nine guineas, the price of wafting me to the torrid zone, I took a steerage passage in the first ship that was to sail from the Clyde. . . . I had taken the last farewell of my friends; my chest was on the way to Greenock; I had composed the last song I should ever measure in Caledonia, 'The Gloomy Night is Gathering Fast,' when a letter from Dr. Blacklock to a friend of mine overthrew all my schemes by opening new prospects to my poetic ambition." These "new prospects" were nothing less than a suggestion that a new edition of *The Poems* would be likely to meet with success.

Dr. Blacklock, the Blind Poet, "belonged to a set of critics for whose *applause* I had not *dared to hope*." His letter of unqualified praise, written in reply to

one from Dr. Lawrie (a minister and a warm friend of Burns), in which the latter's prospects were set forth, arrived just in the nick of time. The emigration scheme was abandoned, and two months later Burns, in high spirits, set off for Edinburgh. With his subsequent career Ayrshire has but brief connection. After that brilliant winter in the Capital he made a tour through some of the Border Counties; then came other stays in Edinburgh and other excursions, with occasional visits to Mossgiel, where his mother was caring for his child. It had been entirely due to the action of Jean Armour's father that Burns had not made her his wife long ere this, old Armour actually obliging her to destroy the written promise of marriage given to her by Burns. There had now, however (December, 1787), been a renewal of the intercourse between them, and the distressing circumstances into which her approaching confinement threw her induced Burns not only to provide her with a temporary home then, but to marry her in the following April before a Justice of the Peace, in the chambers of his old friend, Gavin Hamilton, at Mauchline. Ellisland was then rented from Mr. Miller, of Dalswinton, and there he took his family (there was but one child living). That part of his history which has to do with Dumfriesshire and his death there have already been described. The Mossgiel house is still standing, in many respects a more agreeable object of pilgrimage than Alloway. Mauchline Castle, where Gavin Hamilton lived, and

"Poosie Nansie's" house are also still to be seen, and in the kirkyard lie Johnnie Richmond, in whose house Burns stayed when he first went to Edinburgh, "Daddie Auld," of "the Kirk's Alarums," Gavin Hamilton and William Fisher, who stood for the portrait of "Holy Willie," as well as two of Burns' infant children and some of his wife's relations, the Armours. She, fond woman and faithful wife, lies beside the husband whom she loved and served with a truer-hearted devotion—one cannot but think—than would have any one among all that galaxy of Fair, Clarinda not excepted, on whom his wayward fancy lighted. "A true poet," writes Carlyle, "a man in whose heart resides some effluence of wisdom, some tone of the 'Eternal Melodies,' is the most precious gift that can be bestowed on a generation. We see in him a freer, purer development of whatever is noblest in ourselves; his life is a rich lesson to us; and we mourn his death as that of a benefactor who loved and taught us.

"Such a gift had nature in her bounty bestowed on us in Robert Burns, but with queen-like indifference she cast it from her hand, like a thing of no moment, and it was defaced and torn asunder, as an idle bauble, before we recognized it. To the ill-starred Burns was given the power of making man's life more venerable, but that of wisely guiding his own life was not given. Destiny—for so in our ignorance we must speak—his faults, the faults of others, proved too hard for

him, and that spirit which might have soared, could it but have walked, soon sank to the dust, its glorious faculties trodden under foot in the blossom, and died, we may almost say, without ever having lived. . . .

"Far more interesting than any of his written works, as it appears to us, are his acted ones—the life he willed and was fated to lead among his fellow-men. These poems are but like little rhymed fragments scattered here and there in the grand unrhymed romance of his earthly existence, and it is only when intercolated in this at their proper places that they attain their full measure of significance. . . . With our readers in general, with men of right feeling anywhere, we are not required to plead for Burns. In pitying admiration he lies enshrined in all our hearts, in a far nobler mausoleum than that one of marble; neither will his works, even as they are, pass away from the memory of man."[1]

[1] "Essay on Burns," Thomas Carlyle.

Auld Alloway Kirk

lace in his hiding-place, it decided his future; thenceforth his life would be devoted to the task of driving out the oppressors, and he began by gathering a small band about him, descending upon Lanark in the night, burning the quarters of the English and killing a number of the garrison, with their leader, William de Hazelrig, made Sheriff of Ayr and Earl of Clydesdale by Edward I.

Eight miles from Lanark, up the Douglas Water, is the village of Douglas, near which, on the banks of the stream, is the old Church of St. Bride and the site of Douglas Castle, the ancient home of that illustrious family of whose elder branch a sketch has already been given. Douglas Castle was the home of the good Sir James, the virtual founder of the family greatness. His father, Sir William "le Hardi," like many Scottish nobles of that time, possessed estates in England and owed dual fealty—to Scotland and England. He went out with Wallace, but capitulated to King Edward in 1297 at Irvine. He was sent prisoner to England and died in the Tower of London in the following year. His lands were given to Sir Robert Clifford, an Englishman. His son James, who was then

"ane litell knaf
That was than bot ane litell page,"

went for safety to Paris. Three years later he returned and became a page in the household of Lam-

berton, the patriotic Bishop of St. Andrews. Hearing of Bruce's stabbing Comyn, he determined to join him, and the place at Erickstane, near the source of the Annan, where Douglas joined Bruce, then on his way from Dumfries to Scone, is still pointed out.

From that moment he was Bruce's true and constant companion till death and after. His personal appearance is fully described by Barbour, who no doubt had seen him. His complexion was dark, and, like the "good Hector of Troy," he had raven black hair; hence the sobriquet of "the Black Douglas" which descended to his family. He was of commanding stature, large limbed and broad shouldered, courteous in manner, but retiring in speech. Again, like Hector of Troy, he had a lisp which became him well—

> "And in spek ulispyt he sum deill,
> But that sat him rycht wondre weill."

He was terrible in battle, but at all times hated everything treacherous or dishonorable or false. In fact,

> "He was a very perfect gentle knight."

Douglas Castle was the scene of many of his exploits chronicled by Barbour and Wyntoun.

While Bruce lay at Glentrool in the spring of 1307, Douglas and two companions went off to reconnoitre his old property. He met a former servant of his father's, Thomas Dickson, who, rejoiced to see

him, gathered a few retainers. Palm Sunday (March 19) was approaching. The English garrison were to attend service in St. Bride's and to hold high festival afterwards in the Castle. Disguised as countrymen, Douglas himself carrying a flail, the Scotsmen attended this service, and suddenly, with a shout of "A Douglas! a Douglas!" they threw off their "auld and bare mantills" and attacked the unsuspecting soldiers, all of whom were killed or taken prisoner. Dickson was killed in the scuffle, which enraged Douglas immensely. Taking his prisoners with him, he went to the Castle, where nobody was left but a cook and a porter, and after enjoying the feast prepared for the garrison, he stove in the wine casks, killed the prisoners, and heaping up their bodies with the provisions, set fire to the mass and burned down the Castle. This episode has ever since been known as the "Douglas Larder."

> "For mele and malt and blod and wyn
> Ran all together in a mellyn [mixture];
> For sic thingis tha mellit [mixed] wer
> [Men] callit it the Douglas Lardener."

Douglas retired to Galloway; he loved better to hear the lark sing than the mouse squeak, he said.

Clifford at once rebuilt the Castle and put in one Thirlwall to be Governor. Douglas vowed to be revenged. With a small following, he returned to Douglasdale and perpetrated a stratagem as old as warfare.

Setting an ambush at a place called Sandylands, he disguised some of his men as herdsmen, who drove a herd of cattle along the road in view of the Castle. Thirlwall determined to capture the cattle and issued out with his garrison to seize them. When sufficiently far from the Castle, the party was surrounded by the ambushed enemy, and Thirlwall and most of his men were killed.

Douglas then gave out that he had taken a vow to be revenged on any Englishman who would dare to hold his father's Castle. The vow was entirely in accordance with the chivalry of the time, and Douglas Castle was called the "Perilous Castle" or the "Adventurous Castle," and it became a point of honor to hold it.

A certain English lady promised to marry an English knight, Sir John Webton,[1] if he would hold the Castle Perilous for a year and a day. To try this, he obtained King Edward's sanction. When Bruce, after the battle of Loudon, marched to the North, Douglas was left in the South to reduce the Border Counties, and he determined to begin with his own Castle. Again he used nearly the same stratagem as twice before.

Learning that the garrison was short of provisions, he disguised himself and his followers as country farmers, each of whom carried on his horse a great

[1] So Barbour calls him. The modern historian, Tytler, thinks the name should read Wanton, and Sir Walter Scott calls him Walton.

sack of grain or hay. The garrison seeing this cavalcade of traders, apparently on the way to market, determined to seize what they so much required, and, led by Webton, rode out in pursuit. The disguised farmers threw away their loads and surrounded the Englishmen. The party was vanquished, and the brave English leader fell in the skirmish. In his pocket was found the letter from his lady love. The knightly heart of Douglas was touched. This time there was no after-slaughter. The English survivors were honorably treated and dismissed in safety to Carlisle.[1]

When the house of the "Black Douglas" was extinguished in the reign of James II. the Castle and the lands in Douglasdale were given to the fourth Earl of Angus, the head of the "Red Douglases"—a junior branch of the family descended from a younger son of the first Earl of Douglas, as a reward for siding with the King against the head of their family.

The fifth Earl, Archibald, is known in history as Bell-the-Cat. When James III. was King, he governed the country through an insolent and unworthy favorite, one Robert Cochrane, who had been a Mason, but on whom the King conferred the Earldom of Mar.

The country was utterly misgoverned, the coin debased and the ancient nobility slighted. An Eng-

[1] This story forms the subject of Scott's latest novel, *Castle Dangerous*, written the year before he died.

lish invasion by Edward IV. was imminent, and the Scottish army was nearly in mutiny. The army lay at Lauder, and at a secret meeting of some powerful barons the situation was discussed. All agreed that Cochrane must be removed. A shrewd old noble, Lord Gray, dryly remarked that when the mice were annoyed by the interruptions and persecutions of the cat, it was agreed in council to hang a bell to the cat's neck, so that the mice should know when the cat was coming; but no mouse was brave enough to undertake the task.

"Heed not," said Lord Angus; "I will bell the cat." Presently Cochrane entered the church where the Lords were assembled. Angus snatched his gold chain, saying a halter would become him better. The upstart Earl was hastily tried, and in spite of James's intercession, was condemned to be hanged for having misled the King and misgoverned the country. He was a bold man and he asked but one favor; being an Earl, might he be hanged with a silken cord? This was refused, and he was hanged over the Bridge of Lauder with a hair tether, as being even more ignominious than a hempen rope. Ever after Angus was known as Archibald Bell-the-Cat.

In his old age he accompanied James IV. on the expedition which ended at Flodden. Disgusted with the criminal folly of his sovereign's conduct, he remonstrated with him on the eve of the battle, and implored him either to act promptly, before the Eng-

lish could bring up all their army, or to delay the battle, when the enemy must disperse to find food. King James met his patriotic advice with the cruel taunt—if he were afraid, he had better go home. At this insult the aged Earl burst into tears, and with a few words of further remonstrance, took leave of his sovereign; but he left his two sons with the army. They both fell in the battle. Angus himself retired to the Monastery of Whithorn, and died there six months later.

One of his sons was Gavin Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, whose father Scott makes proudly boast:

> "Thanks to St. Bothan, son of mine,
> Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line."
> —"Marmion," vi., 15.

This churchman, though "a noble lord of Douglas blood"—

> "Yet show'd his meek and thoughtful eye,
> But little pride of prelacy;
> More pleased that in a barbarous age
> He gave rude Scotland Virgil's page."
> —Ibid., vi., 11.

He was no mean poet. He translated the "Æneid" into Scots verse, and wrote other poems, of which there still survive, "The Palice of Honour," an allegory of the virtuous life; "King Hart," an allegory of the struggles of the human heart with the temptations of the flesh; and a shorter poem on the "Con-

science." Poems such as these show far better the inner history of the life of the time than all the chronicles, which merely mention incident, and chiefly violent incident.

Bell-the-Cat was succeeded by his grandson Archibald, the sixth Earl, who married Margaret Tudor, the widow of James IV., eleven months after Flodden. Their daughter, Lady Margaret Douglas, married the Earl of Lennox, and became the mother of Darnley.

During the minority of his stepson, James V., Lord Angus ruled the young King so despotically that, when sixteen years old, the latter rebelled and escaped from Falkland in disguise and raised the country against the Douglases. The King failed, however, to take Douglas Castle and Tantallon, and was defeated by Angus at Coldingham. In spite of these successes the Earl was "forfeitted," and was obliged to fly to England, where he was well received by his brother-in-law, King Henry VIII. He was not restored until after the death of James V., when he returned to Scotland. His insolences to the Queen Regent have already been mentioned.[1]

James V. vowed after Angus' rebellion that no Douglas should ever find a resting-place in Scotland while he lived, and among other banished members was the Earl's uncle, Archibald Douglas of Kilspindie, who had been one of James' greatest friends

[1] See p. 215, Vol. I.

in his boyhood, and whom he had nicknamed Gray steel.

Wearied with exile Douglas came back to Scotland, put himself in the King's way when he was returning from hunting near Stirling, and prayed for pardon. James was implacable, and passed on without notice. Kilspindie ran alongside the King's horse, but in vain. Dropping at last with fatigue, he begged for a cup of water; but this was refused by the obsequious courtiers. Hearing of it, the King sharply rebuked their discourtesy, and said that but for his oath against the Douglases he would have taken him into favor.

Kilspindie was ordered to retire to France. Even the grim Henry VIII. blamed his nephew for this unrelenting spirit, reminding him of the old adage, "The King's face should give grace." Gray steel's misfortunes and prowess are idealized in the fifth canto of the "Lady of the Lake."

The next prominent Earl of Angus was the eighth Earl, known as the "Guid Archibald." He was a friend of the Reformers, and of him it was written by a clerical historian that he was "more religious nor anie of his predecessors; nay, nor anie of all the erles of the countrie, muche beloved of the godlie." He died in 1588.

With the Union the power of the Crown entirely overtopped that of the nobility, and no member of this powerful house ever again attained great promi-

nence. The Good Earl having no sons was succeeded by a cousin, and the title went on in the Douglas line until the eleventh Earl of Angus, a staunch loyalist, was created Marquis of Douglas by Charles I. The thirteenth Earl and third Marquis was made Duke of Douglas by Queen Anne. On his death without children in 1761 the Dukedom became extinct, but the title of Marquis of Douglas and Earl of Angus went to the nearest heir male, the Duke of Hamilton, a descendant of the first Marquis of Douglas, who thus became head of the male line of this ancient and illustrious family.

The estates however did not go with the title, and their disposal formed the subject of one of the most notable law-suits that ever happened in Scotland, still known as "the Douglas Cause."

The Duke of Douglas had a sister, Lady Jane Douglas, who at the age of forty-eight married Sir John Stewart of Grandtully. After the marriage they went abroad and lived in retirement. When Lady Jane was in her fifty-first year it was announced that she had, in Paris, given birth to twin sons. Five years later she and her husband returned to England, and shortly afterwards the younger twin and father and mother died. On the Duke's death in 1761 the surviving son was served heir to the deceased peer. The succession was at once disputed by the guardians of the Duke of Hamilton then, like young Stewart, a minor. It was contended that the story of the birth of the

twins was false, and that they were really the children of a French peasant obtained for fraudulent purposes. It took six years to fight the case in the Scottish law courts, and the whole country, indeed all Europe, took sides in the great "Douglas Cause."

There was a strange fascination in the case. It concerned the honor of one of the greatest families of Europe. The interest of the public was carried to places and people entirely strange and new: to the forms of the Parliament of Paris, to French hostelries, to German watering-places, to foreign diligences, to the homes of French peasants and Parisian tradesmen, to villainy and mystery more mysterious as of a form unfamiliar. The cause was eagerly discussed in every Castle and every cottage of Great Britain. The memoirs of the period teem with allusions to it. At last it came before the fifteen Judges of the Supreme Court of Scotland. Seven Judges pronounced on the one side and seven on the other; the casting vote had to be given by the Lord President, Dundas of Armiston, and by him it was given against the Stewart. This was appealed to the final court, the House of Lords. Two years later the Lords reversed the Scottish decision and young Stewart became proprietor of the Douglas estates. The pronouncement was received with immense popular enthusiasm. Ships in the harbors were decked with bunting; all the great towns were illuminated; the Lord President's windows in Edinburgh were smashed by the mob; the

Duke of Hamilton's lodging in Holyrood was only saved by a guard of soldiers.

Yet in Douglasdale there was doubt, and superstition lent its aid to the doubt. It is said that an ancient rookery was deserted by the rooks on the day the Duke died. The rooks returned when the Scottish courts decided against the claimant, and again they left on his restoration by the House of Lords.

The new heir was made a peer as Baron Douglas and had eight sons, but all died childless and again the superstitious drew their inferences. Of his three daughters, however, the eldest married Lord Montague, and to her was born a daughter, who married the eleventh Earl of Home, and her son, the twelfth Earl, is now the possessor of the property. Thus it comes about that the Duke of Hamilton is head of the Douglases, but the Earl of Home is Lord of Douglasdale.

There are however two branches of the Douglas family which still hold historic peerages—the Marquis of Queensberry, who descends from a natural son of the second Earl of Douglas killed at Otterburn, and the Earl of Morton, who traces his ancestry to Douglas of Lochleven, the jailor of Queen Mary.

A word may be said of the tragic end of another scion of the great house of Douglas, Lord Mordington. The first Lord Mordington was a younger son of the eleventh Earl of Angus, elevated to the peerage

by Charles I. His descendant in the fifth generation must have sunk very low. We find him at one time a sailor, and he appears to have run away to sea when a mere boy. We meet him again in 1745 as a barber, called Charles Douglas, who enlisted with Prince Charlie, was taken prisoner and tried for his life at Carlisle. He claimed to be Lord Mordington and demanded to be tried by his peers. In spite of his wretched condition, he substantiated his privilege and was removed from the assize. Yet he was not tried by the House of Peers; he was therefore probably pardoned or allowed to escape, for nothing more is ever heard of him, and there has been no claimant for the Mordington peerage.

The old Castle of the Douglases was many times burned, battered and restored before its final destruction by fire in 1755, when the tower alone escaped; ancient looking as that is, it dates only from the seventeenth century.

Sir Walter Scott, feeble and broken in health, visited the place near the close of his life in order to describe it in *Castle Dangerous*. As he stood gazing and thinking—thinking—his eyes suddenly filled with tears, and he broke forth into the lament of the dying Douglas at Otterburn:

"My wound is deep, I fain would sleep;
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me by the bracken bush
That grows on yonder lilye lea.

"O, bury me by the bracken bush,
Beneath the blooming brier,
And never let living mortal ken
That e'er a kindly Scot lies here."

It was his last journey of the kind, the conclusion to all those joyous trips he had been wont to make for the purpose of collecting antiquarian material for his work.

Hard by is the modern seat, begun from plans by Adam in 1775 for the Duke of Douglas, and never completed. Here is preserved a highly-treasured relic, the good Sir James's sword, which is said to have been given to him by Bruce. The Highlanders took it away when the Prince spent a night (December 23, 1745) in the Castle. It was restored after Culloden.

All that remains of the near-by Church of St. Bride, where Sir James executed his *coup-de-main* on Palm Sunday, are the choir or chancel and the ruined south aisle. It possesses great interest, however, as the hereditary burial-place of the Douglases, whose tombs line the existing walls and fill the burial-vaults below. One on the north wall of the aisle is supposed to contain the ashes of the good Sir James, that "brave hammerer of the English." On top, beneath an elegantly-sculptured arch, lies a dark-colored stone effigy of the knight, clad in armor and with legs crossed, while on the shield under the canopy is carved the heart, the addition to his armorial bearings granted in

consequence of his mission with the heart of Bruce. The monument was put up by his son, Sir Archibald the Grim, and the small leaden case in which Sir James's heart was said to be enclosed is preserved, with another similar case, in the chancel.

Ten or twelve miles to the west, and on the banks of the Clyde, is the ruined keep tower of Leamington or Lamington, the home of Marian Bradfute, Wallace's unfortunate wife. Lord Lamington, whose modern mansion is close by, is the representative of the Baillies of Lamington, said to be descended from the only daughter of Marian Bradfute and Wallace.[1] There is a fine Norman doorway built into the walls of the Parish Kirk in the village, the remnant of a twelfth century edifice that formerly stood on the site.

In the neighboring town of Biggar is the restored and modernized Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas, in whose kirkyard are the graves of several generations of Gladstones. "John Gladstones, maltman and burgess in Biggar," was the great grandfather of William Ewart Gladstone. His son left Lanarkshire and settled in Leith. The church, founded by Malcolm, Lord Fleming, Lord High Chancellor of Scotland in 1545, was to be provided with canons, singing boys and nuns, but it was barely completed when the Reformation came to scatter the founder's plans to the winds.

[1] Baillie of Jerviswoode, the Covenanting leader, was a cadet of this family.

At the seat of the Lockharts, which stands some miles to the northwest of Lanark, is preserved the "Lee Penny." This famous relic is a dark-red transparent stone, set in a silver groat of the fourteenth century (and for that reason it is called a "penny"), to which is attached a small silver chain. It is kept in a golden casket, presented by the Empress Maria Theresa to Count Lockhart. Among those who accompanied Sir James Douglas on his mission with the heart of Bruce was Simon Locard of Lee. When Sir James fell on a Spanish battle-field, it was he who brought the knight's body, and the heart back to Scotland, for which service his name was changed to Lockheart and the device of a heart and a lock added to his arms. In the course of the campaign he had captured a Saracen Prince, for whose ransom he demanded a certain stone, a talisman known to be in the possession of the family, and which was counted infallible in certain cases of sickness. After much negotiation this precious object was at length given up, and Lockhart brought it back to Scotland, where it has ever since remained with his descendants. The belief in its healing powers spread and endured to the most extraordinary degree. People traveled up from England and from the outlying parts of Scotland to drink the water in which the stone had been thrice dipped and once drawn around. "Three dips and a sweil" is the receipt. During the plague in Charles I.'s time the Corporation of Newcastle borrowed it, leaving for security the sum of

six thousand pounds, and they are said to have been so impressed with its efficacy that they were ready to buy it for that sum, but the owner declined to sell. So lately as the middle of the nineteenth century it is recorded that a gentleman came all the way from Yorkshire to get a quantity of the medicinal water to take home with him. But no doubt much of the "Lee Penny's" fame comes from the fact that Sir Walter Scott used its history whereon to found his fascinating tale of *The Talisman*. Another association with Scott in this immediate neighborhood is the ruined Castle of Craignethan, which served him for the model of Tillietudlem, in *Old Mortality*. Its ancient keep and its later towers and walls overlook the Clyde from a steep promontory, a few miles below Lanark. The Castle, or at all events the later parts, are thought to be the work of Sir James Hamilton of Fynnart, "The Bastard of Arran," who lived in the reign of James V. and who was beheaded in 1540. It is now the property of the Earl of Home. The great pile of Bothwell Castle, as a Douglas inheritance, also belongs to the Earl of Home. It stands on a steep cliff overlooking the Clyde, some miles above Glasgow. Bothwell Castle is the finest example of a thirteenth century Castle in Scotland; the finest perhaps of any of the ruined Castles of whatever period in this country.

In the thirteenth century Bothwell belonged to the family of Sir Andrew Murray, Wallace's stout lieu-

tenant. After the Murrays, the Douglases held it for about a hundred years, during which period its simple keep was enlarged, according to the spirit of the times, into a splendid fortified Castle, built around a courtyard, and strongly resembling the French Castles of that day. In 1488 Patrick Hepburn, Lord Hales, was created Earl of Bothwell and given the estate, which however he chose to exchange, a few years later, for Hermitage Castle and Liddesdale, held by the Earl of Angus, the Douglases thereby regaining possession of Bothwell, which has ever since remained in the family, and has thus descended to the present Lord Home. It was much fought over during the War of Independence, being in common with many other Scottish strongholds, repeatedly lost by the English and won back again; but none of these sieges have any points of especial historical interest. Far more epoch-making were the fights that took place at Drumclog, and at Bothwell Bridge a little higher up the Clyde, on June 1 and June 22, 1679.

After the murder of Archbishop Sharp, the Covenanters seem to have been greatly inspirited, the twelve men engaged in it assuring themselves, and every one else, of the very especial manner in which the Lord had intimated to them his approval of the deed. Several weeks later a conventicle was arranged to meet in the hilly country near the southwestern border of Lanarkshire. Mr. Douglas, a popular preacher, was to hold it, and a large number of

people attended, the greater part of them, as had then become customary, armed. Especially stringent orders had lately been issued by the Government to break up Conventicles, and arrest all persons found attending them or bearing arms. Claverhouse therefore, when it was rumored that there was to be a meeting on Sabbath, 1st of June, was sent from Glasgow with three troops of dragoons to suppress it. After breakfasting with his officers at "Scribbie Young's" Inn, in Strathaven, he proceeded towards Drumclog, a moor six miles to the southwest. The Covenanters, forewarned by their watchers, were drawn up on the far side of a concealed bog, below the hill. The troops being ordered to charge, were caught in this bog, where they floundered helplessly at the mercy of the Covenanters, and were soon utterly routed, Claverhouse himself barely escaping with his life.

Some of the prisoners who had surrendered on the promise of quarter were killed; but five were let go, a circumstance that seems ever after to have rankled in the memory of the Covenanting leader, Mr. Hamilton. It is said that Claverhouse, on his way back to Glasgow, met some troops coming to his relief, but that he told the officer in charge that he had attended one Whig meeting that day, and did not care enough for the lecture to return for the afternoon sermon. The Whigs, after a feeble and unsuccessful attempt on Glasgow, received such large reinforcements that a

week later, finding themselves five thousand strong, they determined to take the offensive. Unfortunately however among the late arrivals were numbered some representatives of the moderate party—those who had accepted the Indulgence and taken the Test. These and the more furious spirits who wanted to overthrow everything, and to whom the King was the "Bloody Tyrant," now fell foul of one another, and the fortnight that followed was consumed in wrangles, quarrels, declarations and counter declarations among themselves.

The Duke of Monmouth, with an army of trained soldiers, advancing meantime quite leisurely, reached Bothwell Muir on the 21st. There, in full view of the Covenanting host, drawn up on the left bank of the river, he proceeded to place his guns, dig trenches and otherwise prepare for battle. And all the time the Ministers continued to discuss, argue and dispute, making, it would appear, absolutely no preparation for the coming struggle.

It is therefore hardly a matter of surprise that when Monmouth, having completed his arrangements, advanced to the attack, there was hardly any resistance worthy of the name. The narrow bridge that spans the Clyde was very gallantly held by a few men with one gun until their ammunition gave out. They sent to the commander, Mr. Hamilton, for more, and he said he had none! The rout was complete; four or five hundred of the Covenanters

were butchered in the pursuit, and three hundred prisoners were taken to Edinburgh and confined for five months in the Greyfriars' Churchyard.

The immediate results of this check, and of the crisis which had been reached within the ranks of the Covenanters themselves, have already been alluded to in another chapter.

Hamilton is a prosperous town, not far from Bothwell, at the junction of the Avon and the Clyde. Its principal building is Hamilton Palace, which, though dating from 1574, was rebuilt in 1705 and in 1822, and is a sumptuous, if rather dull mansion, in the classical style. Prince Charles spent Christmas Day here in 1745, but no tradition of his visit is preserved locally.

Near by, on the river, are the ruins of the older Cadzow Castle, and in the policies a herd of white cattle, the ancient British Urus, is carefully preserved.

The palace is the residence of the Duke of Hamilton, a scion of a house that played a conspicuous part in Scottish history. The Hamiltons are supposed to have been originally Norman, and to have come to Scotland from Hambledon, in Lincolnshire.

The first of the family who came into historical prominence was Sir James Hamilton of Cadzow, whose desertion of the Earl of Douglas was rewarded by James II. with the hand of his daughter, the Princess Mary. So nearly did this marriage

bring the royal dignity to the family that when James V. died the head of the Hamiltons was heir to the throne in case of the infant Queen Mary's death. This chief was the Earl of Arran, and owing to his position as heir presumptive, he was made Regent of Scotland and remained so for eleven years, when he resigned and was succeeded by the Queen Dowager, Mary of Guise. One of the first acts of his Regency was to sanction the circulation of the Bible in the vulgar tongue—an act which gave a great impetus to the Reformation in Scotland, though the Earl did not join the Reforming party until 1559, and no Bible was actually printed in Scotland until twenty years after that date. He was a gentle, pliant man, but believed to have been thoroughly honest and faithful to his trust. He was courted by both French and English, and by the French King he was made Duke of Châtelherault, while Henry VIII. offered, should the Regent fall in with his views, to give his daughter, the Princess (afterwards Queen) Elizabeth, in marriage to his eldest son; but this honor the Earl declined. Arran strenuously opposed Mary's marriage to Darnley, and was obliged to retire to France, where he remained until after the Queen's departure for England; but his family were the chief supporters of Queen Mary after her escape from Lochleven, and on his return the Earl headed the Queen's party. John Hamilton, the last Archbishop of St. Andrews, was his natural brother. This is the prelate who was

hanged in full canonicals at Stirling in 1571, theoretically for being privy to the murder of Darnley, but really in revenge for the assassination of the Regent Moray, who was shot from the window of the Archbishop's house in Linlithgow by another member of the Hamilton family.[1]

The great Regent's eldest son happened to be in the Castle of St. Andrews when Cardinal Beaton was murdered. He was held as a hostage by the conspirators, and as he early became a Protestant it may be supposed that he there imbibed his principles from John Knox. When Mary of Guise became Regent, he went to France and became Commandant of the famous Scots Guard there. The Guise Princes were then looking out for some Protestant of the highest rank whom they might strike down, to show that no Protestant, however exalted, could escape their power. Young Hamilton, the heir presumptive to the Scottish throne and allied to the French royal family, was selected as the victim, but he received timely warning and escaped to Scotland in 1559. The widowed Mary returned two years later, and Hamilton fell madly in love with her. He might have been the successful suitor had his Protestant fervor not induced him to interfere with Mary's exercise of her Catholic religion. He shortly afterwards became hopelessly insane, the malady it is believed being caused or hastened by his disappointment in love. He was

[1] See p. 158, Vol. I.

never married, but his brother, who superseded him on the declaration of his insanity, was created Marquis of Hamilton. The latter's grandson, the third Marquis, though a staunch Presbyterian, was faithful to Charles I., by whom he was made Duke of Hamilton, and in the King's cause he lost his life for heading the army of the "Engagers" in 1648. The first Duke was succeeded by his brother, and he, having no sons, by his daughter Anne, Duchess of Hamilton. This lady married Lord William Douglas, second son of the first Marquis of Douglas, and her husband predeceasing her, she resigned her titles to her eldest son, James, fourth Duke, whose tragic death in a duel with the profligate Lord Mohun is so graphically described by Thackeray in *Esmond*. Though the Duchess Anne inherited the Dukedom, the male headship of the house of Hamilton passed to the Earls (now Dukes) of Abercorn, a family settled in Ireland, descended from the fourth son of the Regent Arran. The marriage of the Duchess brought the Hamilton title to the Douglas family, whose headship, as has been already related, passed to the seventh Duke of Hamilton in 1761. The name of the family today is Douglas-Hamilton.

Two or three miles to the southwest of Bothwell is Dechmont Hill, on whose slope still stands the seventeenth century house of Hamilton of Gilbertfield, whose service to his country in the matter of a paraphrased edition of Blind Harry has already been

referred to. In his day the mansion commanded a charming and romantic prospect, and the Vale of Clyde possessed all the features of pastoral beauty that its name suggests. Now however modern industry has invaded the valley; railway trains go shrieking back and forth, and the traveler from the east or south approaches Glasgow through a network of collieries and furnaces, manufactories, chimneys and other depressing witnesses to Lanarkshire's present-day greatness and prosperity.

The traditional account of the beginnings of Glasgow tells of how Thanay, the Christian daughter of the King of Leudonia (Lothian), was betrayed by her princely lover, Ewen, a Knight of the Round Table and a nephew of King Arthur, and consequently—in accordance with the severe code of her father's house, thrown from the top of a high cliff. She miraculously reached the ground unharmed, only to be placed by her unrelenting father in an open boat and set adrift on the ocean. The bark, floating up the Firth, went ashore one night at Collenros (Culross), and there in the early morning of the following day was born the future saint and missionary, Kentigern. St. Servanus, who was then working among the heathen of that district, took charge of the mother and child, calling the latter Kentigern (chief of lords) and Mungo (a dear one).

On growing up, Kentigern left Culross and went to a place near the present town of Stirling, which he

reached just in time to carry out the dying injunctions of a Christian named Fergus, who directed him to divide his (Fergus's) goods among the poor and conduct his burial in the manner he thought best. Kentigern accordingly placed the body in a wagon to which two young bulls were harnessed, and these he followed patiently till he reached the site of the present city of Glasgow. There the bulls halted, and Kentigern buried Fergus in holy ground that had been consecrated by St. Ninian.

Appointed Bishop of Cumbria, Kentigern was driven from his See in a period of persecution, but was recalled after the battle of Ardderyd (Arthuret, near Carlisle) in 573, which placed the Christian Rhydderch on the throne.[1] Tradition says that Merlin, himself a Prince of one of the Druid tribes, was present at this battle, another result of which was to drive him down to the Ettrick Forest and Tweeddale. After a time of labor among the heathen of Hoddam, Kentigern returned to his former home at Glasgu, and there, having spent upwards of twenty years in hardship and toil among the Britons of Strathclyde, he died (603). He is described as fulfilling completely our ideal of the Missionary Bishop in a rude, or any other, age—fervent, unwearying and austere, practicing to a more advanced degree himself the principles he urged upon others, and attracting multitudes by the fiery zeal of his preaching. A dramatic incident of his life at Glasgu

[1] See p. 314, Vol. I.

was the meeting with St. Columba, which took place at Molendinar, a spot already hallowed by association with St. Ninian. After some conversation, the two old missionaries exchanged their pastoral staves and parted. "Their coming together," says Joceline—Kentigern's biographer—"was an occasion of great joy."

On the site attributed by tradition to this meeting Glasgow Cathedral now stands. For five hundred years after the death of St. Kentigern—more often called St. Mungo—next to nothing is known of the church he established on the banks of the Clyde. Then, with the great religious movement inaugurated by Queen Margaret, followed by the building age of her son David I., whose religious foundations are thickly strewn over all of southern Scotland, we reach a firm historical basis.

By King David, while he was still Prince of Cumbria, the See of Glasgow was re-established and his own tutor, John Achaius, set over it. Bishop John reconstructed the ancient church, and when his building was destroyed by fire, not many years later, the eminent Bishop Joceline replaced it (1197) with one a considerable portion of which is still standing (the southwest angle of the lower church from the transept to the third buttress of the choir). The rest of the lower church, as well as the choir above it, belong to the time of Bishop William de Bondington (1233–58). During the War of Independence the

See of Glasgow had for its head the patriotic Bishop Wyshart. When he was carried off a prisoner to England, to be tried for giving aid to the Scottish National Party, one of the charges brought against him was that, having obtained Edward I.'s permission to cut timber in the forest of Luss to erect a spire on his cathedral church, he had instead taken the said timber to construct engines of war to be used against the King's forces. It was to Bishop Wyshart that Bruce applied for absolution after the murder of the Red Comyn. He got it, and Wyshart moreover provided him with robes of state and himself officiated at his coronation at Scone (March 27, 1306).

Bishop Lauder (1408–25) began a stone tower and went on with the chapter house, and both of these were completed by his successor, Bishop Cameron, "the Magnificent," a member of the Clan of Lochiel, who had acted as secretary to the Earl of Douglas. James I., recognizing his abilities, advanced him step by step until he became Bishop of Glasgow and Chancellor of Scotland. By him, not alone the cathedral, but other buildings of Glasgow were added to and beautified, so that on his death he left a fair town of three well-built streets, the Drygate, the High Street and the Ratan Row (the Rottenrow of to-day) with a strong Castle, and a magnificent cathedral, the latter surrounded by the manses or parsonages of its thirty-two prebendaries. In 1446 Bishop Cameron was succeeded by William Turnbull, whose

Glasgow Cathedral from S. E.

services to Glasgow were of still more enduring value, he having been the founder of its university. Nicholas V. issued the necessary bull at the solicitation of James II. in 1451, and the new university received privileges identical with those of the University of Bologna.

Bishop Blackadder, consecrated in 1484, took an active part in the rebellion of James IV. against his father, and in consequence was able to procure the advancement of his See into an Archbishopric. He died while on a journey to the Holy Land and was succeeded by James Beaton, who later was promoted to the Metropolitan See of St. Andrews. It is this prelate who was concerned in the "Cleanse the Causeway" fray in Edinburgh.[1] His successor, Gavin Dunbar, who had been tutor to James V., has an honorable name in history for his attitude towards the Reformers. The stringent measures which followed the appointment of David Beaton (nephew of Archbishop James Beaton) to be a cardinal had already resulted in several burnings for heresy, when a Bishop's Court was appointed to be held in Glasgow to try persons accused of the same crime, and when two of these were condemned to be burned at the stake, the Archbishop protested vigorously, declaring that the Church only did herself harm by such actions. His remonstrance was of no avail and the sentence was carried out at the west end of the cathedral.

[1] See p. 23, Vol. I.

During the stormy days of the Reformation James Beaton, nephew of Cardinal David, was Archbishop of Glasgow. He proved an unfaithful shepherd, for when in 1560 matters had reached a crisis, he collected all the plate and other valuables belonging to the cathedral, and worse still the records of the See from its earliest times, and decamped with them to France. The documents were deposited in the Scots College, and the Chartreuse Convent in Paris, where they remained for upwards of two hundred years. After the French Revolution a small proportion was rescued by Abbé Macpherson, and sent back to Scotland.

Glasgow, alone of the cathedrals of the mainland of Scotland, has survived practically intact, to show the present generation how their ancestors could dedicate their means and talents to the worship of God.

That it did not share the fate of so many other ecclesiastical buildings is generally attributed to the action of the trades of the city, headed by one James Rabat, one of the principal magistrates. It is true that this view is not entertained by Mr. James Paton, author of the *Book of Glasgow Cathedral;* but there seems no real reason to doubt the generally accepted tradition which the great Sir Walter, with extraordinary graphicness, puts into the mouth of Andrew Fairservice.[1]

The lower church was constructed in order to pro-

[1] *Rob Roy*, chap. xix.

vide a level foundation for the main building, as the ground slopes sharply towards the east—a happy necessity, since it forms "one of the finest and most characteristic features of the edifice. It is supposed that this sloping site was chosen rather than the more level one a little to the west, in order to bring the high altar directly over the tomb of St. Mungo." The western towers, another characteristic feature of Glasgow Cathedral, were destroyed in the nineteenth century in mere wanton ignorance—the same spirit that ordered the deplorable alterations of St. Giles, in Edinburgh, fifteen or twenty years earlier. These constructions consisted of a tower, called the Consistory House, which stood at the southwest angle, and a taller tower on the northwest, terminating in a pointed roof. A committee, formed in 1836 to take steps to "preserve and complete the Cathedral," decided that these towers were of comparatively modern dates and interfered with the uniformity of the building; and so, although the architects of Glasgow united to convince them of their error and the citizens protested earnestly, the towers came down—the Consistory House about the year 1845, and the other three years later. Large quantities of documents, accumulated since the Reformation, were burned at the same time as rubbish. The mediæval monument of Bishop Wyshart is at the west end of the lower church, while the tomb of St. Mungo occupies the place of honor beneath the high altar. The

vaulting of the lower church is pronounced to be "a masterpiece of design and produces, by very simple means, a wonderful variety of effect." The details however can only be seen obscurely, by reason of the modern and very highly-colored stained glass with which the windows have all been filled. Directly beneath the sacristy is the chapter house—entered from the lower church. The "Blackadder Aisle" is a low crypt extending to the south, and on the north is another low building which Archbishop Eyre calls the "Hall of the Vicar's Choral." He believes that it was intended to have two stories, the lower to serve for "a song school and hall, where the vicar's choral and the choir boys could meet for rehearsals," and the upper possibly for a robing room.

After the Reformation, when the altars and images had been removed and even all the old monuments thrown down,[1] the Cathedral, after the custom of the Presbyterians, was divided up into several smaller places of worship, the crypt being taken for the Barony parish kirk. It is here that Scott introduces Rob Roy and Frank Osbaldistone.

In October, 1650, Cromwell marched over from Edinburgh, to investigate for himself the temper of the West and to keep a way clear for his English recruits through the country north of Carlisle. The Rev. Zachary Boyd, minister of the Barony Kirk at the

[1] That to the Stuarts of Minto alone excepted; it has a rare example of Scottish sixteenth century brasswork.

time, stood by his guns, though most of his brethren had left the city, and when the General and a number of his officers and men attended the morning service, he looked upon it as a heaven-sent opportunity and preached at them very vigorously. "Shall I pull the insolent rascal out of his pulpit by the ears?" asked Secretary Thurlow, at the General's elbow. "No, no," was the reply; "he is one fool and you are another." Cromwell however took a dreadful revenge, for he asked the minister to sup with him that night, and conducted prayer for so many hours that, according to some accounts, the company was not released until 3 A.M. There is a monument in the lower church to some of the Covenanters executed in the "Killing Time" which winds up with the following sprightly taunt:

"They'll know at Resurrection Day,
To murder Saints was no sweet play."

The splendid palace, or Castle of the Bishops, which formerly stood west of the Cathedral, has completely gone. Soon after the Reformation it began to fall into decay, and by the end of the seventeenth century it was a ruin. The last time apparently that it was used was after the '15, when about three hundred Highlanders were confined there. The last vestiges were cleared away in 1890, to make room for the Infirmary. All the other ancient buildings that once lined the Cathedral Square have disappeared as

well; the manses of the prebendaries, and the house on the southwest, where Darnley lay ill of small-pox when the Queen came to visit him, and from whence he was removed to the Kirk o' Field, in Edinburgh.

The university founded in 1451 by Bishop Turnbull had at first no buildings of its own. The classes met in the cathedral crypt, and later in a house on the Ratan Road, that hence got the name of the "Auld Pedagogy." In 1465 they were moved to larger buildings, standing on ground given by James, first Lord Hamilton, on condition that the regents and students should pray twice daily for the souls of his wife and himself. Between 1632 and 1660 a group of splendid Jacobean buildings was erected on the same site; and here a hundred years later Benjamin Franklin is found personally directing the placing of lightning rods on the lofty gateway steeple. In the college grounds Scott lays the scene of the duel between the two Osbaldistones. In 1870 the university was removed to its present site on the west bank of the Kelvin, the North British Railway Company buying the old building and erecting the college station on its site. The present early English buildings of the university, put up in twenty years (1866 to 1886), are from designs by Sir Gilbert Scott.

When Macaulay was installed as Rector of the university in 1849 he paid a glowing tribute to the patron of learning whose bull, issued in 1450, had called the university into life. "The university came

into existence just in time to see the last trace of the Roman Empire disappear and to see the earliest printed book. At this conjuncture—a conjuncture of unrivaled interest in the history of letters—a man never to be mentioned without reverence by every lover of letters held the highest place in Europe. Our just attachment to that Protestant faith—to which our country owes so much—must not prevent us from paying the tribute which, on this occasion and in this place, justice and gratitude demand to the founder of the University of Glasgow, the greatest of the revivers of learning, Pope Nicholas the Fifth."

One of the most important historical events that ever took place in Glasgow was the meeting of the General Assembly held in the nave of the Cathedral in 1638. The Marquis of Hamilton, who was acting as Royal Commissioner, tried for seven days to direct the deliberations, and then, finding that the members were evidently set on overturning the whole scheme of Church government as imposed upon them by the King, abruptly dissolved the Assembly and caused a proclamation to be made at the Cross forbidding the members to conduct any further business "under the pane of tressoun." Notwithstanding which, they not only continued to meet, but to transact business with increasing vigor. They condemned and abolished and abjured, and finally they tried the Bishops. Spottiswoode, the historian, Bishop of St. Andrews, was found guilty of most of the crimes in the calendar;

the Bishop of Orkney was "a curler on the ice on the Sabbath Day," and the Bishop of Moray went down under the sweeping charge that he had all "the ordinary faults of a Bishop," to which, moreover, he had added another—one would suppose quite extraordinary one—that of having "danced in his nightshirt at his daughter's wedding." Whether his crime lay in the dancing or the scantiness of his apparel is not made plain. All of the Bishops in turn were deposed and excommunicated, and a general signing of the Covenant enjoined on the people.

With the Restoration came the fresh attempt to impose Prelacy upon Scotland. "Now Prelacy, that tree of sorrow and death in Scotland, is planted," writes Robert Wodrow of the year 1662, in his *Sufferings of the Church of Scotland*, and he proceeds to tell of how, in September of the same year, the Royal Commissioner, with a council composed of sundry Earls and others high in office, "came to the west country with many macers, trumpeters and kettle-drums" to see that the unwelcome Bishops were treated with proper respect and obedience. Very wild was the reveling, according to this historian, that attended their progress through Ayr, while the meeting held in the college hall in Glasgow, to consider the "very heavy complaint from the Archbishop," he declares went by the name of the *Drunken Meeting at Glasgow*, because all the members "were flustered with drink save Sir James Lockhart of Lee." This gentle-

man's head must indeed have been clear, for he perceived what was hidden from most other men of his time, whether drunk or sober—namely, that the drastic measures adopted by the Council against the ministers would surely bring about "confusions and risings," and worse. He opposed them with all the force of his reasoning, but quite unavailingly.

With the exception of the Cathedral, Glasgow has preserved but few of her ancient buildings. There is the Tolbooth steeple at the corner of the Trongate and High Street—all that remains of a large and handsome building put up in the early part of the seventeenth century; and the steeple of the old Merchants' Hall behind Bridgegate Street, of a little later date; and also the seventeenth century Tron steeple, once a part of the collegiate church dedicated to St. Thanay (mother of St. Mungo), which was burned down in 1793.

To the church immediately afterwards erected on this site came Thomas Chalmers in 1815 from Kilmany in Fife, allured at once by the promise it held out of work amongst the poor on a prodigious scale, yet alarmed and repelled by the prospect of having to mingle with wealthy and fashionable parishioners. Here he acquired immense popularity as a preacher, and here he began his first practical efforts to grapple with the problem of "home heathenism" as it exists in a crowded modern city. Four years later, when he removed from the Tron to St. John's, the largest

and the poorest parish in Glasgow, he had a splendid opportunity to put his theories to the test, and in fact did demonstrate them with triumphant success. By dividing his parish into districts, each under the supervision of a carefully-chosen layman, by opening day and Sunday-schools at various points, and by inaugurating a different system of administrating the poor funds, whereby the outlay was reduced in three years by four-fifths, he worked a truly remarkable change in the morals and material condition of the people of the parish. For a part of the time spent at St. John's he had Edward Irving for his assistant. Irving, however, went to London in 1822, and two years later Chalmers, finding that his health was giving way under the strain of the multifarious duties he had undertaken, accepted the professorship of moral philosophy at his old University of St. Andrews, a post which was offered to him entirely unsolicited.

In making this change he believed that in the training of young ministers to do work in their parishes similar to what he had done in Glasgow he would accomplish more than if he remained, possibly to break down. The step he took was much criticized.

"Glasgow," writes Mrs. Oliphant, in her *Life of Chalmers*, "was overwhelmed by the loss of the great preacher, who had done almost what he liked with the economy and the heart of the city. The com-

munity was wounded, angry, outraged, like a cast-off lover. To leave that great field, upon the wants of which he had expatiated so often, the swarms of helpers, the well-organized band which he had formed to fight all that penury and misery, the rich, who gave almost whatever he wanted, and the enthusiastic, whose sympathy surrounded him like a genial atmosphere—for what? A little university, a small town, with its coteries and gossip, a limited classroom, a little circle of only half-understanding students— . . . The great city was confused, humbled, mortified, disappointed; there was a brief interval almost of estrangement, of hot discussion, attack and defence. But finally every other sentiment sank in one universal sense of loss and regret. When he took his farewell of Glasgow, the soldiers had to be called out to keep the church doors, which were being carried by assault of the crowd."

The commercial pre-eminence of Glasgow dates from the early part of the fifteenth century, when its flourishing trade in cured salmon and herring brought it into relations with both France and Holland. Dried fish continued to be the chief article of export until after the Union, when Glasgow immediately opened up a brisk trade with the American Colonies.

"Perhaps among the changeful peculiarities connected with the commercial chronology of Glasgow," writes Dr. Strang (author of *Glasgow and its Clubs*),

"there is none more extraordinary than the rise, progress and decay of the tobacco trade, or the lofty position in the social circle which the limited class of citizens engaged in that lucrative traffic so speedily attained and so soon lost." The period during which this trade flourished in Glasgow was only about seventy years in all, and yet in that brief space the foundations were laid of some of the city's present commercial greatness; while an undying tradition was established of the magnificent scale in which those merchant princes lived. At its zenith the tobacco trade was controlled by a little group of about thirty young merchants. Their method of doing business, while peculiar, was at the same time simplicity itself, and required very little capital. A ship loaded with goods sailed from the Clyde, carrying on board a supercargo, who, on reaching America, exchanged the cargo for tobacco. The merchant who provided the goods was not paid until the vessel had made her return trip and the tobacco had been disposed of; "and if any poor manufacturer or tradesman had the hardihood to ask for payment before the tobacco lord offered it, he could never again expect to be favored with the great man's custom."

In fact the arrogance of these personages was quite extraordinary. Dr. Strang says that "with a hauteur and bearing . . . since altogether unparalleled, they kept themselves separate from the other classes of the town, assuming the air and deportment

of persons immeasurably superior to all around them, and treating those upon whom they looked down, but on whom they depended, with no little superciliousness." On the street they wore a distinguishing dress—cocked hats, curled wigs, cloaks of scarlet cloth and gold-headed canes. They built to themselves splendid mansions, they purchased fine estates, they feasted and lived delicately; and then came the deluge. The American war broke out, the Colonies revolted, and the tobacco trade died a sudden and a violent death. A few names of old streets, an occasional house or two and a glowing tradition are all that remain to tell of those days when eighteenth-century Glasgow had something of the flavor of Venice, or Bruges, or Florence, in the days of their prime.

There is however another point of likeness with those Continental merchant cities which has not died out, being in fact but new born. In nearly every branch of commerce Glasgow is still pre-eminent, in population she is the second city of the empire, and she also holds the leading place in art.

"It is curious to note," writes Mr. Newbery, in his introduction to *The Glasgow School of Painting*, "how most of the great triumphs of art have been won in cities, and in cities, too, whose life was oftentimes of the busiest and most complex description. . . . A civic life would seem to knock fire out of men, like the sparks evolved from the contact of flint

and steel. And at this end of the nineteenth century, in the midst of one of the busiest, noisiest, smokiest cities, that, with its like fellows, make up the sum total of the greatness of Britain's commercial position, there is a movement existing, and a compelling force behind it, whose value we cannot yet rightly appraise, or whose influence is not yet bounded, but which both movement and movers may yet, perhaps, put Glasgow on the Clyde into the hands of the future historian of Art on much the same grounds as those on which Bruges, Venice and Amsterdam find themselves in the book of the life of the world."

The movement referred to above is the stand taken some years ago by a group of young Glasgow artists against the accepted art traditions of their day. The same revolt was preparing in other parts of the world; but here, owing to the conditions of things, the movement had an unusually clear field to work in, and was crowned with a corresponding success. The absence of any absolute power, such as a Royal Academy or a *salon*, to whose judgment the artist must (if he would be known) submit his work, and on whose decision he is so vitally dependent, leaves the Glasgow painter free to listen to the guiding of his own soul. "There never was, nor at the present moment does there exist, either a controlling power vested in a body of artists, or an indication of opinion arising from a cultivated lay community. Artists were, and still are, free to do what they like, as they like, pro-

vided always they take the consequences of their own ways and works." And so they took their own road and did their work in the way that seemed best in their own eyes, studying eagerly and lovingly the pictures of the romantic schools of Barbizon and Holland, brought to Glasgow by wealthy and public-spirited collectors "long before London had recognized even the existence of these Continental influences" and the "Glasgow School," came into being.

One word before we leave Glasgow, of its incomparable water supply. In 1855 the Town Council got with difficulty a bill through Parliament empowering it to acquire the very inadequate works of the existing water companies, and in the space of four years the work of conducting water from the romantic Loch Katrine, in the central Perthshire Highlands, thirty-four miles distant, was completed. Twenty-five years later a further connection was made with Loch Arklet, so that to-day Glasgow's available supply is seventy-five million gallons a day of the purest water in the kingdom, with arrangements by which this can be increased to one hundred million gallons, whenever that amount may be required.

CHAPTER XII.

RENFREW, DUMBARTON AND STIRLING.

RENFREWSHIRE, though small in area, is mighty in industrial importance, owing to its geographical position, for all of its northern boundary—save the few miles where Lanarkshire pushes in and intercepts it—is washed by the busy waters of the Firth of Clyde.

Greenock, the great seaport of the Clyde, the birthplace of James Watt in 1736, is a modern town, its charter dating from 1635. It is the point from which all the passenger steamers start for the West Highlands ; it is also the anchorage for the Atlantic liners, a shipbuilding centre and the home of the sugar trade of Scotland.

The largest and most flourishing town in the County of Renfrew is Paisley, now celebrated for its textile manufactures, but to the student of history infinitely more interesting as contiguous to Elderslie, the reputed birthplace of Wallace, and as being the ancient home of the great historical family of Stewart, which after the death of the son of Robert Bruce became the royal family of Scotland and afterwards of England. It is from this family that the present King of Great Britain bases his claim to the Scottish crown

in unbroken descent from the first Stewart King of Scotland, although by strict genealogical precedence he is not the senior representative of that line.[1]

Readers of Shakespeare will remember the promise of the witches to Macbeth's companion, Banquo, "Thou shalt get Kings, though thou be none."[2] Part of the plot of that historical tragedy is the murder of Banquo to prevent the accomplishment of the witches' prophecy. Banquo's son Fleance, however, escapes, and from him the Stewart family descends. Now it is known that Shakespeare got his history from Hollinshed's *Chronicles of Scotland*, a work translated into English in 1577 from Bellenden's *History of Scotland*, which was itself a Scottish translation of the Latin History of Hector Boece, the first principal of the University of Aberdeen, who published his great work in 1527. According to these old Scots chronicles Banquo was the son of Ferquhard, a younger son of Kenneth III., a Scot-

[1] A detailed account of the Stuart family after the Restoration and their loss of the throne of Great Britain is to be found in an article by Mr. W. B. Blaikie, called "The Stuart Descendants," in *The Genealogical Magazine*, London, May, 1900.

[2] "Macbeth," Act I., Scene 3. Compare also the passage in Act IV., Scene 1, where the witches display to the miserable Macbeth the apparition of the eight Kings, "Banquo's issue," typifying the eight Stewart Kings of Scotland (Mary is included as a King), of whom the eighth holds up a magic mirror in which are many more; and some I see "That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry." This refers to Mary's son James and his hoped-for successors, bearing the English and Scottish orbs of independent sovereignty and the three sceptres of England, Scotland and Ireland.

tish monarch of the tenth century. He was one of the great men of King Duncan's court and was murdered by Macbeth in consequence of the prophecy of the witches, but his son Fleance managed to escape to Wales, where he married a daughter of the Prince of that country, by whom he had a son Walter, who returned to Scotland after Macbeth's death and was appointed by Malcolm III. to be the hereditary Steward of his household, *senescallus domus regis.* This Walter was succeeded by his son *Alan* and he by his son *Walter*, who "was greatly in favor with King David I.," who advanced him to be High Steward of Scotland, *senescallus Scotiæ*, and who is always termed the First High Steward.

Such was the universally accepted history of the origin of the Stewart family until just one hundred years ago, when George Chalmers, a Scottish antiquary, discovered from documentary evidence that this *Walter*, the first High Steward, was the second son of a Shropshire Baron, *Alan*, who was the son of one *Flaad*, a companion of William the Conqueror, who had obtained from that monarch the lands of Oswestry in Shropshire. The eldest son of Alan remained in England and founded the great family of Fitzalan Earls of Arundel, of which the present Duke of Norfolk is the representative through the marriage of his ancestor in 1556 with the heiress of the last Fitzalan, Earl of Arundel. Walter Fitzalan, the younger son, accompanied David I. and received from him

grants of land in Scotland. Of late years genealogists have endeavored to harmonize the two stories of origin, and to prove that this Flaad, the grandfather of the first High Steward, was either the same as Fleance (more correctly spelt Fleanch) or possibly his son, and that other differences of detail are merely the natural mistakes that arise in harmonizing stories preserved merely by tradition. Fleanch means in Celtic "the heavenly," and Flaad can easily be derived from Flaitheas, the Gaelic word for "heaven." In a recent book,[1] believed to be inspired by the late Marquis of Bute, himself the head of a branch of the house of Stewart, an attempt is made to trace the offspring of Banquo from Wales to Brittany and thence to England with the Norman Conquest. Be these things as they may, there is no dubiety whatever about the family history from the time of Walter, whom David I. made the High Steward of Scotland. This *Walter* was succeeded by his son *Alan* and he by *Walter* and he by *Alexander*, the fourth High Steward, whose sister married the Earl of Carrick, King Robert's grandfather. This Alexander had a younger son, John of Bonkyll, the faithful friend of Wallace, who was killed at the battle of Falkirk, and from this John Stewart came the Earls of Lennox. Nearly three hundred years later his direct descendant, Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley, by marrying Queen Mary, the last of the elder branch, restored the royal line to

[1] *Bute in the Olden Time*, by J. K. Hewison, Edinburgh, 1895.

the Stewart family and became the ancestor of the Stuart sovereigns of Great Britain. The male line of this branch died out with the death of the brother of Prince Charlie, Cardinal Henry Stuart, Duke of York, who died in 1807.

The elder son of Alexander, the fourth Steward, was *James*, a friend of the Bruce family, and to his son *Walter*, the sixth Steward, Robert Bruce gave his eldest daughter Marjory as wife. When Bruce's son, David II., died childless, Walter's son *Robert*, the seventh Steward, grandson of King Robert, became, as Robert II., the first Stewart King of Scotland. From the time of his succession the title of High Steward of Scotland has been and still is borne by the heir apparent to the Crown. Robert II., of whose irregular marriage mention has already been made, was succeeded by his eldest son, Robert III. His name originally was John, but on his succession this name was rejected and changed to Robert. "John" had been the name of Balliol and was execrated in Scotland. It was also the name of the grandfather of Edward I., John Plantagenet, the most hated and unluckiest King that England had known, and it was the name of the hapless King of France, who had died a prisoner in London only twenty-four years before. "Robert," on the other hand, recalled the glories of the great restorer of the Scottish monarchy.

The name of the office of Steward was assumed as the family name about the time of the first High

Steward. The earliest instance of its being spelled Stuwart occurs in a charter of the time of Robert II., written in Flemish from the dictation of a Scotsman, and from that time onward the name in records generally appears as Stewart. The form Stuart was a French rendering, introduced about the time of Queen Mary, and it is the form adopted thereafter by the royal family.

But to return to the County of Renfrew. David I. gave to Walter Fitzalan, the High Steward, great grants of land in Renfrewshire, and to this day his descendant, the heir apparent to the throne, bears, in addition to Stewardship of Scotland (and many other things), the title of Baron Renfrew, which was the name King Edward VII. went by when he paid his historical visit to the United States.

Ruins of Stewart castles are scattered far and wide over the county, from Innerkip, placed upon a high cliff overlooking the Firth of Clyde, a mile north of Wemyss Bay, to Crookston, but a few miles west of Glasgow.

It was Walter, the first High Steward, who founded the famed Abbey of Paisley, so closely associated with the royal house, bringing for the purpose a Prior and thirteen monks from the Cluniac Convent of Benedictines, at Wenlock, in his native Shropshire. The Paisley church was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, St. James, St. Milburga (the Saxon patroness of Wenlock) and St. Mirin, a Celtic saint and contemporary of St.

Columba, who crossed over from Ireland in the latter part of the sixth century and settled in the west of Scotland; and there was an early church at Paisley dedicated to him. The first High Steward dying at Melrose (he had spent his last years there as a monk), was brought for burial to Paisley, where his daughter already slept. From then until their accession to the throne—and in a few instances afterwards, as in the cases of Robert III. and the two wives of Robert II., it continued to be the burial-place of the family. In 1245 Paisley, hitherto a Priory, was made an Abbey by Pope Honorius III., and in the same century a fine church was built, only to be nearly destroyed during the War of Independence. The surviving parts of this edifice—it was burned by the English in 1307—are "a portion of the west front and part of the south wall of the nave, including the southeast doorway to the cloister, and three windows."

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the church and abbey buildings were restored, or, to speak more correctly, rebuilt. They consisted of a church, cloister and conventual buildings. In 1557 the Reformers drove out the monks and "burnt all the ymages and ydols and Popish stuff in the same." The Abbacy was later erected into a temporal Lordship, and was held at first by the Hamiltons, John Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrews, having been its last Abbot. He was taken prisoner at the capture of Dumbarton Castle (1571), clad in full armor, and

was sent to Stirling, where he was hanged in his canonicals.

At the west end of the north aisle of the Abbey Church there is a stone, generally thought to belong to his grave. It is carved with the Archbishop's coat-of-arms, the initials "J. H." and the words, "Misericordia et Pax."

The nave and portions of the choir and transepts are still standing—the latter in ruins. At the end of the south transept is St. Mirin's Aisle, a vaulted chapel in good preservation, and containing what is thought to be the tomb of Marjory, daughter of King Robert Bruce, wife of Walter, the sixth High Steward, and mother of King Robert II. She was killed by a fall from her horse, near Paisley, 1316. The tomb was broken up and cast out in the eighteenth century, by Thomas, Earl of Dundonald, who wished to let for building purposes the part of the churchyard where it stood, it having already been removed from the interior of the church by his father. The fragments were found in 1788 by Dr. Boog, the minister of the parish, carefully put together and set up in St. Mirin's Chapel, usually called the Sounding Aisle, by reason of its echo. The popular name, "Queen Bleary's Tomb," comes from a confusion of ideas, tradition giving the name of Bleary to Robert II., her son, on account of some peculiarity of his eyes.[1]

[1] The carvings of the frieze below the eastern window in this

Before the high altar, in the now roofless chancel, lies King Robert III., who died of a broken heart on receiving news of the capture by the English (April, 1406) of his surviving son, the Earl of Carrick (James I.), when on his way to France; the Duke of Rothesay, the King's eldest son, having it was thought been starved to death at Falkland four years earlier.

Robert III. was the last Stewart sovereign buried at Paisley, and until Queen Victoria, in 1888, caused the present recumbent Gothic cross to be placed over his grave, it was unmarked by so much as a stone.

The Hamiltons, their descendants the Earls (now Dukes) of Abercorn, and the Cochranes, Earls of Dundonald, who have held the Paisley lands by turns, built up three of the four sides of the cloister, incorporating some of the old conventual buildings and forming the whole into a residence called The Place of Paisley, now partly demolished in order to widen the street.

chapel have been identified by Dr. Cameron Lees as scenes in the life of St. Mirin. On the extreme left, St. Mirin is brought to St. Congal by his mother; next, St. Congal gives him the religious habit; next, Mirin assumes charge of the Banchor Monastery; the next ones are missing; then Mirin is driven from the camp of an Irish King; next, the King (in answer to the Saint's prayers) is visited with the pains of his wife, then in confinement; next, the Queen lying in her bed; then the King kneeling to the Saint. The next two represent a brother looking through a keyhole at Mirin, enveloped in miraculous light, and the Saint restoring life to a dead man.—*The Abbey of Paisley*, Rev. J. Cameron Lees, D.D.

After the Reformation the church, though used as a Protestant place of worship, was allowed to fall into the most deplorable state of neglect. The Rev. Dr. Cameron Lees, who has written an exhaustive history of the Abbey, gives a depressing picture of its condition when he went there in 1859. Ruin, dirt, decay, desecration, and, if something were not done and done promptly, impending dissolution reigned throughout. Fortunately he and his colleagues were not of the kind to see so grave a national misfortune threatening and not take steps to avert it. A committee was formed in 1862, funds were raised, and within a year enough had been done at least to stop the progress of dilapidation and to put the whole into its present state of decency and order.

Some seven miles southwest of Paisley is the ruined Castle of Ranfurly, the ancient seat of the Knoxes, the ancestors of John Knox, a property which belonged to the family for centuries, but was alienated in 1665.

One of the early events in the history of Renfrewshire is the invasion of Somerled, Lord of the Isles, who sailed up the Clyde in 1164, with a great fleet, bent upon the conquest of all Scotland. He landed at Renfrew, but found himself confronted, not only, it would appear, by an army of flesh and blood, but by the powers of the unseen as well—the Bishop of Glasgow having invoked the aid of the blessed St. Kentigern against the invader.

The result was the utter defeat of the latter's powerful force by a small number of natives, near Renfrew, and the death of the leader. The most famous battle, however, in the annals of the county was fought five hundred years later at the little village of Langside. Queen Mary had effected her romantic escape from Lochleven Castle on the 2d of May, 1568. Eleven days later, when attempting to pass from Hamilton Palace, where she had been staying in the meantime, to the stronger Castle of Dumbarton, her forces were met and defeated by those of the Regent Moray at Langside, which occupies a height a mile or so south of Glasgow. The Queen's followers having neglected to occupy this important post before she set forth, there was a rush of both sides to seize it. Moray's people being the first to arrive, Argyll stationed the Queen's forces on the hill to the east. The battle lasted less than an hour and ended in the defeat and rout of the Queen's party. "In the number engaged and the nature of the contest it was of the character of a mere skirmish, but the conditions in which it was fought rendered it a decisive battle. It settled the fate of Scotland, affected the future of England and had its influence over all Europe."

In *The Abbot* Scott represents the Queen as watching the battle from a spot in the grounds of Crookston Castle. This (Stewart) Castle had been the property of Lord Darnley, and the royal pair had spent a part of their honeymoon there, a certain yew

tree—being especially associated with those happier days—became so hacked and injured by relic hunters that the proprietor, Sir John Maxwell, had it cut down about the year 1817. It is to this spot that Scott brings the Queen and her party, but as it is three or four miles from the scene of the battle, and moreover not on the side by which the Queen's people arrived, it could not have been from there, but, as a more likely tradition asserts, from a field near Cathcart Castle that she watched the destruction of her hopes.

Not many miles away, on the Blythswood estate (the seat of Archibald Campbell, first Lord Blythswood), and quite close to the high road leading from Renfrew to Inchinnan, there is a huge boulder marking, it is said, the spot where the younger Argyll (the Earl) was captured in 1685. He had escaped from Edinburgh Castle, where, twenty years after his father's execution, he was confined on a charge of contumacy and treason in not accepting the "Test," a declaration that the King was supreme in all causes, "as well ecclesiastical as civil." He had then, in 1681, gone to Holland, where he, the Duke of Monmouth and a number of refugees had planned the ill-advised insurrection of 1685, which in England ended with Monmouth's defeat at Sedgemoor and subsequent capture and execution. Argyll landed in Scotland, but the people of the West disappointed his hopes and failed to rise. The Earl was making his way back

to his own country from Lanarkshire disguised as a peasant, when he was recognized and taken prisoner. As he had already been tried for treason and found guilty, he was executed on the old charge without fresh trial. The following is the affectingly simple note he wrote to his son just before his execution:

EDINBURGH CASTLE, 30 June, '85.

DEARE JOHNE:—

We parted suddenly, but I hope shall meete happily in heaven. I pray God bless you, and if you seeke him he will be found of you. My wiffe will say all to you, pray love and respect her. I am your loving father,

ARGYLL.

For Mr. Johne Campbell.

There was a famous outbreak of the Witch Superstition in Renfrewshire in the seventeenth century. Seven women were burned at one time (in 1662) at Gourock, and a very celebrated trial took place at Paisley in 1697, when, according to the account, Christian, the eleven-year-old daughter of John Shaw, laird of Bargarran, quarreled with one of the maid-servants, and out of malice pretended to have been bewitched by her. "She forthwith began, according to the common practice in such cases, to vomit all manner of trash, to be blind and deaf on occasion, to fall into convulsions and to talk a world of nonsense, which the hearers received as the quintessence of afflicted piety. By degrees a great many persons were implicated in the guilt of the maid-servant, and

no fewer than twenty were condemned and five suffered death on the Gallow Green of Paisley, while one strangled himself in prison, or, as report went, was strangled by the devil, lest he should make a confession to the detriment of the service."

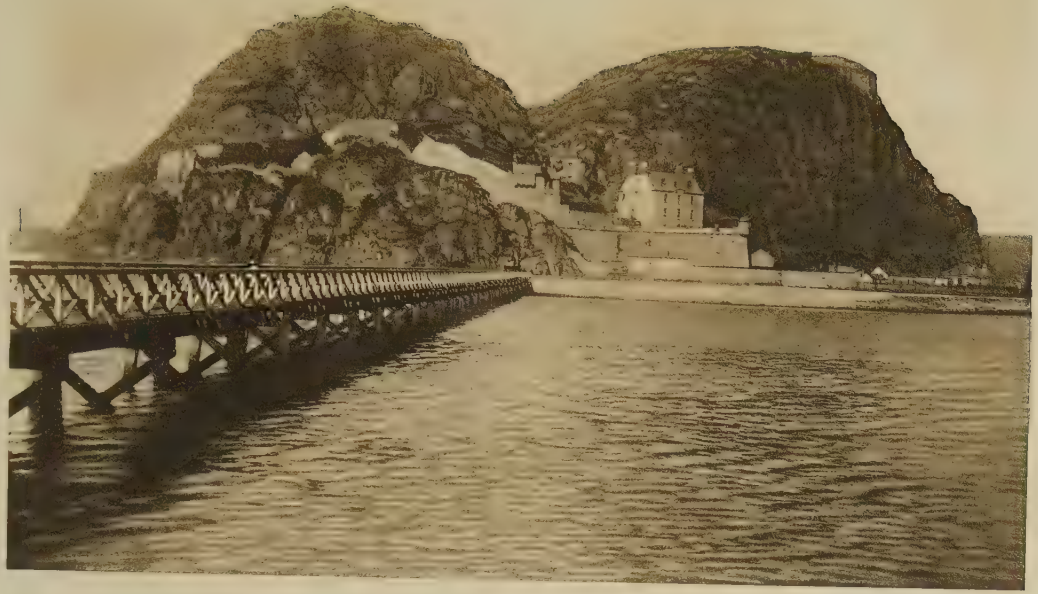
The chief of the ancient seats of Renfrewshire, apart from Innerkip, Ranfurly and Crookston, already alluded to, are first, Newark Castle, on a point of land running out into the Clyde at Port Glasgow, now the property of Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart and used as a tenement house by several poor families. Second, the old seat of the Polloks of Pollok, which overlooks the Vale of Clyde and Cart from a commanding position in the hilly northern district of Mearns parish. It was burned to the ground in 1882, but has since then been rebuilt by the present owner, Mrs. Fergusson Pollok. Third, Elderslie, an unpretending house in the village of that name, two miles west of Paisley, but of great interest as having replaced an earlier one on the same site, reputed to be the birthplace of Sir William Wallace, who was sometimes called the "Knight of Elderslie." Near Elderslie is the stump of an old oak called Wallace's Oak, which on some occasion is reputed to have sheltered Wallace and his company, but which has literally been hacked away by relic hunters. Last of all is Cathcart Castle on the White Cart, in the extreme eastern part of the county. It was built by the Barons of Cathcart in the fifteenth century, and continued to be inhabited until about

1740, when it was abandoned for a modern house in the vicinity. As already mentioned, it was from "Court Knowe" in the Cathcart grounds that Queen Mary probably watched the battle of Langside.

DUMBARTON.

Dumbarton Castle, towards which she was trying to win her way when Fate overtook her that Spring day, stands on the opposite shore of the Clyde, on a rocky promontory in Dumbartonshire, formed by the junction of the Severn and the Clyde. And on this (basalt) rock the now somewhat rare "true Scots thistle" is said still to grow wild. From earliest times, as from its position might be expected, some sort of fortress occupied the site, and there was situated the capital of the Kingdom of Strathclyde—*Dunbreatan* (fort of the Britons)—after this kingdom had passed under the dominion of the Kings of Scotia. The district roughly covered by the present County of Dumbarton was formed into the Earldom of Lennox and given by William the Lion to his brother David; but from the year 1238 to the present day, the Castle has always appertained to the Crown. As the key to the West of Scotland it played an important part throughout the War of Independence and in the civil discords of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. At the time of Wallace's cap-

Dumbarton Castle, from the Pier



ture at Glasgow (1305) by John Menteith, the latter held it for the English, and there is a tradition that the patriot chief was confined there for a week, prior to his removal for trial to London. It is only within the past ten or twelve years that a great two-handed sword, believed to have been his, was removed from thence to the Wallace Monument, near Stirling.

Like an amazingly large number of other places, Dumbarton Castle has its associations with Queen Mary. Here she was brought, in 1548, when not six years old, from the Monastery of Inchmahome, and taken aboard a French ship which carried her off to France. The fortress, too, held out for her for three years after her flight to England in 1568, and served as the chief point of communication between the Queen and her friends on the Continent. Soon after the appointment of the Earl of Lennox, Darnley's father, and consequently grandfather to the young King, to be Regent, a scheme was set on foot to capture this important stronghold. Thomas Craufurd of Jordanhill, kinsman to the Regent and formerly in the service of his son, commanded the enterprise, and leaving Glasgow on the night of April 1, 1571, at the head of a hundred picked men, reached the foot of the cliff about an hour after midnight. They had with them a man who knew every inch of the surface, every cranny, crevice and foothold in the rock, and were of course provided with ropes and scaling ladders. Even so, had the garrison been on the alert the

attempt could not but have failed; years of security had, however, made them careless; and even the extraordinary accident of one of the attacking party going into a fit and clinging to the ladder so that he could not be wrenched away (nor could the others get by him) did not stop them for long, for Crawford had the man made fast with ropes, and they turned the ladder around. A heavy mist, their own intrepidity and agility, for they had to swarm up the steep face of the cliff, at some places hitherto deemed inaccessible, and the laxity of the sentinels—these all combined to bring success, and in the early morning the stronghold was taken almost without loss of life on either side. Fleming, the Governor, escaped down the precipice and made his way to Argyllshire in an open boat and later got away to France.

"In consideration of this extraordinary feat of dexterity, which Sir Walter Scott held to be unparalleled in ancient or modern history, Captain Craufurd received a grant of several lands in the neighborhood of Glasgow, whence his title of Jordanhill, besides an annuity of £200 Scots, payable out of the Priory of St. Andrews."

On the Castlehill, a wooded knoll about a mile west of Dumbarton, on the north side of the road, is the site where stood the Castle of Cardross, in which King Robert Bruce died, it is said, of leprosy, on June 7, 1329, in his fifty-fourth year. It was from Cardross that he dictated his famous "Testament,"

which, when not neglected, was ever the safeguard of his country. Both Froissart and Archdeacon Barbour have chronicled the scene of his ending, and the subsequent noble adventure of the good Sir James Douglas. Finding that "ther was no way with hym but deth," the dying monarch gathered his trusted friends around him, and addressing Douglas, he reminded him of his heavy task, "to uphold and sustayn the ryght of this realme," which had prevented his accomplishing a solemn vow he had made, that when his troubles and wars were over, he would go to the Holy Land and war against Christ's enemies; but "our Lorde wolde not consent thereto." Yet what he could not do in life, he wished to do after death. He charged his friends to embalm his heart after his death, and to give Douglas a sufficient sum from the royal treasury to convey him in proper state to Jerusalem, there to bury his heart in the Holy Sepulchre; "and where so ever ye come, let it be knowen howe ye cary with you the harte of Kyng Robert of Scotland at his instaunce and desire to be presented to the Holy Sepulchre." Douglas, who hardly "myght speke for wepyng," accepted the dying King's mission; and "soone after thys, noble Robert de Bruse trepassed out of thys uncertayne worlde."

In the spring, Douglas, who first obtained from King Edward III. a protection of seven years for his adventure, set sail with a noble company from

Montrose. He halted for twelve days at Helvoetsluys, in Holland, but did not land. Learning here that King Alfonso of Spain was at war with the Saracen King of Granada, he thought "suerely he could not bestowe his tyme more nobly than to warre ayeynst Godde's enemies, and that entreprise done, then he thought to go forth to Jerusalem and to acheve that he was charged with." So he sailed for Valencia and went straight to the seat of war. Soon after he met in battle Osmyn, the Saracen King. The Spanish King gave Douglas the command of the vanguard. When he came to the enemy, taking the casket which contained Bruce's heart from his breast, he threw it with all his force into the Saracen ranks, and crying out, "Pass first in fight, as thou wert ever wont; Douglas will follow thee or die!" he charged the Moslem cavalry. He was surrounded, but fighting his way to where the King's heart lay, there he fell. Thus died the good Sir James, one of the noblest patriots that Scotland ever knew. He had fought in seventy battles, out of which more than fifty were victories.

When lying at Helvoetsluys he was visited on board ship by a much-esteemed English knight, whose face was scarred with wounds. The knight expressed his surprise that so renowned a warrior as Douglas should not have a mark to show. "Praise be to God," replied Sir James, "who ever gave me hands to defend my face." The bleeding heart sur-

mounted by a regal crown was added to the armorial bearings of the Douglases and is carried by them to this day.

King Robert's heart was borne back to Scotland by the survivors of the expedition under the leadership of Sir Simon Locard, of the Lee (thenceforward known as Lockhart). It was deposited in the church of Melrose Abbey. No monument marks the place, nor is there need. Unerring tradition has preserved the spot where lies the heart of him whom even to-day his countrymen never mention but with words of gratitude and affection.

The mutilation of Bruce's body was in strict contravention of a rule issued by Pope Boniface VIII. in 1299. Possibly the Scottish nobles did not know, possibly the King's dying wishes were thought more important than any papal bull, and they preferred incurring the pains of excommunication to thwarting the desires of their dearly loved sovereign. The punishment did not last long; two years after the King's death the Pope granted absolution to all who had taken part in this "inhuman and cruel treatment."

A mile or two above Dumbarton, Dunglass Castle occupies another rocky cliff overhanging the Clyde. It was the ancient stronghold of the Colquhouns, and would probably be in fair preservation to-day had the authorities not taken from it the materials wherewith to rebuild the quay in 1735.

Roseneath, a seat of the Duke of Argyll, stands

on a point of land at the southeastern extremity of the long peninsula that extends between Gare Loch and Loch Long. This Castle, one of the many extravagances of George William, sixth Duke of Argyll, the friend of the Prince Regent, has never been finished. It was built about the beginning of the nineteenth century to replace the old Castle, the scene of the later portion of Scott's *Heart of Midlothian*, then lately burned down.

Dumbartonshire is, for natural scenery, among the most highly favored counties of Scotland. Its southeastern part, including the detached parishes of Kirkintilloch and Cumbernauld, is Lowland, but beyond the Leven the scenery becomes bolder, and with the exquisite stretch of Loch Lomond on the east and the Gare Loch and Loch Long on the west, it breaks into the wild beauty of typical Highland scenery in Luss and Arrochar.

Loch Lomond is to-day a great resort of tourists, and more beautiful scenery it is impossible to imagine. Six hundred years ago this tourist route was travelled by a party who could hardly be termed pleasure seekers. When Bruce, after his defeats in Perthshire, determined to seek refuge in the Western Islands he came to the shores of Loch Lomond. It was impossible to go around by the north end, as he would then have fallen into the hands of the Lord of Lorn; at the southern end Sir John Menteith, Wallace's betrayer, lay in wait. All the boats had been removed,

but, as often, Douglas found a way out of the difficulty. After much search he found "a litell sonkyn bate" (a little sunken boat), which however would only hold three passengers. This was patched up and the party was ferried over. The passage naturally took a long time and it adds immensely to the human interest of the story to be told that Bruce (just like a modern traveller) carried with him the latest romance of the time, *Chanson de Roland*, and to beguile the weary wait, he read aloud to his followers. The passage he selected was the romance of Fierabras and how the twelve peers were besieged in Aigremont by King Lavyne, thousands attacking twelve, yet how they held out until Charlemagne came to their rescue and beat Lavyne and delivered his friend and won the spear and the nails and the crown that Jesus bore and part of the holy cross.

> "The gud King, upon this maner,
> Comfortyt thaim that war him ner,
> And maid thaim gamyn [mirth] and solace
> Till that his folk all passyt wa."

The surface of Loch Lomond is charmingly studded with islands. Inchmurrin, the most southerly of these, has the ruins of what was one of the strongest of the many Castles of the Lennox. It was here that Sir John Colquhoun of Luss with a number of his clansmen were surprised and slain by a marauding party from the Western Islands in 1439. They lie buried beneath the rank sod of the island, but

there is nothing to mark the spot. Inchmurrin belongs to-day to the Duke of Montrose and has been turned into a deer park.

The district on the west shore of Loch Lomond is associated with some savage passages in the clan wars of the Highlands. At Bannachra Castle the Macgregors and Macfarlanes besieged and killed Sir Humphrey Colquhoun of Luss in 1592. About ten years later the Macgregors, who were a "broken" clan, with no recognized head or chief, killed a royal deerkeeper named Drummond, and asking at his sister's house for food, they placed the murdered man's head on the table with the mouth stuffed with bread and cheese where she would see it on entering the room.

Other acts of savagery following quickly upon this, a strong effort to break the strength of the Macgregors was determined upon. More than a hundred widows of members of the Clan Colquhoun massacred by the Macgregors in Glenfruin (a valley near the head of the Gare Loch), rode through the streets of Stirling, each one dressed in weeds, mounted upon a white palfrey and bearing aloft upon a spear her husband's blood-stained shirt.

The aim of this demonstration was to arouse the government of James VI. to take measures against the Macgregors, and accordingly within a month the name of Macgregor was abolished by Act of Privy Council, and it was decreed that any one calling him-

Ben Lomond and Loch Lomond,
from Inchtavannach

self Gregor or Macgregor must take another surname under pain of death.

All those in any way connected with the Glenfruin affair were prohibited from carrying any weapon other than a pointless knife wherewith to cut up food. In 1613 and again four years later this Act was repeated, and members of the clan were forbidden to assemble in numbers exceeding four. The execution of these orders was entrusted mainly to the Campbells, under the Earl of Argyll in the West and to the Earl of Atholl in the Central Highlands, it being the policy of Government to utilize the feuds and jealousies existing between the clans for the mutual suppression of disorders among them. Within a year therefore Allaster Macgregor of Glenstrae, who had commanded at Glenfruin, and about thirty-five of the clan had been taken and hanged. With the Restoration, and the temporary downfall of the house of Argyll in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., the Acts against the Clan Macgregor were repealed, but they were re-enacted at the time of the Revolution, though not rigidly enforced. Finally, about a hundred years ago, by an Act of the British Parliament, the penal statutes against the clan were forever abolished, and eight hundred and twenty-six Macgregors, capable of bearing arms, acknowledged John Murray of Lanrick, descendant of the ancient lairds, chiefs of Macgregor, to be their lawful chief.[1] Murray reassumed the

[1] See Introduction to *Rob Roy*.

ancient name, and was created a Baronet by the King as Sir John Murray Macgregor.

It was during the period when the use of the surname was prohibited that the most famous member of the clan flourished. Robert Campbell (Macgregor), commonly called Rob Roy or Robert the Red, was brought up on a farm in Balquhidder on the property of the Duke of Atholl, near the head of Loch Earn. He was born about the year 1671, and at some time acquired rights to Craig Royston, on the east shore of Loch Lomond. His mother was a Campbell, and as the name of Macgregor was proscribed, Rob Roy assumed his mother's name. Previous to the year 1712 he was occupied in a perfectly legitimate manner as a thriving cattle trader with the lowlanders of the Borders, and he had the confidence and protection of the Duke of Montrose. By purchase from his nephew, he acquired rights of property on Glengyle and Inversnaid, hence his designation "of Inversnaid." A series of unfortunate ventures, however, put an end to this period of prosperity, and Rob Roy found himself indebted in large sums to Montrose and others. Proceedings were taken against him, in the course of which his wife and children were evicted from their home in midwinter. "Rob Roy's Lament" is said to have been composed by his wife on that occasion. Now began the period of outlawry with which his name is associated. Hunted, proscribed and shut out from every lawful calling, Rob Roy, who conceived

the action of Montrose to have been unjust and tyrannical, attached himself to the rival house of Argyll, whose name he had assumed; for between the Campbells (Argyll) and the Grahams (Montrose) there was always deadly enmity. With a band of disaffected persons, belonging mainly to his own clan, Rob Roy set up as a freebooter and a levier of blackmail.[1] "His stature," writes Sir Walter Scott, "was not of the tallest, but his person was uncommonly strong and compact. The greatest peculiarities of his frame were the breadth of his shoulders and the great and almost disproportioned length of his arms, so remarkable indeed that it was said he could, without stooping, tie the garters of his Highland hose, which are placed two inches below the knee. His countenance was open, manly, stern at periods of danger, but frank and cheerful in his hours of festivity. His hair was dark red, thick and frizzled, and curled short around the face. . . . Though a descendant of the bloodthirsty Ciar Mohr,[2] he inherited none of his ancestor's

[1] "Blackmail" was a voluntary (?) tax or insurance levied by a Highland freebooter, who undertook to protect the cattle and property of the payers from all depredation of marauders. It was strictly against the law, but on the "Highland line" was tacitly recognized and practiced. See Scott's *Rob Roy*, chap. 26. "Mail" is old Scots word for "rent" or "tribute"—*e. g.*, a mailin is still a rented farm. "Black" is supposed to be derived from an old Teutonic word, "blaken," to plunder.

[2] Ciar Moar—the great mouse-colored man—was a foster-brother of Allaster Macgregor, who placed under his care a party of young clerical students who came to watch the fight of Glenfruin. In-

ferocity. On the contrary, Rob Roy avoided every appearance of cruelty, and it is not averred that he was ever the means of unnecessary bloodshed or the actor in any deed which could lead the way to it. . . . Like Robin Hood of England, he was a kind and gentle robber, and while he took from the rich, was liberal in relieving the poor. . . . All whom I have conversed with, and I have in my youth seen some who knew Rob Roy personally, gave him the character of a benevolent and humane man 'in his way.'"[1]

Rob Roy played a wavering part in the Jacobite Rising of 1715, being divided between his desire to overturn the existing state of things and his sense of obligation to the house of Argyll. In the course of his adventurous life he was several times captured, but always managed to escape. When an elderly man his clan and the Stewarts of Appin had a dispute, which having been amicably adjusted, Rob Roy, to make everything pleasant, invited any gentleman of the Stewarts who might care to do so "to exchange a few blows with him for the honor of their respective clans." Alaster Stewart of Invernahyle accepted the challenge, and a famous duel was fought in the presence of the two assembled clans near the farm of Invernenty in the Braes of Balquhidder. Stewart hav-

stead of guarding them, however, he murdered them all, and a stone on the spot is called *Leck-a-Ministeir*—the clerk's flagstone. The blood of the victims is said still to stain it.

[1] Introduction to *Rob Roy*, Sir Walter Scott.

ing drawn blood, the affair ended to every one's satisfaction. Sir Walter Scott gives the following tradition concerning the manner of Rob Roy's death (the date of which is not certainly known). When very near his end a certain Maclaren, who had been an enemy, came to see him. "'Raise me from my bed,' said he; 'throw my plaid around me and bring me my claymore, dirk and pistols. It shall never be said that a foeman saw Rob Roy Macgregor defenceless and unarmed.' . . . Rob Roy maintained a cold, haughty civility during their short conference, and so soon as he had left the house, 'Now,' he said, 'all is over; let the piper play *Ha til mi tulidh*' (We return no more); and he is said to have expired before the dirge was finished.

"This singular man died in bed in his own house, in the parish of Balquhidder. He was buried in the churchyard of the same parish, where his tombstone is only distinguished by a rude attempt at the figure of a broadsword."

Rob Roy left five sons, who played conspicuous and not very creditable parts. The best known are Robin Oig, the youngest, and James Mohr, the eldest. After the father's death Robin Oig shot the Maclaren who had visited the dying Macgregor. He absconded, but two of his brothers were tried as accessories to the crime, but were acquitted. Robin enlisted in the Black Watch and fought for King George at Fontenoy, where he was wounded and taken prisoner. Eight

years later he and his brothers abducted an heiress, Jane Kay, of Edenbellie, whom Robin Oig forcibly married, and for this he was hanged, although many thought at the time that Mrs. Kay was a willing prisoner. Robin figures in one of the chapters of Stevenson's *Kidnapped*, where he is depicted as a masterly performer on the bagpipes.

James Mohr, who called himself Drummond out of compliment to the Duke of Perth, followed that chief in the Jacobite insurrection of 1745 and was wounded at the Battle of Prestonpans. After the Rising was over he became a Government spy and played an infamous part. By some he is supposed to have been the original "Pickle the Spy," though Mr. Andrew Lang will have none of this. One thing is certain, he was employed to trepan Alan Breck Stewart, and Stevenson has not exaggerated his treachery in his romance *David Balfour*, of which he makes James Mohr the villain.

When the name of Macgregor was forbidden a member of Rob Roy's family took the name of Gregory, which for five generations was famous in the world of science and medicine. The first of these Macgregors was James Gregory, who studied in Padua and became professor of mathematics in St. Andrews and afterwards in Edinburgh. He was the inventor of the reflecting telescope known as the "Gregorian," which is still used. To his son, who was professor of medicine at Aberdeen, there

happened a whimsical incident in that university city. Rob Roy was sent to Aberdeenshire some time in the early seventies to raise men in the Jacobite interest. While passing through Aberdeen he met his cousin, the professor, who treated him hospitably. Rob was greatly struck with the doctor's son James, a lively, high-spirited boy. After pondering how he might requite the kindness shown him by his kinsman, he made the following offer: "You are ruining the boy," he said, "with this useless bookish learning; give him to me and I will make a man of him." The father pleaded the incongruity of his professional surroundings, but Rob said he could get over that difficulty by carrying the boy off with a fictitious show of violence. In despair the father pointed out that the boy's extreme youth and delicacy of health unfitted him to stand the rigors of a Highland life and the matter was postponed. The boy who thus escaped a freebooter's life became like his father a medical professor in Aberdeen. Another member of the family in the second generation, David Gregory, became professor of astronomy at Oxford, and was the life-long friend of Sir Isaac Newton.

The Gregory of the fourth generation (1753–1821) was professor of medicine in Edinburgh University,[1] and is still remembered as the prescriber of "Gregory's stomachic powders," which even now is the most

[1] It is this Dr. Gregory whom R. L. Stevenson introduces in Chapter III. of his last unfinished romance, *Weir of Hermiston.*

widely used family medicine in the British Isles. He was a friend of Sir Walter Scott's, and it was from him that Scott learned the anecdote of his grandfather's intercourse with Rob Roy. The fifth and last member of this scientific Macgregor dynasty was William Gregory, professor of chemistry in the University of Edinburgh, where he died in 1858 and was succeeded in his chair by the late Lord Playfair.

The principal part of the Rob Roy country lies in the Highland district of Stirlingshire,[1] that narrow strip of the county that, running up along the eastern shore of Loch Lomond, includes Ben Lomond and the lesser heights of Ben Uird and Ben Bhreach. Stirlingshire is geographically the heart of Scottish history; no less than six great battles, each in its way decisive, were fought in the county, and its royal fortress was not only a favorite residence of the Stewarts—and hence connected with many interesting events—but as the key to the North, it held a quite unique place among the strongholds of the kingdom. It commanded the passage of the Forth, and "Forth bridles the wild Highlandman," says the old Scots proverb.

It is not until the twelfth century however that Stirling Castle comes into notice. It was a royal burgh before David I.'s time, and both Alexander I. and William the Lion died there. In 1297 (11th

[1] Balquhidder is however in Perthshire. The old Macgregor territory included property in both counties between Loch Lomond and Loch Earn.

Rob Roy's Grave

of September) Wallace, taking advantage of the great natural strength of the pass at Stirling Bridge (a very early bridge across the Forth), below the Castle, met and defeated the English under Surrey and Cressingham. The Scottish leader, having stationed his men on the Abbey Craig, a steep cliff north of the river, allowed a large number of the enemy to cross without offering a blow. Then suddenly sending a company of spearmen to take the head of the bridge he fell upon and nearly annihilated the advanced detachment of the enemy, throwing the remainder into wild panic and confusion. Many were drowned in the River Forth, many more were slaughtered, and the moral effect of the victory over a hitherto victorious and overbearing foe was enormous.

"Its immediate influence," writes Hill Burton, "was so powerful as to clear the country of the invaders. All the strongholds were recovered by the Scots." On the spot so happily chosen by Wallace stands the monument lately erected to his memory.

Two years later, Stirling being again in the hands of the English, the Scots besieged and took it. This is called the first siege. What is spoken of as the second siege of Stirling is the one conducted by Edward I. in person, in the early summer of 1304, when a small garrison under Sir William Oliphant held out for over three months against the entire English army. It was the last stronghold held by the Scots at that time, and it must have been with bursting hearts that the

brave little company, reduced to but a hundred and forty men, driven by threatened starvation, marched out on the eve of the Feast of St. James the Apostle and made their submission, "in a valley through which passed a road leading to a gate in the Castle of Stirling."

It was to relieve Stirling, then held by the English, that the Battle of Bannockburn was fought, after which it surrendered to King Robert. It was captured by the English in the reign of his son, but was finally ceded to the Scots in 1339.

Twenty years later Sir Robert Erskine was made hereditary Governor, an office held in his family till the forfeiture of his descendant, the Earl of Mar, for his part in the '15.

The Castle that stood the siege by Edward I. has gone, though the foundations probably still exist below the present walls, none of which are thought to antedate the time of James III. It was to Stirling Castle that James II. invited the Earl of Douglas to the conference that ended in the murder of the Earl.

The room in which this took place does not now exist. James II. and James III. were both born at Stirling. With the latter it was especially a favorite place of residence, and to him are probably due some of the existing buildings. The Parliament House, altered into a barrack, on the east of the quadrangle, and the outer gateway, walls and towers are attributed to him, while a chapel he built on the north side of

the quadrangle was pulled down by James VI., who built the present one in its place (it is now a storehouse) for the baptism of his son, Prince Henry, in 1594. The Palace was put up by James V. (completed probably by Mary of Guise), who was much at Stirling. When in his youth he broke loose from the reasserted power of the Douglases, it was there he established himself. The incognito by which he was known, the "Gudeman of Ballengeich," refers to the name of a mountain-pass close by. "The exterior of the Palace is of very fantastic design, but it is interesting as being probably the earliest example of the introduction of the Renaissance style into Scotland. . . . Here . . . there are clear evidences of the work of Frenchmen, brought over by James V. after his sojourn and marriage in France." Thither, after the King's death, came his widow, Mary of Guise, with the infant Queen Mary, the latter being crowned (when nine months old) in the chapel of Stirling Castle, September 9, 1543. James VI. was baptized in the same chapel, according to the rites of the Church of Rome; consequently the Countess of Argyll, who acted as proxy for his godmother, Queen Elizabeth, was obliged to make public repentance in the same place for "assisting at the prince's baptism, performed in a papistical manner." Seven months later he was crowned in the "Parish Kirk of Stirling;" the Earl of Morton, as sponsor, took the oath. The helpless little head was held within the great crown and the tiny fist laid

against the sword and sceptre. Although the Reformers made some objections to the ceremonial of anointing, this too was duly performed by Adam Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney (he who had married the King's mother to Bothwell). John Knox is on record as being party to the proceedings, and he preached in Stirling on the occasion. The year 1594 saw the extraordinarily pompous baptism in the newly-built Chapel Royal of Prince Henry, the eldest son of James VI., who, by dying in boyhood, escaped the disasters that overtook his house.

Prince Charles Edward, marching from Glasgow on January 3, 1746, reached Stirling on the 4th, and taking up his residence at Bannockburn House, four miles to the south, he besieged the town of Stirling, which capitulated on the 8th. General Blakeney, commanding the garrison, retired however to the Castle, and although besieged until February 1, the Castle was not taken. While waiting here the Prince won the Battle of Falkirk (January 17), but on the approach of the Government army, commanded by the Duke of Cumberland, on the advice of the Highland Chiefs, he evacuated Stirling and retreated beyond the Forth.

The little valley in which the Scottish garrison had submitted to Edward I., now used in part as a cemetery, was formerly devoted to sports—tournaments and such like—the knoll called the Ladies' Rock being traditionally held to be the spot where the

ladies of the court were wont to assemble to witness these trials of skill.

The position of Stirling Castle, on the abrupt, rocky termination of an elevated ridge, strongly suggests the Castle of Edinburgh. From the walls eastward the view embraces the perfectly level plain through which the Forth twists and coils its way to the sea; while towards the north this same plain is bounded by broken heights—blue hills which, mounting higher and higher in the distance, stretch away into those ever romantically beautiful regions, the Highlands of Scotland. Like Edinburgh, Stirling has its Castle Hill, where may still be seen traces of the days of its splendor.

The building that goes by the name of Argyll's Lodging, now a military hospital, is accounted "probably the finest specimen of an old-town residence remaining in Scotland." It is quite close to the Castle, and is built around three sides of a courtyard, with an arched gateway and wall on the side of the street. Sir William Alexander of Menstrie, Earl of Stirling, the projector of the Nova Scotia settlement, built it in 1632, and on his death the Argylls bought and finished it.

There are a number of old (seventeenth and eighteenth century) houses still standing on Broad Street. One bears the cautious motto:

> "Heir I forbeare my name or armes to fix,
> Least I or myne showld sell these stones and sticks."

And there is besides the striking façade called Mar's Wark, supposed to be all that remains of a town residence put up by the Earl of Mar in the last half of the sixteenth century, one of the richest and best of the existing specimens of domestic architecture of that date. At the end of Broad Street is the Old Town House, with a bell and clock-tower. The open space before it was used for public executions, and it was there that Archbishop Hamilton was hanged in 1571. All that remains of the "Mercat" Cross that anciently stood here (removed in 1792) is the unicorn that surmounts the present cross, set up a few years ago. West of the Old Town Hall is the interesting and well-preserved Parish Church. The oldest part—that is the nave—dates from the beginning of the fifteenth century, or even earlier. The eastern part or choir was built in the beginning of the sixteenth century, and was added to by Archbishop James Beaton. The very picturesque tower was also built at two periods; the lower part is probably of the same date as the nave. The church was "purged" in 1559, and it was there that the coronation of James II., alluded to above, took place, when Knox preached. In 1665 a dividing wall was built, transforming the choir into the East Church and the nave into the West Church. The original west entrance has been built up, and the two churches are entered from a disfiguring porch in the middle of the south side. In the course of numerous alterations, con-

Stirling Castle from Ladies' Rock

ducted about the middle of the nineteenth century, the chamber called the King's Room, which was in the upper part of the crossing between the nave and choir, was removed. It was reached by a private stair and commanded a view of the interior of the church. A round arch that sprang from the two piers at the east end of the nave was removed at the same time, and all the stone work of the interior redressed. The chapel called Queen Margaret's has lately been demolished; but another, dedicated to St. Andrew by Duncan Forrester of Garden in the fifteenth century, is still entire. It stands on the north side of the nave, and has only lately been thrown open to the public.

Directly to the south of Stirling is Scotland's most glorious field of Bannockburn. Towards the close of the year 1313 Stirling Castle lay closely besieged by Edward Bruce, who made a bargain with its governor, Moubray, that if not relieved by St. John's Day—June 24 of the following year—it should be surrendered to the Scots. Therefore England aroused herself to a supreme effort; every resource was strained to the utmost, and a mighty host—a hundred thousand is the number given—led by Edward II. in person, poured through the Border Country and in June, 1314, encamped to the north of Torwood.

Robert Bruce had in the meantime been actively occupied in preparing his defences, and after some preliminary skirmishing and feats of arms, the battle

so memorable for Scotland was fought on June 24, the English advancing to the attack at daybreak. Bruce's strong position and superior generalship won the day, and there ensued one of those inexplicable scenes of panic and terror, when a vastly superior force of trained men breaks and flees, as though life at all costs were the one thing to be considered.

Edward II. fled from the field and got refuge at Dunbar, from whence he went by boat to Berwick. He looked upon his escape as miraculous, and only caused by the direct interposition of the Virgin whom he invoked in his flight. To her he vowed that he would in gratitude build a house for poor Carmelites, and this vow he fulfilled by founding Oriel College, Oxford, which thus remains to-day a monument of Bannockburn and the emancipation of Scotland.

The Battle of Bannockburn has been fully described by many writers from the details carefully preserved by Barbour, but there is one little gleam of light seldom mentioned which shows how little there is new under the sun—not even the special war correspondent. The ancient chronicle tells: "Amongest the Englishe captives was one Bastone, a Carmelite friar, a poete, as thesse days went, quhom K. Eduard had brought with him to sing hes triumphes (for in conceit with hes hudge armey, he had deuored all Scotland, till God confoundit him in the midest of his gratest confidence); this poete fell in K. Robert's auen hands, and was hes auen prissoner, with quhom he

stayed a longe quhyle, and wrett in ryme the passages of that day, and therafter was noblie reuarded and dismissed."[1] This special correspondent's report has not come down to us, but it may be that Barbour's description of the battle was learned from Friar Bastone's record.

A striking feature of the battle was the enormous number of prisoners and quantity of rich booty taken by the Scots. The "Borestone," a granite boulder on a piece of rising ground southwest of St. Ninians, is where King Robert Bruce is supposed to have erected his standard. It is now enclosed within an iron railing. The battle forced upon Wallace at Falkirk by Edward I., just sixteen years earlier, was on the contrary disastrous for the National Party. Wallace, with a greatly inferior force, was doing his best to avoid giving battle, hoping to starve and weary out the invaders; but his retreat was discovered, and the English King was so eager to press his advantage that he pushed forward from Linlithgow, sleeping on the bare ground and not even pausing long enough to have a couple of broken ribs set. The results justified his haste. Wallace at bay did all an expert general could do, placing his men carefully and wisely on the slope lying between the town of Falkirk and the Carron on the west. Edward's force was an overpowering one and the Scots, such of them as escaped alive, rapidly disbanded, leaving the English complete mas-

[1] *Annales of Scotland*, i., 94.

ters for the time being. This was the first battle of Falkirk; the other was fought on January 17, 1746, when Prince Charles, leaving a force under the Duke of Perth to conduct the siege of Stirling Castle, encountered the Government army at Falkirk and defeated it. General Hawley was being entertained at Callendar House by the (Jacobite) Countess of Kilmarnock and did not reach the field till his men were all drawn up and the Highlanders could be seen advancing towards a hill on the southwest, near South Bantaskine. He rushed his dragoons forward to seize this advantageous spot, but the Highlanders got there first, while a heavy rain-storm beating in the faces of the dragoons obscured their vision and soaked their guns. The Government troops were completely routed and fell back on Edinburgh. The site of this battle is on the heights to the southwest of the railway station overlooking the town.

In the quiet Falkirk churchyard, hemmed in almost completely by the closely built-up town, are memorials of both these battles. A perfectly simple slab of gray stone bears the words: "Here lies a Scottish Hero, Sir John Stewart, who was killed at the battle of Falkirk, 22 July, 1298." Sir John Graham of Abercorn has a more imposing monument, which, surmounted by a Gothic cupola, stands in the centre of the grounds. These both fell fighting under Wallace. Close by a large monument marks the graves of Sir Robert Munro of Foulis and his brother Dun-

can, both killed by the Highlanders in the fight of 1746. About a mile and a half from Bannockburn runs the little Sauchie Burn, where James III. met his insurgent nobles on June 11, 1488. Long before the fortunes of the day had been decided, the King had ignominiously fled. He was about to ford the Bannock Burn at Milton, when a miller's wife drawing water at the stream, was so startled to see a knight in full armor come galloping up, that she dropped her pitcher. The horse (a spirited animal, presented to the King that day by Lord Lyndsay, with the warning to sit firm) shied so violently that the King was thrown. The woman and her husband carried him into the mill, and on learning who it was and being told to fetch a priest, she went in search of one. Meantime some of the insurgents were on the King's track. Meeting them, the woman ran up and asked if they had a priest who would come and "shrive his Majesty." One of them said that he was a priest and would perform the office, but on being taken to where the wretched James lay, suffering probably more from terror than aught else, he drew his dagger and stabbed him over and over again. A small stone-gabled house, called Beaton's Mill, is said to mark the place where the King was murdered, and his remains, with those of his wife, Margaret of Denmark, lie in the neighboring ruined Abbey of Cambuskenneth, close to the Abbey Craig, beneath a monument put up by Queen Victoria in 1865. This Abbey, which was

founded by David I., having suffered in the War of Independence and still more at the Reformation, is now represented only by some of the foundation walls and a lofty square tower.

Last among Stirlingshire's famous battles must be mentioned that of Kilsyth, southwest of Stirling, on the southern border of the county. Here on the 15th of August, 1645, Montrose, with a greatly inferior force of Highlanders, defeated with extraordinary loss to the enemy, the Covenanters under Baillie and Argyll. The weather being excessively warm, Montrose made his men cast off their upper garments, and this has given rise to a tradition that the Highlanders fought the battle naked. He had chosen the site carefully, and placed his men to the best advantage. Their first wild onset threw the enemy into confusion, and the battle was won almost without loss of life to the victors.

CHAPTER XIII.

CLACKMANAN, KINROSS, FIFE.

CLACKMANAN is the smallest county in Scotland, nestling between Stirling and Fife on the northern side of the Forth where the waterway becomes navigable.

At Alloa, Clackmanan's chief town, there is a fourteenth century tower of the Erskines, later Earls of Mar. This tower, enlarged into a more commodious dwelling, became associated with the childhood of Queen Mary, James VI. and Prince Henry; but unfortunately the later and less massive parts, together with all the furnishings and many interesting relics, were destroyed by fire in 1800.

Overlooking the town of Clackmanan is another ancient tower, once belonging to the demesne granted by David II. in 1359 to a branch of the Bruces. A lineal descendant of this family was still living in Clackmanan when Burns and Mr. Adair were there in 1787.

"This venerable dame," writes Mr. Adair, "with characteristic dignity, informed me on my observing that I believed she was descended from the family of Robert Bruce, that Robert Bruce was sprung from her

family. . . . She was in possession of the hero's helmet and two-handed sword, with which she conferred on Burns and myself the honor of knighthood, remarking that she had a better right to confer that title than *some people.*"

The old lady was in fact an ardent Jacobite, and on the same occasion gave as a toast, *Hooi uncos* (Away with the strangers), the warning cry used by shepherds to direct the movements of their dogs.

On the extreme eastern edge of Clackmananshire, beyond Dollar, on a lofty spur of the Ochil Hills, stands Castle Campbell, an ancient fortalice that came to the Argylls in the fifteenth century. It is curious to find the first Earl of Argyll going to the pains of getting an Act of Parliament to change its ancient name of Castle Gloom, which he disliked, to its present one. The building was burned by Montrose in 1645.

The narrow chasm-like valley of the Devon partly divides Clackmanan from Kinross. Its wildest and most picturesque points are at Rumbling Bridge and Caldron Linn, visited by Burns and Adair and the Hamilton ladies of Harviestoun, who were much chagrined at Burns's apparent indifference to the wild beauty of the noted Devon scenery, while Mr. Adair even went so far as to "doubt if he had much taste for the picturesque."

Seven or eight miles further east in Kinrosshire lies the famed Lochleven, two of whose seven islands

have histories of their own. On the largest are the ruins of the Culdee Priory of the eighth century saint, Serf or Servanus. It was given to the canons regular of St. Andrews in 1144, and there in the early part of the twelfth century, Wyntoun, then its Prior, wrote *The Oryginale Cronykil of Scotland*, one of the foundations of all works of Scottish history.

On Castle Island stands the historic Lochleven Castle, hardly altered to-day from its primitive rude simplicity. Little is known of it before the Douglases came into possession in 1353. In Queen Mary's time it was held by Sir Robert Douglas, step-father of James, Earl of Moray, the Queen's half-brother, and it was there that she was sent by the Confederate Lords after her surrender at Carberry.

It may be well here to recapitulate the leading events in the life of this unfortunate lady, whose career as a Queen ended with her abdication and imprisonment in Lochleven Castle.

Born at Linlithgow (14th December, 1542) but six days before the death of James V., the little maid was but grudgingly welcomed by her dying father. Little could he think that in the twentieth century every royal family of Europe, with two exceptions (Turkey and Servia), should with pride trace their descent from this helpless baby.[1]

The Scriptural lamentation, "Woe unto thee O

[1] See "The Stuart Descendants," by W. B. Blaikie, in the *Genealogical Magazine*, London, May, 1900.

land where thy King is a child," was never more fully exemplified than in the minority of this princess.[1]

Before she was many weeks old she was an object of strife. Henry VIII. determined to have her as a wife for his son and heir, Edward VI., and a treaty of marriage was made when she was but seven months old. At this time the English Ambassador reports that she "is as goodly a child as I have seen of her age and as like to live, with the grace of God." Henry's impatience ruined this scheme. He wished to have possession of the child, and sent an army into Scotland in 1544 and again in 1545, which among other mischiefs ruined the famous Border abbeys. He even burned Edinburgh, but the little Queen was taken to Stirling for safety. Henry died in 1547, and the Protector Somerset, to enforce the treaty, sent another army, which completely beat the Scots at Pinkie in September, 1547. Truly "a rough kind of wooing," as the Scots declared. The country was disgusted, and the English treaty was broken off. Mary had till then spent her childhood at Linlithgow and Stirling, but after Pinkie she was sent to the island fastness of the Priory of Inchmahome in the

[1] The same misfortune of long minorities dogged Scotland through the whole line of the Jameses. James I. was eleven years old when he succeeded, and he was moreover eighteen years a prisoner before he took up the government; James II. was six years old; James III. nine years old; James IV. fifteen years old; James V. seventeen months; Mary six days; James VI. thirteen months.

Lake of Menteith. Here she remained for several months, and in August, 1548, she being then nearly six years old, sailed from Dumbarton to France. There she remained at the court of Henri II., and was most kindly treated by her uncles, the Guises, and the royal family, while her mother went back to Scotland as Regent in 1554. When fifteen and a half years old she married the Dauphin, who two years later became King of France as Francis II. In 1560 her mother died at Edinburgh in June, and in December her husband died in Orleans. Mary was now a widow and only eighteen years old. Soon France ceased to be a pleasant place for her. She, claiming to be heir of one hundred and four Kings, had taunted her mother-in-law, Catherine de Medici, with being but a merchant's daughter, and the word was never forgotten by the Queen mother, now all powerful in France. Her own wanted Mary back, and her half-brother, Lord James Stewart,[1] was sent to fetch her over.

She landed in Leith in August, 1561, being then not nineteen years old. During her thirteen years absence the Scottish Reformation had come, and the country seethed in trouble and strife of every sort. It required a stronger hand than this young girl's to rule the storm, but she tried to do her best. Devoted

[1] James Stewart, afterwards Earl of Moray, was the natural son of James V. by Lady Margaret Erskine, daughter of the fifth Earl of Mar. She afterwards married Sir Robert Douglas of Lochleven, and was Mary's jaileress at Lochleven Castle.

Catholic though she was, she freely tolerated her subjects' Protestant religion, and in Holyrood itself both mass and Protestant preachings three days a week went on.

For less than six years she was a free Queen in Scotland, but during that time her activity was extraordinary. For the first four years of her rule her Protestant half-brother was her mentor, and him she made Earl of Moray in 1562, to the great disgust of the Catholic Earl of Huntly, who had somehow annexed the Earldom. Within a year of landing she, along with Moray, made her celebrated progress to the North, in which she was opposed in arms by Huntly, who in her minority had acquired almost royal power in the North. Huntly died at the battle of Corrichie, and the power of the Gordons was crushed. On this occasion Mary went as far north as Inverness. She thoroughly enjoyed the rough life of the expedition. "I never saw her merrier," wrote Randolph, the English envoy; "she repented nothing but that she was not a man to know what life it was to lie all night in the fields or to walk on the causeway with jack and knapschalle (coat of mail and helmet), a Glasgow buckler and a broadsword."

Then came three years of comparative happiness and constant activity roaming up and down the country, on one occasion going as far south as Glenluce in Galloway. It was on one of these tours in 1563 that the Chastelard incident happened at Burntisland, and in

another in the same year that—at Lochleven—she had her one pleasant interview with John Knox. This courtesy the grim Reformer in after years set down in his history to guile and not to grace.

In 1563 Bothwell was exiled for participation in a plot against Moray. In July, 1565, came the fateful marriage with Darnley, which caused her rupture with Moray and the Hamiltons and the recall of Bothwell from exile. Moray and his confederates went into rebellion, but Mary was quicker than they, and in the "Chase About Raid," as it was called, in 1565, she hunted them at the head of her troops through Scotland until they took refuge in England.

Then followed her quarrels with Darnley, which culminated in the murder of Riccio in March, 1566. In June of this year her son James was born and in October she paid her celebrated visit to Jedburgh and Hermitage Castle, which had such direful results. In February, 1567, her husband was murdered in Edinburgh. In April Mary was seized by Bothwell and carried off to Dunbar Castle. In May she married Bothwell; in June she surrendered to the Confederate Lords at Carberry and the following day, June 16, 1567, she was sent a prisoner to Lochleven, where she abdicated on July 24, being then, when all was over, but twenty-four and a half years old.

Mary escaped from her prison on May 2, 1568; the battle of Langside was fought on May 13 and six days later she crossed the Solway into England to

begin her long captivity, which ended in the tragedy of Fotheringay on February 8, 1587.

Of the eleven months of her confinement at Lochleven (from June 2, 1567, to May 2, 1568) the world possesses an unfading picture in the pages of *The Abbot*. Who having read them can ever forget those lively skirmishes between Mary and the shrewish Lady Douglas; the interviews with Ruthven, Sir Robert Melville and Lord Lindsay of the Byres, and above all the romantic escape planned and executed by young Douglas? He who actually carried out the design was a youth named Willie Douglas, of whom nothing is known, while the unfortunate and infatuated George Douglas was really hanging about on the mainland ready to assist the party to disembark on the lands of Coldon, lying on the south. This safely accomplished, they rode for Niddrie Castle in Linlithgowshire (a stone in a bridge in Cleish parish, Kinross, states that they passed that way), where the first halt was made, and passed from thence to Hamilton.

The keys thrown into the lake by young Douglas after the gates had been locked to prevent pursuit were, it is said, brought up in 1805 and given to the Earl of Morton, the descendant of Sir Robert Douglas. A bunch purporting to be the identical keys hangs now in the hall at Abbotsford.

Kinross is almost embedded in the larger and more important County of Fife, in whose peaceful and prosperous history there is record of but one battle

Loch Leven from Kinross shore

of any moment—that fought in 877, when the victorious Danes, approaching from the Clyde, drove the men of Fife before them across the whole of their own territory and finally routed them in a pitched battle near the Firth of Tay. It is remarked that this was the first occasion when the inhabitants of the Pictish kingdom are termed "Scotti." For the title "kingdom of Fife," often used, no better reason is given than its importance in Pictavia and its size and wealth. Only in 1891 were the extreme southwestern parishes of Tulliallan and Culross taken from Perth and given to Fife, thereby bringing the sleepy, picturesque little town of Culross (once a thriving industrial port) within the Fifeshire boundaries. There are to be seen the ruins of the abbey to which the place owes its existence. It will be remembered that tradition assigns the beach of Culross as the birthplace of St. Mungo or Kentigern, and that it was there St. Servanus found the little new-born child and his mother. The abbey is probably a revival by Malcolm, third Earl of Fife, in the thirteenth century of a seventh century foundation dedicated to St. Servanus. The conspicuous square tower once stood in the centre, but the church on the west has disappeared, leaving the tower at the western termination of the present building, now used as a parish church. There are remains of the monastic buildings and cloister, and on the north side is seen the burial-place of the Bruces of

Carnoch, with an elaborate seventeenth century monument. In the niche are the recumbent effigies of a Sir George Bruce and his wife, while their three sons and five daughters kneel decorously below, all in line. The "Palace" of Culross, a town mansion of George Bruce, is so called from a visit paid to it by James VI. in 1617. He was staying at the time in one of his favorite residences, the splendid royal palace of Dunfermline, five or six miles away.

There Malcolm Ceannmor was married in 1068 to the Saxon Margaret in a strong tower, a fragment of whose ruins still stands above the Pittencrieff Glen, and there was born the Princess Matilda, who afterwards married Henry I. of England. The cave to which the saint-Queen used to withdraw for her private devotions is seen not far from the ruined tower. The royal Palace is said to have been built by Robert Bruce when he restored the Abbey which Malcolm and his Queen founded in 1072. This building was of great size and magnificence, but Edward I., staying there in 1303, set fire to it on leaving. The whole was again burned in 1385, and handsomely restored probably by the third and fourth Jameses. Its present state of ruin and neglect date from Charles II.'s time. All that now remains is an imposing section of the southwest wall overlooking the glen, with the "King's kitchen" at its east end and a vaulted storeroom below. There is too the Pend Tower (underneath which the high road passes), where the Palace

was connected with the Abbey. The latter was rebuilt by David I. in the early Norman style, and suggests Durham Cathedral, at that time but lately completed. In the thirteenth century the aisled choir, transept and presbytery were added, and about twenty years later (*i. e.*, 1250) Queen Margaret was canonized and her body removed with great pomp from the old church, her own foundation, where it had been placed immediately after her death, to the new Lady Chapel. The monastic buildings were burned by Edward I. in 1303, and their final ruin, as well as that of the church, was accomplished by the Reformers on March 28, 1560. Of the thirteenth century work the nave and fine Norman west doorway are still standing, and there is a small portion of the lower part of the Lady Chapel walls enclosing the tomb of St. Margaret. The huge buttresses belong to the later sixteenth century work. Before Malcolm Ceannmor's day Iona had been the burial-place of the Scottish Kings, but it was then superseded by the new foundation at Dunfermline. Thither were brought the remains of King Malcolm from Tynemouth, and he was buried beside his wife in a shrine near the high altar, whose limestone base is still seen outside the modern church on the east. In 1560 Queen Mary caused the head of St. Margaret to be brought to her in Edinburgh Castle. After the Queen's flight to England, a Benedictine monk guarded the relic "in the Laird of Durie's house," where it remained for thirty years. When the Jesuits

obtained possession of it in 1620 it is known to have been in Antwerp, where the Bishop formally attested its authenticity and licensed its public exhibition for veneration. Seven years later it was taken to the Scots College at Donay, and in the French Revolution it was lost sight of. As for the remainder of her ashes and those of Malcolm, they were by some means acquired by Philip II. of Spain, who placed them in two urns in the Chapel of St. Lawrence in the Escurial; but when, in the nineteenth century, the Roman Catholic Bishop at Edinburgh made application through Pope Pius IX. for their restoration, they could not be found. Among the many illustrious persons buried at Dunfermline—Princes of the blood, distinguished nobles, Queens and Kings (seven of the former and eight of the latter)—there is numbered King Robert Bruce. The adventurous expedition to the East of the good Sir James Douglas with the King's heart has already been narrated. The body was buried at Dunfermline, and when the church fell into a state of ruin the tomb was lost sight of. When, however, in 1818–21, the dreary parish church that now occupies the site of the choir was erected, the body of the King was discovered, wrapped in its winding-sheet of cloth of gold, and with the breast-bone sawed through in order to remove the heart. A new tomb was prepared and the public was admitted to witness the ceremony of reinterment; "as the church could not hold half the numbers, the people

were allowed to pass through it, one after another, that each one, the poorest as well as the richest, might see all that remained of the great King Robert Bruce, who restored the Scottish monarchy." [1]

The spot, when Bruce was buried there, must have been in front of the high altar, but in the present arrangement it is directly beneath the pulpit. How Scottish pilgrims are affected by the sight of their hero-King's grave occupying such a position one may not know, but to a traveller from over-seas, approaching the place with feelings of veritable awe and veneration, the shock—to speak mildly—is a rude one, even though he may have been already somewhat prepared for disillusionment by the glaring vulgarity of the square tower, surmounted as it is by an "open hewn stone work, in the place of a Gothic balustrade, having in capital letters four feet high on the four sides of the tower's summit the words, "King Robert the Bruce."

Donibristle House, a few miles off on the coast, is where the Earl of Huntly, chief of the Gordons, came in 1592 with a commission from James VI. to apprehend the "Bonny Earl of Moray" (son-in-law of the Regent Moray). The Earl resisted, and the Gordons set fire to the mansion, compelling the besieged to come out. The Earl, who managed to escape in the confusion, was making his way down to the water's edge, when he was betrayed by the flames of

[1] *Tales of a Grandfather.*

some silken tassels on his headpiece. Gordon of Buckie overtook and stabbed him first, and then compelled the Earl of Huntly to strike as well, that he might be as deeply implicated as himself. Huntly gave a hesitating blow on the face of his enemy; whereupon the dying man, mindful of the beauty for which he was so famed, exclaimed, "You have spoiled a better face than your own!" The well-known ballad is founded on these incidents.

On the Island of Inchcolm, which lies about a mile off the coast, is the small chapel (used not so very long ago as a pig-sty) which has been identified as the cell of a Columban hermit, who occupied the island in the time of Alexander I. The King was crossing the Forth by the Queen's Ferry in the year 1123, when he was driven on the island by a storm, and in gratitude for his preservation and hospitable treatment by the hermit, he raised an abbey to St. Columba close to his host's cell. Many of the monastic buildings, erected at different periods, are still standing in fairly good preservation, notably the beautiful octagonal chapter house, dating from the end of the thirteenth century. From earliest times in its history Inchcolm was a favorite place of burial, and Shakespeare makes it the burial-place of the slain followers of Sweno, King of the Danes, after his defeat by Macbeth.

> "Nor would we deign him burial of his men
> Till he disbursed at St. Colm's Inch
> Ten thousand dollars to our general use."

Dunfermline Abbey

Above the harbor of Burntisland stands Rossend Castle, replacing one built in 1382 by Durie of Durie. In Queen Mary's time it belonged to Kirkcaldy of Grange, and it was when she was spending a night there, on her way to St. Andrews in 1563, that the infatuated Chastelard made his way into her chamber, for which indiscretion he was beheaded shortly afterwards at St. Andrews.

About two and a half miles east of Burntisland, on a cliff overhanging the sea, is a modern monument, marking the spot where King Alexander III., riding along the coast in the dusk, fell over a low precipice and was killed in March, 1286. It was the death of this monarch, the last of the old Celtic line of Kings, that brought such unutterable woes to Scotland. At this time Scotland was on the friendliest terms with England, whose sovereign, Edward I., was Alexander's brother-in-law. But the conduct of Edward to Scotland during the wars of National Independence bred that distrust of the English and introduced the constant warfare which continued for centuries. Alexander was dearly beloved by his people for his peace-loving policy, and was known, says Wyntoun, as the "Pessybill Kyng" (peaceable king), showing that in spite of an often misconceived idea our ancestors loved peace more than war. The old chronicle tells that "neuer was ther more lamentatione and sorrow for a king in Scotland then for him; for the nobility, clergie, and above all the gen-

trey and comons, bedoued his coffin for seventeen dayes' space with riuoletts of teares." There was a lament made for him which is quoted by Wyntoun, and which is probably the oldest preserved song in the Scottish language:

"Quhen Alysandyr oure Kyng wes dede,
That Scotland led in luwe and lé,
Away was sons [wealth] off ale and brede,
Off wyne and wax, off gamyn and glé:
Oure gold was changyd into lede.
Cryst, born into Vyrgynyté,
Succoure Scotland and remede
That stad is in perplexyté."

The history of Dysart, further up the coast, dates from the days of St. Serf, from whose cell—called *desertum*, a "solitude"—the town is supposed to be named. This cell—a cave—is in the grounds of Dysart House, the seat until very lately of the St. Clair Erskines, Earls of Roslin, on the west of the town. The ruins of Ravenscraig, the ancient stronghold granted by James III. to William St. Clair, third Earl of Orkney, in 1470 are also to be seen close by. On a cliff overlooking the Forth about two miles above Dysart stands Wemyss Castle, where Queen Mary was staying in the winter of 1565 when Darnley came on his impetuous wooing and captured her fancy with his masterful ways and length of limb.[1]

[1] There is considerable reason to doubt however that Mary was solely attracted to Darnley by his personal appearance, and there is more reason to believe that deep policy may have influenced her. Mary's

The family of Wemyss is descended from Macduff, Mormaer of Fife in Malcolm Ceannmor's time, and the red sandstone ruin near East Wemyss is said to have been part of the stronghold of Shakespeare's Macduff, Thane of Fife.

Nine or ten miles to the northwest is Falkland Palace, closely associated with more than one event of moment in Scottish history. In 1402, when it was the property of the Earls of Fife, it was the scene of the tragedy of the Duke of Rothesay's death, the mystery of which has never been satisfactorily cleared up. The young Prince—who was the eldest son of King Robert III., and consequently heir

life policy was to secure the succession to the English throne, to which she was the legitimist heir as granddaughter of Margaret Tudor, elder daughter of Henry VII. It was argued against her that, being an alien, her claim was forfeited. Darnley (the grandson of the same Margaret Tudor, who, on the death of James IV., had married the Earl of Angus, whose daughter was Darnley's mother) was after Mary the next in hereditary claim and against him there was not the same objection. His grandparents, driven from Scotland by James V., were domiciled English. His mother, Lady Margaret Douglas, was born in England, the protegé of her uncle, Henry VIII., and remained with him in England even after her parents returned to Scotland and never left it. Henry himself gave her as a bride to the Earl of Lennox, who was naturalized by him as an Englishman in 1544 and remained such for twenty years. Darnley was born in Temple Newsome, near Leeds in Yorkshire, and did not even visit Scotland until twenty years old. He thus could not be objected to as an alien, and indeed he was put forward by a section of the Catholic Party as a pretender to the English throne. Mary probably felt that by marrying him she strengthened her claim on the English succession.

to the throne—was brought there by his uncle, the Duke of Albany (Earl of Fife and Menteith and later Governor of the kingdom), and, as is generally supposed, starved to death. Two women who attempted to supply him with food were discovered and stopped, and after fifteen days of suffering he expired. The Castle took the designation of Palace from having been occupied by the Duke of Albany when he was Governor. That structure, however, has totally disappeared. What we see to-day is the work of the third, fourth and fifth Jameses, more especially of the last, who is credited with having brought back a taste for palace building and the workmen to carry it out, from France, when he returned with his bride Madeleine, daughter of Francis I. It was from Falkland that he made his escape when a boy from the irksome restraint in which the Douglases, headed by his stepfather, the Earl of Angus, had kept him for so long. Giving out that he was going off early on a hunting expedition, he disguised himself as a stable boy and, under pretence of doing something about the King's horse, slipped out of the Palace and off, gaining Stirling Castle in safety. He never fell again into the power of the Douglases, nor did he ever forgive them, hunting them down mercilessly to the end of his life. His death occurred at Falkland in 1542, immediately after the defeat at Solway Moss.

"The certain knowledge of the discomfiture coming to the King's ears, who waited upon the news at Loch

Maben, he was stricken with a sudden fear and astonishment, so that scarcely could he speak or hold purpose with any man. The night constrained him to remain where he was; so he yead to bed, but rose without rest or quiet sleep. His continual complaint was 'Oh, fled Oliver? Is Oliver tane? Oh, fled Oliver?' [His favorite, Oliver St. Clair, commanded at Solway Moss.] And these words in his melancholy, and as it were carried away in a trance, repeated he from time to time to the very hour of his death."[1]

A few days later the King was in Fife staying with Kirkcaldy of Grange and his lady. His servants asked where he proposed passing the Yule, that they might make preparation. "He answered with a disdainful smirk: 'I cannot tell, choose ye the place. But this I can tell you, before Yule Day ye will be masterless and the realm without a King!' . . . So he returned to Falkland and took to bed, and albeit there appeared unto him no signs of death, yet he constantly affirmed, 'Before such a day I shall be dead!'

"In the meantime was the Queen upon the point of her delivery in Linlithgow, who was delivered the eighth day of December, 1542, of Marie that then was born, and now doth reign for a plague to this realm, as the progress of her whole life up to this day declareth. The certainty that a daughter was born unto him coming to his ears, the King turned

[1] *History of the Reformation*, John Knox.

from such as spake with him and said: 'The devil go with it! It will end as it began. It came from a woman, and it will end in a woman.' After that he spake not many words that were sensible, but ever harped upon this old song, 'Fye, fled Oliver? Is Oliver tane? All is lost!'"[1]

Far different from this melancholy death-bed scene at Falkland is the picture of the same place drawn in that rollicking poem, "Christis Kirk," sometimes attributed to James V. himself and sometimes to his ancestor, James I.:

"Was nevir in Scotland hard nor sene
Sic dansin nor deray,
Nouthir at Falkland on the Grene,
Nor Pebillis at the Play
As wes of wowaris as I wene
At Christis Kirk on ane day."

James VI. was particularly fond of Falkland, and was there on a hunting trip when the singular incident of the Gowrie Plot occurred. The palace suffered from a fire in the reign of Charles II., and later from neglect and final abandonment, but after

[1] Pitscottie's account is more picturesque. "The messenger said: 'It is a fair daughter.' The King answered: 'Adieu! Farewell! It came with a lass and it will pass with a lass.' And so he recommended himself to the mercy of Almighty God and spake little from that time forth."

The reference is to the coming of the crown to the Stewart family through the marriage of the sixth High Steward with the daughter of Robert Bruce. James V. was the last heir male of the old royal Stewart line.

Falkland Palace

passing through several hands it was purchased in 1888 by the Marquis of Bute, and is now in a fair state of preservation.

On the northern edge of Fife close to the Firth of Tay is Newburgh and adjoining it the Abbey of Lindores, founded towards the close of the twelfth century by David, Earl of Huntingdon, of which only some fragmentary ruins are left. Here was buried the unfortunate Duke of Rothesay, whose body, according to the legend, persisted in performing unasked miracles until his brother James I., after many years had elapsed, punished the murderers, when the miracles ceased.

A fragment of Cross Macduff, the Garth or Sanctuary of the Clan Macduff, stands in a pass of the Ochills leading up from northern Fifeshire. Here any member of the clan or any person related to the chief within the ninth degree, who had committed unpremeditated manslaughter could flee for refuge, and by laying hold of one of nine iron rings fastened in the stone, washing nine times in the near-by spring, called the Nine Wells, and making an offering of nine cows and a *colpendach*, or young cow, escape punishment; but should he fail to prove his title as a member of the clan or one related to its chief, he was instantly put to death and buried on the spot.

Much further west towards the mouth of the Firth of Tay are the ruins of Balmerino Abbey, founded by Ermengarde, widow of William the Lion in 1229, and dedicated to the Virgin and Edward the Con-

fessor. The Queen was buried there herself in 1233. The English Admiral Wyndham burned the abbey in the Somerset expedition of 1547, and it was destroyed in common with a number of other ecclesiastical buildings in Fife by the Reformers in 1559. Only portions of the chapter house, transept and sacristy remain, with some substructures.

Cupar, the county town of Fife, stands on the left bank of the Eden. Two or three miles to the northwest was The Mount, the seat of the poet Sir David Lindsay (1490–1555), and his "Satyre of the Thrie Estaitis" was first presented on the Castle Hill in the town. Thither at seven o'clock of a June morning in the year 1535 streamed the people from far and near to witness the play-acting, which, including some intervals to allow actors and audience to get their dinner, lasted for nine hours. The subject of the satire was the then condition of the Church and State, and it is recorded that after seeing a later performance at Linlithgow the King (James V.) sent for a number of the Bishops and the Chancellor and reprimanded them, threatening if they did not amend "their fashions and manners of living" to send "some of the proudest of them unto his uncle of England."

At Leuchars, in the northwest of Fife, is one of the best existing examples of a Norman parish church in Scotland. The choir and apse of the original building—the latter now surmounted by a modern

turret—remain, and to these has been added a modern church.

Magus Moor, the scene of the murder (May 3, 1679) of Archbishop Sharp, lies a few miles to the southwest of St. Andrews on the road to Ceres. A party, numbering twelve, of the most fanatical sect of the Covenanters had assembled in the neighborhood for the purpose of killing one Carmichael, who had made himself especially obnoxious to their people. Carmichael however eluded them, and just at the moment when, angered and disappointed at their failure, they were about to disperse, word was brought that the Archbishop, accompanied only by his daughter, was approaching. Surely a heaven-sent opportunity. Intercepting the carriage therefore they fired shot after shot into it, but none took effect. Here clearly was the intervention of the Evil One, but they would trust no more to balls and powder. Dragging the old man forth, they hacked and slashed at him with swords, doing their work so ill that the daughter was hurt, while the father was not finally dispatched for three-quarters of an hour from the moment of attack. A humming bee that flew out when they opened his snuff-box was pronounced to be his "familiar" and taken as conclusive proof of collusion with the devil. A lad who was with the party, but did not participate in the murder, was hanged on the spot four years later, together with five prisoners taken at Bothwell Brig, although they had no possible connection with

the crime. A pyramid now marks the place, with a Latin inscription, and near it is a stone to the memory of the Bothwell Brig Covenanters.

The traditional account of the founding of St. Andrews—hazy and confused as to dates and personages, and probably a compilation from two different legends—brings St. Regulus to the northeast coast of Scotland with certain relics of St. Andrew, and under orders—delivered by an angel—to found a church wherever his ship should be wrecked. This event happening near the present harbor of St. Andrews and the King of the Picts receiving him kindly, the church was forthwith founded, and St. Peter, hitherto the national saint, was deposed and St. Andrew put in his stead (731–747). Some time prior to the tenth century the place had become of sufficient importance for the primacy to be removed thither from Abernethy. "Why," asks Mr. Æneas Mackay, in his *History of Fife and Kinross*, "should a spot so barren and exposed have been selected for the Scottish Canterbury? Probably it was because it alone claimed, of all the churches of Scotland, the possession of the relics of an apostle, the brother of St. Peter. The name of St. Andrew, as the church multiplied and became more closely connected with Rome, was deemed more venerable than that of St. Columba or St. Serf, or any local Celtic saint."

The Culdee influence seems to have been particularly strong there, and survived in the face of the repressive measures of David I. and subsequent Kings,

lingering under other names down even to Reformation times.

From Cellach, Bishop of St. Andrews in the beginning of the tenth century, down to James Kennedy (1440–66) thirty-six Bishops held the See successively. Then Pope Sixtus IV. erected it into an Archbishopric, and up to the Reformation eight Archbishops, including James Beaton and his nephew, Cardinal Beaton, held the office; John Hamilton, executed at Stirling for treason, being the last. These Archbishops were persons of enormous influence and importance; they levied customs, coined money, controlled the affairs of two hundred and forty-five parishes, were included with the King in the oath of allegiance, and took precedence immediately after the royal family and ahead of every noble in the realm. There were three Tulchan Bishops[1] after the Reformation, and then Spottiswoode the historian, Sharp (whose death is described above), Burnet and Ross held the Archbishopric successively for thirty-two years. After the death of the last-named, in 1688, there came the Revolution, when the Episcopate was dissolved. Pres-

[1] "Tulchan Bishops" was a name contemptuously applied to those clergymen who, about the time of the Reformation, accepted Bishoprics in order to draw legally their revenues, which they handed over to lay patrons, reserving for themselves a mere pittance. The word "Tulchan" means the skin of a calf stuffed with straw, placed at milking-time beside a cow whose calf has died, to induce it to part with its milk, a custom once prevalent in Scotland and still existing in India and some other countries.

bytery was established as the National Church, and the Episcopal Church became merely a voluntary organization. St. Andrews was early hallowed by the blood of the Protestant martyrs. John Reseby, a follower of Wycliff, in 1408; Paul Crawar, a disciple of Huss and Jerome of Prague, in 1432, and Patrick Hamilton, the gifted and well-born Abbot of Fearn, who preached the doctrines of Luther, in 1527, were all burned alive there; and there, in 1546, George Wishart was executed in front of the Castle.

"When the fire was made ready, and the gallows, at the west part of the Castle of St. Andrews, near the Priory, my Lord Cardinal, dreading that Master George should have been taken away by his friends, commanded to bend all the ordnance of the Castle right against the place of execution and commanded all his gunners to stand beside their guns until such time as he was burned. They bound Master George's hands behind his back, and led him forth with their soldiers from the Castle to the place of their cruel and wicked execution. . . . Many faithful words said he in the meantime, taking no care of the cruel torments prepared for him. Last of all, the hangman, his tormentor, upon his knees, said: 'Sir, I pray you forgive me, for I am not guilty of your death;' to whom he answered: 'Come hither to me.' When he was come to him, he kissed his cheek and said: 'Lo! here is a token that I forgive thee. My heart, do thine office!' Then the trumpet sounding, he was put upon

the gibbet and hanged, and there burnt to powder. When the people beheld the great tormenting of that innocent, they might not withhold from piteous and complaining of the innocent lamb's slaughter."[1] This was on the 1st of March, 1546, and three months were not suffered to elapse before vengeance overtook the chief perpetrator, Cardinal Beaton. It is said that his plans to cut off all whom he had any reason to fear comprehended the seizure and probable murder, on Monday, the 31st of May, of Norman Leslie son of the Earl of Rothes, John Leslie his uncle, the Lairds of Grange—father and son, and a number of other Fifeshire gentlemen. But on the Saturday the intended victims took matters into their own hands. When the drawbridge was lowered, very early in the morning, to admit some workmen, they slipped in and got possession of the Castle.

"The Cardinal," says Knox, "wakened with the shouts, asked from his window, 'What means that noise?' It was answered that Norman Leslie had taken the Castle. Which understood, he ran to the postern; but perceiving the passage to be kept without, he returned quickly to his chamber, took his two-handed sword, and made his chamber-child cast kists and other impediments to the door. In the meantime came John Leslie unto it, and bid open.

"*The Cardinal*—'Who calls?'

"*Leslie*—'My name is Leslie.'

[1] *History of the Reformation*, John Knox.

"*The Cardinal*—'Is that Norman?'

"*Leslie*—'Nay, my name is John.'

"*The Cardinal*—'I will have Norman. He is my friend.'

"*Leslie*—'Content yourself with such as are here. Other shall ye get none.'

"There were with the said John, James Melvin, a man familiarly acquainted with Master George Wishart, and Peter Carmichael, a stout gentleman. In the meantime, while they force the door, the Cardinal hides a box of gold under coals that were laid in a secret corner. At length he asked, 'Will ye save my life?'

"*Leslie*—'It may be that we will.'

"*The Cardinal*—'Nay, swear unto me by God's wounds, and I shall open unto you.'

"*Leslie*—'It that was said is unsaid. Fire! fire!'

"The door was very stark; and so was brought a chymlay (*grate*) full of burning coals; which perceived, the Cardinal or his chamber-child—it is uncertain—opened the door, and the Cardinal sat down in a chair, and cried, 'I am a priest! I am a priest! Ye will not slay me!' John Leslie, according to his former vows, struck him first, once or twice, and so did the said Peter. But James Melvin, a man of nature most gentle and most modest, perceiving them both in choler, withdrew them and said, 'This judgement of God, although it be secret, ought to be done with greater gravity.'" Melvin then exhorted the Cardinal to repentance, stated the imper-

sonal motives that had led them to take the execution of justice into their own hands, and then "struck the Cardinal twice or thrice through with a stog (*stabbing*) sword; and he fell, never word heard out of his mouth but 'I am a priest! I am a priest! Fie, fie! All is gone!'"

The Cardinal's body, after being exhibited to the townspeople, was cast into the bottle-shaped dungeon beneath the Sea Tower, at the northwest corner of the Castle, where it lay unburied for some time.

The conspirators were reinforced by many persons from different parts of Scotland, who, for one reason or another, felt themselves to be in danger—an oddly-assorted company, among whom were John Knox and his three pupils. Fancy what would be the sensations of three school-boys of the twentieth century on finding that the exigencies of their education required them to be besieged for fourteen months in a coast fortress! The siege was conducted by land and sea—first by the half-hearted forces of the Queen Regent, but later by a French expedition under Leo Strozzi, Prior of Capua. This experienced soldier quickly discovered that the Castle was commanded from the towers of the Cathedral. On them he mounted cannon, and the Castle surrendered. Thus the champion of Popery was the first to begin the desecration of the grand Cathedral of St. Andrews. The Castle, which had suffered much damage in the siege, unfortunately fell into the hands of the Town Council

in the seventeenth century, and was pulled to pieces to furnish materials wherewith to rebuild the pier. It was about the time of the siege that Knox unwillingly consented to take upon himself the office of a preacher, and he delivered his first sermon in Holy Trinity Church.[1] With the other defenders of the Castle, Knox was made prisoner, and for nineteen months served the French as a galley-slave. On one occasion, in 1548, while his galley lay near St. Andrews, his companion pointed out the town to Knox, who was exceedingly ill. He raised himself up and said, "I know it well, for I see the stepill of that place whare God first in publict opened my mouth to his glorie, and I am fully persuaded, how weak that ever I now appear, that I shall not departe this lyif till that my toung shall glorifie his godlie name in the same place."

He was liberated the following year, at the intercession of Edward VI., but it was not until eleven years later that he again visited St. Andrews and fulfilled his prophecy.

This was on June 2, 1559, when Knox preached in

[1] In this building, now called The Town Church (Presbyterian), is the monument to Archbishop Sharp, put up by his son, Sir William Sharp. An angel is represented in the act of giving him the crown of martyrdom, and in two bas reliefs he is seen, in the one supporting by his own efforts a falling church, in the other in the hands of his murderers. When the vault was opened, about fifty years ago, it was found that the body had been removed, when, why or by whom is not known.

Entrance to St. Andrew's Palace

Holy Trinity Church the first of that series of fiery sermons against idolatry that roused the entire nation. The people of St. Andrews rushed to the Cathedral and tore down the images. That they further damaged the building at that time is not recorded, and moreover is not probable; John Knox was always opposed to the destruction of churches. There is indeed great doubt as to when the Cathedral was destroyed, and it is most likely that after the damage begun by Strozzi, and continued by the Protestant mob, the disused church fell into disrepair; the usual sequence followed: the ancient building was now used as a quarry by the inhabitants, and thus shared the fate of many another noble building in Scotland.

Distressingly little is left now to show what the ecclesiastical buildings of St. Andrews once were. The Cathedral was begun in the middle of the twelfth century, and was about one hundred and fifteen years in building. All that remains is the wall at the east end and a part of the west end wall, besides some portions of the south wall of the nave and of the south transept. Near the east end is the small church of St. Regulus, with its astonishingly high tower, identified as that "basilica" put up by Bishop Robert in the first half of the twelfth century, and which served no doubt for the Cathedral Church before the later magnificent structure was erected. Robert Chambers, the author and publisher, lies buried within its walls.

Beyond the Cathedral wall on the northeast are the foundations, discovered in 1860, of the little Church of St. Mary on the Kirk Heugh.

Of Bishop Robert's splendid Priory, founded in 1144, only some scattered and fragmentary portions remain. The entire precincts, including an area of twenty acres, were surrounded by Prior Hepburn in the sixteenth century with a stately wall, and of this a considerable section is still standing. But for the rest, parts of the Chapter House, of the Prior's House (the Old Inn), of the Cloister and the Abbey Mill and Tiend Barn—still in use, on the southwest—are all that remain. The beautiful arched entrance gateway called the Pends stands on the right as one faces the west end of the Cathedral, and just opposite the latter is the Archdeacon's manse.

St. Andrews, the most venerable of Scottish Universities, began with the founding of St. Mary's College in 1412 by Bishop Wardlaw. The next in point of age comes St. Salvator College, founded by Bishop Kennedy in 1456, then St. Leonards, founded in 1512 by Prior Hepburn, and finally the college dedicated by Archbishop James Beaton to the Virgin Mary some fifteen or twenty years later.

To-day there are but two corporations, the United College of St. Salvator and St. Leonard, and St. Mary's College, the latter for instruction in theology solely. The only surviving ancient building belonging to the former is the Collegiate Church of St. Sal-

vator adjoining the modern buildings of the United College on the north side of North Street. It is known as "the College Kirk" and is used both as a parish church and for the official services of the university. Within is the tomb of Bishop Kennedy, which, though injured by the fall of the stone roof some time in the eighteenth century, is still very imposing. An old tradition of the finding of six silver maces in this tomb in 1683, "of which three were presented to the other Scottish universities," has been lately exploded, and the maces of Glasgow, Aberdeen and Edinburgh shown to have been made expressly for those universities and at different periods. There is a fragment of the Church of St. Leonard's College still standing; and in the grounds of Madras College—a boys' school on South Street—is all that remains of the sixteenth century Church of the Blackfriars, ruined by a mob at the time of the Reformation.

St. Mary's College is on South Street where the Pedagogy—residence of the masters—once stood. On the right as one enters the quadrangle is the library and beyond it the residence and charming gardens of the principal, and there is seen the gnarled and ancient thorn tree known as Queen Mary's Thorn. The students of St. Mary's wear no gowns, but those of the United College present a highly picturesque appearance in gowns of red baize having velvet collars. Since 1892 women have been admitted to the classes

in arts, science and medicine and they, like the male students, wear the university garb.

That which St. Andrews is perhaps now best known for over the entire world is its golf links. It is the headquarters of the game, the Mecca of all golfers. Here the game has been played from very early times, and so popular was it that it had to be prohibited by statute in the reign of James II. (1457) and again by James III. (1471), as its playing seriously interfered with the more useful practice of "shutting and archery," while in Reformation times (1599) the kirk session of St. Andrews was obliged to post sentries on the links to drive off its own members, who were playing "the goufe" when they should have been attending to the service of the kirk.

These ancient links are sandy dunes broken by bunkers and bent hills and covered with a growth of coarse vegetation.

They were acquired in 1894 by the city and have contributed more than anything else towards the present prosperity of St. Andrews. There are nine holes out and nine in, the whole round being about three and three-quarter miles. The average number of strokes for good players is from seventy-six to ninety.

So crowded have these famous links become in modern times that a new course nearer to the sea has lately been opened, which bids fair to become as popular as the older historical one.

Of the very many other interesting places in and

about Fifeshire a few only can be mentioned and those in the briefest fashion. There is Crail on the southeast coast, with its twelfth century traditions of a flourishing trade with the Netherlands, and its later memories of John Knox preaching a sermon against idolatry in the ancient Collegiate Church (June 9, 1559) that had aroused great enthusiasm at Perth. And there is the little Isle of May, off the same coast, with a thirteenth century chapel to St. Adrian —still standing in ruins—possessing an impossible legend which involves that saint, the Irish St. Monans, and six thousand Hungarians in a ninth century massacre by the Danes. A monastery founded on the island by David I. was later superseded by one at Pittenweem, whose ruins are still standing. This little town has two sources of notoriety—the quite unbelievable cruelty practiced by the authorities on a poor wretch accused in 1705 of witchcraft (the magistrates were held accountable one is thankful to learn) and the robbery here from a customs official in 1736 by Wilson and Robertson, which led eventually to the Edinburgh Porteous Riot.

At St. Monans, a mile or so down the coast, were interred the relics of the Irish saint of that name in the ninth century. When David II. arrived there, suffering from an arrow that the surgeons had failed to extract after the battle of Nevill's Cross, he performed his devotions before the tomb and the arrow instantly fell out. In gratitude he built the church.

It was destroyed by the English in 1544, but is now restored and serves as the parish church.

Balcarres, a little north of Kilconquhar Loch, was the birthplace (1750) of Anne, eldest daughter of James Lindsay, fifth Earl of Balcarres, the authoress of "Auld Robin Gray." Lady Anne wrote the poem in her girlhood, but did not acknowledge it until fifty-two years later, when the oft-quoted letter to Sir Walter Scott was drawn out by his allusion to the ballad in the *Pirate*. In this letter she tells of how, as a diversion, she set herself to provide words for a favorite melody, disliking the coarseness of those to which it was commonly sung. While thus employed one day she called out to her little sister (later Lady Hardwicke), "I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea and broken her father's arm, and made her mother fall sick and given her Auld Robin Gray (the old Balcarres 'herd') for a lover, but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines—poor thing! Help me to one! 'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me and the song completed."

David Hume's intimacy with the Balcarres household and Sir Walter Scott's recollections of Lady Anne's (then Lady Anne Barnard) residence in Hyndford's Close in Edinburgh were alluded to at the end of Chapter II.

CHAPTER XIV.

FORFAR OR ANGUS; KINCARDINE OR THE MEARNS; ABERDEEN.

Leaving Fife by way of the railway, the crossing of the River Tay into Forfarshire or Angus is by the famous bridge, two miles long, which was the scene of an appalling disaster on December 28, 1879. It was the most terrible storm of the century, and it was a pitchy dark night. At a few minutes after seven o'clock a train carrying seventy passengers left the Fife side and was never seen again. Not a single human being survived to tell the tale of the catastrophe. When daylight came a great gap in the middle showed that the bridge had been totally wrecked.

A new bridge on a greatly stronger scale and much lower in height was shortly erected near the site of the old one, and from the windows of the railway carriages travellers can still see portions of the wreck.

At the northern end of the Tay bridge is Dundee, the principal town of Forfarshire and the third city of Scotland, with a population of 160,000.

Down to the time of King Robert Bruce it was the chief seaport and most important town in the kingdom. Tradition says that here Malcolm Ceanmor

erected a palace for his Queen Margaret, and that here King Edgar died in 1106. It was at Dundee that David, Earl of Huntingdon, brother of King William the Lion, landed on his return from the Crusades.[1] Edward I. was in Dundee in 1296 and in 1303. Wallace was at school here, and his earliest exploit against the English was the killing of the son of the Governor; and it was here that the great Council of the Clergy acknowledged Bruce as King in 1309. The town was constantly taken and retaken in the War of Independence.

George Wishart, the Reformer, preached in Dundee, which was ever after a stronghold of the Reformers, though it loyally welcomed Queen Mary when she visited it. It was harried by Montrose in 1645, lived in by Charles II. in 1651 and besieged and taken by Monk in the same year, with great slaughter of the garrison and inhabitants. During the Jacobite rising of 1715 it was held for the Chevalier de St. George, and for Prince Charlie for five months in 1745–'46.

The town once contained nineteen ancient churches, a Greyfriars, a Blackfriars, and a Redfriars Monastery, and a Franciscan Nunnery.

Of all these historical buildings little remains. The earliest building is the church, said traditionally to have been erected by the Earl of Huntingdon (1189), in

[1] This prince is the original of the Knight of the Leopard, Sir Kenneth of Scotland, in Scott's novel, *The Talisman*.

gratitude for preservation from shipwreck. The west tower, commonly called St. Mary's Tower or the Old Steeple, was built in the middle of the fifteenth century. It forms a striking and conspicuous feature in all views of the town, being in fact one of the most remarkable pieces of architecture in Scotland.

No other ancient building has survived the repeated sieges and sackings and burnings of Dundee. It is even doubtful if the Cowgate Port, whose inscription states that Wishart preached there during the plague in 1545, was in existence at that time.

To the outer world the historical memories of the place have been all but lost, and Dundee is thought of but as the city of marmalade. Still that admirable confection is but a very small part in the city's prosperity. Dundee is a great textile centre, the seat of the manufacture of jute, and until lately it was in Dundee that the sails for the British navy and for a large proportion of the United States navy were made. It is a great seaport and the headquarters in Great Britain of the whale and seal-fishing industries. Lately it has become a University City, whose College, affiliated with the ancient University of St. Andrews, is fully equipped as a school of science and medicine.

Three miles to the north of Dundee are the lands of Claverhouse, once the property of the arch enemy of the Covenanters. Of the original mansion of the Grahams not a single trace remains, but on the supposed site of the ancient house a quasi-Gothic, castel-

lated erection was built in 1850, as a monument to the memory of John Graham of Claverhouse.

Near the town of Forfar is Glamis Castle, of very ancient origin, and possessing a classic interest as the scene of the murder of King Duncan in "Macbeth." Tradition has it that Malcolm II., Duncan's (and Macbeth's) grandfather, was murdered at Glamis, where in fact he did die in 1034, though from natural causes.

Glamis is the seat of the Earl of Strathmore, a descendant of one John Lyon, to whom Robert II. granted it in 1372.

The Castle has been many times remodeled, and in its present aspect resembles the great seventeenth century chateaux of France. In the centre rises a lofty square tower, from which extend three great wings—an arrangement that isolates the various suites of apartments. Scott describes a night passed by him at Glamis in his youth. "I was conducted to my apartment in a distant corner of the building, and I must own that, as I heard door after door shut, after my conductor had retired, I began to consider myself too far from the living, and somewhat too near the dead. We had passed through the 'King's Room' . . . said by tradition to be the spot of Malcolm's murder. . . . In spite of the truth of history, the whole night scene in Macbeth's Castle rushed at once upon my mind, and struck my imagination more forcibly than even when I have seen its terrors

Glamis Castle

D Small

represented by the late John Kemble and his inimitable sister."

The sixth Lord Glamis married the unfortunate Janet Douglas, sister of the sixth Earl of Angus, who was banished in the reign of James V. This lady was unjustly accused of conspiring to poison the King, was convicted by an assize in Edinburgh and was burned on the Castle Hill in 1537. Her second husband, Archibald Campbell, son of the second Earl of Argyll, perished when trying to escape from Edinburgh Castle. Her two sons were kept in prison until the death of the King, and an old priest, a relative of the family, who was accused of being concerned in the so-called conspiracy, was also executed.

A singular custom once prevailed in the family of the Earls of Strathmore. There was at Glamis Castle a secret chamber, the entrance to which was never known to more than three persons at one time—the Earl, his heir apparent and one other selected by them. What occurred in this secret chamber was never divulged, but upon the Glamis mystery Mrs. Oliphant founded her very striking tale, *The Wizard's Son.*

A massive silver beaker, shaped like a lion, in allusion to the family name and holding about a pint, is preserved at Glamis. The guest to whom this cup is handed is expected to drain it to the Earl's health. In a note to *Waverley,* Scott says: "The author ought perhaps to be ashamed of recording that he has had the honor of swallowing the contents of the Lion, and

the recollection of the feat served to suggest the story of the 'Bear of Bradwardine.'"

At Arbroath, formerly Aberbrothwick (the Fairport of *The Antiquary*), are the imposing remains of William the Lion's great Abbey, built between 1176 and 1233. The King began it soon after his release from Falaise, in Normandy, where the English had kept him prisoner after the defeat at Alnwick. He dedicated his new foundation in 1178 to SS. Mary and Thomas à Becket—the latter having been murdered eight years before and canonized in 1173; and on his own death, thirty-six years later, he was buried there before the high altar. To the abbot of his new foundation William assigned the custody of the holy banner of St. Colomba—the Brecbennach—with a grant of certain lands for its maintenance.

When in 1815 the Barons of the Exchequer took the Abbey buildings in charge and made an effort to stop the progress of dilapidation that had set in, the hewn freestone tomb of the founder was discovered. Owing to the nature of the dark red sandstone used in the building, its carvings and mouldings have well nigh disappeared, and it has suffered cruelly moreover at the hands of the English, of the Reformers, of thieves, and of the elements. All three of the Beatons, as well as Gavin Douglas, were at one time or another Abbots of Arbroath, a title forever immortalized in the ballad of the "Inchcape Rock." This rock, or reef, lies in the German Ocean, about twelve

miles off the coast. It was formerly called the Scape, or the Inchcape, but an old tradition concerning a bell-buoy having been popularized by Southey's ballad, it is now commonly known as the Bell Rock. The poem tells how the pious Abbot of Aberbrothwick had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock as a warning to mariners, but wicked Sir Ralph the Rover, to "plague the priest of Aberbrothwick," cut it loose, and when judgment overtook him later and he was himself wrecked on the selfsame reef—owing to the absence of the warning bell, as his ship went down he kept hearing "an awful dismal sound . . . as if below, with the Inchcape bell, the devil rang his funeral knell."

Between Arbroath and Lunan Bay are a number of places made familiar by *The Antiquary*—Auchmithie, the "Mussel Crag" of the novel, and the sheer cliffs of Red Head, where Sir Arthur Wardour and his daughter had their perilous adventure.

Ethie House, the seat of the Carnegies, Earls of Northesk, was a favorite abode of Cardinal Beaton. Nay, according to some, it still is; for "at a certain hour of the night, a sound is heard resembling the tramp of a foot, which is believed to be the Cardinal's, and it is popularly called his *leg* walking very deliberately up and down the original stone stair, which still connects the ground-flat with the second story of the house." [1]

[1] *History of the Carnegies.*

Montrose, a prosperous town on the coast, is a very ancient seaport. It was from here that the Good Sir James Douglas set out on his last mission with the heart of Robert Bruce. It was from Montrose too that the Chevalier de St. George and Lord Mar sneaked away to France after the failure of 1715.

Their intention had been kept absolutely secret, and at the very moment when the two were noiselessly passing out by the garden at the back, to embark on a ship that lay awaiting them, a guard was drawn up in front of the house where the Pretender was lodged, to escort him forward on the march with the army.

Montrose was captured by the Jacobite army in 1745, and was held for Prince Charlie from July to the following February. It was here that Lord John Drummond landed in October with a small reinforcement of French auxiliaries, chiefly Scotsmen and Irish in the French service. At Montrose the Jacobites had their only naval success: they captured the sloop Hazard, of sixteen guns and eighty men, in the Montrose basin. The vessel was subsequently lost at Tongue in Sutherland.

After the retreat of the Jacobites in 1746 Montrose was occupied by a Government garrison; yet in spite of this, on the Chevalier's birthday, June 10, the Jacobite ladies showed themselves dressed gaily in white, and the boys lit bonfires in honor of the day. The humane commandant took no notice, but the savage Duke of Cumberland, hearing of his leniency,

had him cashiered from the army, and he caused some of the children to be publicly whipped, among others, it is said, Thomas Coutts, afterwards the great London banker, the grandfather of the present Lady Burdett-Coutts.

There are two ecclesiastical memories of Montrose not without interest. George Wishart, the Reforming martyr, preached and taught there, and there James VI. attended the General Assembly of 1600 and tried unsuccessfully to force Episcopacy on the Kirk of Scotland. He was strenuously resisted by Andrew Melville, the principal of St. Andrew's University; and when the offended monarch remonstrated with him in private, the stout-hearted Presbyterian boldly replied: "Sir, take you this head and gar (make) cut it off gif ye will; ye shall sooner get it, or I betray the cause of Christ."

Dr. Johnson, who did not love Presbyterians, visited Montrose in 1773 and attended the Episcopal Church there, "clean to a degree unknown in any other part of Scotland." He was delighted and gave a shilling to the clerk, saying: "He belongs to an honest church." Boswell reminded him that Episcopals were but Dissenters here and existed only on toleration. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "we are here as Christians in Turkey."

To the west of the Basin of Montrose, in the parish of Maryton, is Old Montrose, the seat of the Grahams Earls of Montrose, of which a mere corner remains.

Here in 1612 the great Marquis was born. The career of this Cavalier leader is a strange historical paradox: "The victorious Covenanting leader of the Bridge of Dee is the champion of the King unto death; the friend of Archbishop Spottiswoode is a ruling elder in the Glasgow Assembly which excommunicates him." Young Montrose was a diligent student at St. Andrews, and afterwards went to travel abroad, returning in 1637 in the very thick of the troubles about Laud's service book. He at once enthusiastically embraced the Presbyterian cause, and was one of the four noblemen who drew up the National Covenant. He was given command of a Covenanting force, sent to Aberdeen, and on three different occasions in 1638–39 he overran it. On the second occasion he had to retreat before the Gordons under Lord Aboyne, King Charles' lieutenant, but having defeated them near Stonehaven, and four days later at Bridge of Dee, he once more had possession of Aberdeen in the Covenanting interest. To the surprise of the Episcopalian inhabitants he contented himself chiefly with reproaches and did little damage. In the same year he was sent as an envoy to Charles I. at Berwick, where he was rather coldly received by the King, yet it was from the time of this interview that his opponents dated his apostacy from the Covenanting cause. He always denied apostacy, maintaining that he adhered to the "National" Covenant, a loyal document; but he would have nothing to do

with the "Solemn League and Covenant" which superseded it.

In 1640 he was still with the Covenanting army and personally led it into England, himself being the first to cross the Tweed. In 1641 he was discovered to be secretly in communication with the King, and was arraigned and imprisoned for "corresponding with the enemy." He retorted that no loyal Covenanter could call the King his enemy, and he was released with a caution. In 1642 the Covenanters offered to make him lieutenant-general of their army, but he declined, by this time apparently disgusted with them and particularly with their leader, the Marquis of Argyll.

Many writers have tried to account for Montrose's change, but the simplest reason is with little doubt also the real one, and is as old as chivalry itself. Montrose's nature was essentially chivalrous. When he saw his church and his country assailed by the whole might of the English Court and the English Archbishop, he rushed enthusiastically to their support. When in the course of events the tables turned and the King and Queen were bested by the victorious Covenanters, he rallied to the weaker side and fought for it to the end.

Montrose went to England in 1642; the following February he met Queen Henrietta Maria at York and from that time he became a zealous Cavalier. It is thought that with the Queen he concocted his great

scheme of raising a Highland army in the King's interests. In 1644 he left Oxford in the disguise of a groom and penetrated to Blair Atholl.[1] There he raised the western clans against the Covenanters and their chief Argyll, and was joined by a body of Irish under Macdonald, better known by his nickname Colkitto, and then began his brilliant campaign. On September 1 he gained a victory over Lord Elcho at Tippermuir, near Perth. The same month he beat Lord Burleigh at Aberdeen and gave over the town, which he himself had coerced into the Covenant, to four days' pillage. Threatened by a superior force under Argyll, he retreated to the wilds of Badenoch in Inverness-shire. After several incursions into Moray and Aberdeenshire he made a winter campaign in the Highlands. He defeated Argyll at Inverlochy in February. Then came more marches. He seized and pillaged Dundee in April. In May he defeated General Hurry at Auldearn, near Nairn. In July he beat the Covenanter commander-in-chief Baillie (of the Lamington family) at Alford in Aberdeenshire. In August he defeated the same general in a great battle at Kilsyth, in which 6000 Covenanters were killed. Scotland then seemed at his feet, but his Highland army melted away to take their booty to their homes. Keeping his Lowlanders together, he went to the Borders, where in September, 1645, he was surprised at

[1] This is the incident referred to in the opening chapters of Scott's novel *A Legend of Montrose.*

Philiphaugh by General David Leslie, a veteran of Gustavus Adolphus, and was completely defeated and his army dispersed. For a time he went about Scotland endeavoring to raise a new army, but with little success, and he was obliged to leave the country in September, 1646. He sailed to Norway, and for some years he wandered about the Continent in Norway, France, Germany and Holland. Montrose was at Brussels when the news of the execution of Charles I. (January, 1649) reached him, and hearing of it he swooned away. On recovering he "swore before God, angels and men to dedicate the remainder of his life to the avenging the death of the martyr."

In a poem written at this time he declares in his closing lines:

> "I'll sing thy obsequies with trumpet sounds,
> And write thy epitaph with blood and wounds."

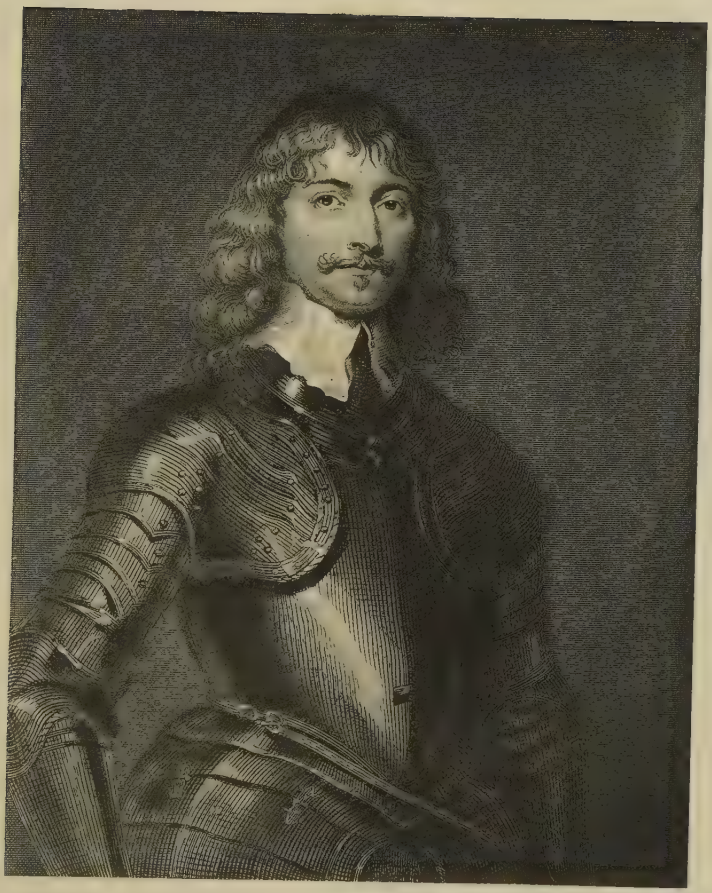
In 1650 he gathered a small force at Gottenburgh to invade Scotland and landed in Orkney, but a great part of his little army was shipwrecked crossing from Sweden. Nobody would join him, and in April, 1650, he was completely defeated at Carbisdale, near Invercharron, in Ross-shire. Montrose fled to Sutherland, where he was captured and handed over to the Covenanters by a Highland chieftain, Macleod of Assynt. He was removed to Edinburgh, and there tried, condemned and executed on May 21, 1650. This great Cavalier was not only a soldier,

but he was also a poet of no mean order. One of his lyrics, beginning, "My dear and only love, I pray," has become almost a classic. The best-known lines are:

"He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all."

Continuing up the coast, the ruined, but once impregnable Castle of Dunnottar stands on an enormous mass of rock, rising precipitously from the sea, about a mile and a half below Stonehaven. This rock is almost surrounded by water, the only approach to the Castle being by a narrow path which leads down the steep shore, around the foot of the rock, and then by steps up to the only gateway; and this approach is commanded by two outworks. Such was the nature of the spot selected by the Scots Estates and Privy Council during the Cromwell invasion in June, 1650, to be the repository of the "Honors of Scotland," *i. e.*, the "Regalia," consisting of the crown, sword and sceptre. Dunnottar was the property of the Earls Marischal (hereditary keepers of the Regalia during the sittings of Parliament), but the head of the house, after concealing the precious charge, and provisioning and garrisoning the Castle, joined the Royal forces, leaving George Ogilvie of Barras in command. On August 28 the Earl was made prisoner by the English, but contrived to send a message, and the key to the hiding-place (which he kept

Marquis of Montrose



always about him) to his mother. The Dowager Countess at once repaired to Dunnottar, but had hardly more than arrived when the English, under Lambert, laid siege to the Castle. John Keith, the Earl's brother, succeeded in slipping through the English lines in September with an appeal from the commander that the place might be relieved from the sea. This was not done, and when the provisions began to fail and indications of disaffection to appear among the garrison it was thought high time to take steps for the further safety of the Honors. Mrs. Ogilvie then hit upon a plan by which the wife of Mr. Grainger, minister of Kinneff, having obtained permission from the English commander for herself and her maid to pay a visit to her friends in the Castle, successfully carried the Honors off. Mrs. Grainger, who had the crown in her lap, was considerably embarrassed by the gallantry of the English officer, who would not only assist her to mount her horse, but himself saw her safely through the lines.[1] Behind came the maid, with the sword and the sceptre wrapped about with some flax she was carrying home from Stonehaven, in such a fashion as to resemble a sort of distaff. On reaching the manse the Honors were first hidden in the bottom of a bed, and then under the flag flooring of the church.[2]

[1] This part of the story is only traditional.

[2] Kinneff Church is eight miles south of Stonehaven. The place where the Honors were hidden is still shown.

The Dowager Countess Marischal had given the key to Ogilvie, with injunctions to remove the Honors, but neither she nor he knew at the time the secret of their new hiding-place. It was only when, some fifteen months later, Mrs. Ogilvie found herself dying that she told her husband the secret.

On the 24th of May the Castle was surrendered, of necessity, but on honorable terms, and great was the chagrin of the English to find the Honors gone. Every possible step was taken to discover their whereabouts, but the Dowager Countess stoutly declared that her son, John Keith, had carried them to France and delivered them to the King; and he obtained a fictitious receipt from Middleton to that effect. Nevertheless the Ogilvies were put in prison, and the search continued for some time. At last, with the Restoration, came the hour when the Honors, after their eight years' burial, should have been brought forth in triumph. But unfortunately the persons who had kept the secret so faithfully now fell a-quarreling as to which among them deserved the greatest amount of credit and reward; while Mr. Grainger refused to give them up to any one but Ogilvie, from whom he had received them. At last they were delivered to the Earl Marischal, and the King conferred rewards on all concerned—to Mrs. Grainger two thousand marks Scots; to Ogilvie a baronetcy and an addition to his arms; while John Keith, who really seems to have done nothing at all, was made Knight

Marischal of Scotland, with a pension of four hundred pounds, and later was further made Earl of Kintore. When Ogilvie reopened the quarrel in 1701 he got nothing but fines and imprisonment.

The cellar in Dunnottar Castle called the Whigs' Vault is where one hundred and seventy-six Covenanters, both men and women, taken in the year 1685 in the West, were confined for three months. Nine of them having died, a party of twenty-five determined to try to escape. The attempt ended miserably, for in the perilous passage from the window along the edge of the precipice two were killed, while the others, being retaken, only had their sufferings augmented by the increased severity of the jailers.

Aberdeen, the "Granite City," one of the most beautiful towns in Scotland, lies between the mouths of the rivers Don and Dee. It is entirely built of white-grey granite mixed with mica, which in sunshine makes it glitter like a city of fairy-land, but in dull weather has a cold, grey, chilling effect. This general use of granite for building purposes gives the town a look of great solidity; it appears to defy the possible action of time, while its color lends to even the ancient buildings an air of newness and cleanliness different from anything else in Scotland.

The same solidity seems to extend to the inhabitants, who are proverbial for energy and hard level-headedness. Their pronunciation differs from that of any other part of the country and is unintelligible

even to Scotsmen of the South. One main feature of this is their rendering of the sound of the long o and oo, which by natives of Aberdeen is pronounced as if spelt ee, and thus "Aberdeen" (that is, "at the mouth of the Don") came at a very early period to be spelled, as it had always been pronounced, "Aberdeen." In adjectival form, however, the old spelling has been preserved—the inhabitant of Aberdeen is an "Aberdonian." Old Aberdeen, the seat of the ancient bishopric and the university, is on the south bank of the Don, about a mile and a half beyond the newer city, of which it is now practically a suburb. Aberdeen proper or, as it is often called, "New Aberdeen," is the prosperous town that has grown up on the northern bank of the Dee, on a site where a former town was burned down by the English under Edward III. in 1336.

In the sixteenth century Aberdeen was a sort of capital in the northeast, a centre of operations for the all-powerful Earls of Huntly, the heads of the Gordons, whose chief seat, Huntly Castle, may still be seen, ruined but majestic, at Strathbogie in the northeast of Aberdeenshire. It was furnished with a splendor that threw even the royal palaces into the shade.

In the early part of Queen Mary's reign the great and growing power of the Gordons had reached a point that was felt to be a menace to the safety of the State, and a royal progress through the North was determined on.

In August, 1562, Mary, accompanied by her half-brother, the Earl of Moray, proceeded in state to the North, with the evident though unavowed object of crushing the Gordons. The first openly hostile act the royal party met with was the refusal of the (royal) Castle of Inverness, of which Huntly was the custodian, to open its gates. It was accordingly laid siege to and taken. Then followed a skirmish at Corrichie, about eighteen miles west of Aberdeen. The Gordons were defeated and the Earl, while leaving the field, fell from his horse and was suffocated by the weight of his armor. Trivial as this affair seems to read of, the result was nothing less than the downfall of the house of Gordon and the break-up of their vast power in the North. The Earl's body was taken to Edinburgh that the sentence of forfeiture[1] might be duly pronounced, while the Queen and Moray proceeded to Aberdeen. Here they were loyally received and treated to a succession of plays and spectacles. Among the latter was the public execution of Sir John Gordon, a younger son of the Earl of Huntly, who was convicted of treason. He was madly in love with the Queen, who is said to have liked him well enough, but who nevertheless attended his execution in person.

In the following century Aberdeen was a Cavalier

[1] It will be remembered that the Kirk-of-fields House was partly furnished with articles taken from Strathbogie after the battle of Corrichie.

stronghold and not in sympathy with the Covenant. Montrose in his Covenanting days thrice made descents upon the place, endeavoring to compel the people to submit, his ensign then bearing the words "For Religion, the Covenant and the Country."

It was on one of these occasions that the two parties, Royalists and Presbyterians, adopted distinguishing party colors. John Spalding, the contemporary annalist of Aberdeen, records that "few or none of the haill army wanted (were without) ane blew ribbin hung about his craig (neck), down under his left arme, which they called the 'Covenanters' Ribbin.' But the Lord Gordon (second Marquis of Huntly) . . . had ane ribbin when he was dwelling in the toun of ane reid flesh cullor, which they wore in their hatts, and called it the 'Royall Ribbin,' as a sign of their love and loyaltie to the King."

This wearing of party colors was the cause of the slaughter of a multitude of innocent victims in Montrose's second incursion, a slaughter long remembered in the district. The Cavalier damsels in sheer derision decorated every dog that could be found with the blue ribbon of the Covenant. The dogs after their manner congregated in the streets to yelp at the invaders. The army could not brook the insult and every dog was executed.

By 1644 Aberdeen had yielded and subscribed to the Covenant, but now again comes Montrose, this time on the Royal side, and, after meeting and scat-

tering the townsmen a little to the westward, he let loose his followers on the devoted town. One account says of the slaughter that followed: "These cruel Irishes (*i. e.*, Colkitto's men), seeing a man well clad, would first tyr (strip) him and save the clothes unspoiled, then kill the man."

The Gordons, who uniformly supported the Royal side throughout all the troubles of the civil wars, had been prominent in national affairs since the twelfth century. The name "Gay Gordons" was early applied to them and constantly occurs in the ballads, as when Lady Jean is informed in the ballad of "Glenlogie": "He is of the Gay Gordons; his name it is John." Originally the Gordons were a Border family, holding lands in the Merse of Berwickshire, but, having borne an honorable part in the War of Independence, the forfeited lands of the Duke of Atholl were granted to Sir John de Gordon by Robert II. in 1376 and the family removed to the Highlands, where their domain was called Huntly, the name under which they were later ennobled.

A son of the Earl of Huntly, Sir Adam of Auchindoun, was eventually pardoned by the Queen and lived to become one of her most valiant supporters, while his second daughter was the Lady Jean Gordon, whose marriage to Bothwell was first so warmly advocated by Mary, and later annulled through her influence in order that she might marry him herself.

The ballad of "Edom o' Gordon" records the

savage setting fire to the Castle of Towie, on the Don, by Captain Car, commanding some of Gordon of Auchindoun's men. In the civil conflicts waged after the assassination of the Regent Moray, Aberdeenshire was the scene of many encounters between the Gordons, supporters of the Queen and the Forbeses, who stood for the Reformers. In November 1571, Captain Car, or Ker, appeared before Towie, and in the absence of the laird, Alexander Forbes, called upon his lady to surrender the Castle, "which was obstinately refused by the lady, and she burst forth with certain injurious words;" whereupon the place was fired and twenty-seven persons, including women and children, were burned to death.

"Oh, was na it a pitie o yon bonnie Castell,
That was biggit wi stane and lime!
But far mair pity o Lady Ann Campbell,
That was brunt wi her bairns nine."

A grandson of the Cock o' the North[1] was created first Marquis of Huntly, and he it was who killed the

[1] The origin of the nickname "Cock o' the North" for the Earls of Huntly is uncertain, but it is generally ascribed to a French nobleman in the train of Queen Mary during her visit to Aberdeenshire in 1562. He is said to have suggested to the Scottish sovereign that Huntly's power was too dangerous in a subject, and that "this Cock o' the North should have his wings clipped." The name has ever since been applied to the head of the Gordons. A march bearing the name is one of the best known of bagpipe airs, and is the regimental quickstep of the distinguished regiment of Gordon Highlanders.

Bonny Earl of Moray at Donibristle. His son, after loyally serving King Charles I. and holding out steadily against the Covenant, was excepted from pardon in 1647, and Middleton and Leslie were sent to the North with a strong force to capture him. After a long and weary chase through the Highland fastnesses, in the course of which the Gordon Castles in Aberdeenshire were demolished and the garrisons either made prisoners or executed on the spot, the chief was at length taken one December night in the hilly region of Strathdon, in the west of Aberdeenshire. When the Gordons rose, on hearing this news, Huntly sent word to them to lay down their arms, declaring that fatigue and grief had so exhausted him that he was no longer able to support the life of a fugitive in caves and on mountain wilds. On the 22d of the following March he was beheaded at the Cross of Edinburgh. His grandson, the fourth Marquis of Huntly, was made Duke of Gordon by Charles II. and was Governor of Edinburgh Castle (1689) when Dundee held his famous interview with him at the west postern, before going North to raise the clans.

His son Alexander does not appear to have suffered for the active part he took in the '15, and when after his death his widow, who was a daughter of the celebrated Earl of Peterborough, proceeded to educate their eleven children as Protestants, the country was so gratified that a pension was settled upon her by Government. This was withdrawn however in con-

sequence of her causing a breakfast to be prepared for Prince Charlie at the gates of Preston Hall, her house in Midlothian, when the Prince was marching by on his way to the South. Truly a costly meal, since it meant the loss to her of £1000 a year. Only one of her sons, Lewis Gordon, joined the Prince; he died in France a few years later. One of her grandsons was the mad Lord George Gordon, of the London "No-Popery" riots of 1780, described by Dickens in *Barnaby Rudge.*

The fourth Duke of Gordon married the fascinating and brilliant Lady Jean Maxwell, of whom Robert Chambers relates that she was once seen riding a sow up the High Street of Edinburgh, while her sister beat the animal with a stick to make it go. When her son, the last Duke of the male line, raised the Gordon Highlanders (the Ninety-second) in 1794 the Duchess lent him serviceable aid, it is said, by holding the shilling between her pretty lips.

To return to Aberdeen. The fine seventeenth-century cross in the Market Place was designed and constructed by a native of the county. In its twelve compartments are portraits of the Stewart kings, and the royal and burgh arms.

Marischal College, which is entered from Broad Street through an archway, was founded as a University by George Keith, fifth Earl Marischal, in 1593, and occupies the site of a former Franciscan Friary. It was entirely rebuilt, in the usual beau-

tiful granite of the district, between 1836 and 1841. At the present moment the buildings are being greatly added to through the munificence of former graduates.

Down to the year 1860 Marischal College was a complete University, but in that year it was incorporated, along with the older King's College of Old Aberdeen, into the single University of Aberdeen, of which Marischal College is now the home of the medical, scientific and legal faculties.

Number 64 Broad Street is the house where Byron lived in his boyhood with his mother. She was Catherine Gordon, the sole direct descendant of the Gordons of Gight, who sprang from Jane, a daughter of James I., and William Gordon, a younger son of the second Earl of Huntly. Her estates having been seized by the creditors of her husband, Captain John Byron, the ancient Castle of Gight on the Ythan, in North Aberdeenshire, was sold in 1787 to Lord Aberdeen, after being in the Gordon family for over three hundred years.

It is alleged that when this Byron marriage took place the herons, which from time immemorial had occupied a large tree near Gight, migrated in a body, thus fulfilling an ancient prophecy:

> "When the heron leaves the tree,
> The Laird o'Gight shall landless be.

Aberdeen was held for Prince Charlie from Septem-

ber, 1745, to the end of the following February. It was then immediately occupied by the Duke of Cumberland and his army, which halted here for six weeks preparing for the campaign which ended at Culloden in April.

Between 1740 and 1750 large numbers of young people, both male and female, were kidnapped in and about Aberdeen and sent as slaves to America to work on the plantations. Some of the town authorities were engaged in this business, and the work-house and Tollbooth were both used as places of detention where victims were shut up to await transportation over seas. There seems to have been no pretence even at concealment. Kidnapping parties openly patrolled the streets, and the relatives of the victims are described as crowding around the places where they were shut up, weeping and lamenting and bestowing their farewell blessings. This trade flourished for six years before it was finally put a stop to.

Far different in character is another association that will always link Aberdeen with America. It was here that on 14th November, 1784, the Scottish Bishops Kilgore (primus), Petrie and Skinner consecrated Samuel Seabury first American Bishop (of the Episcopal Church in Connecticut), who for sixteen months had been endeavoring to get consecration in London at the hands of the English Bishops. The fifth article of the "Concordate," drawn up immediately after, is a recommendation to the American Church to adopt the Scottish form for the Communion

Office rather than that in use in England. This recommendation was followed, and accounts for the differences seen to-day between the English and American Offices. It is to be regretted that the Scottish Church appears now commonly to have abandoned its own ancient office, and to have adopted that of the English Prayer Book in its stead.

In old Aberdeen, on the River Don, is St. Machar's, the Cathedral church of a very ancient Bishopric. The oldest existing parts are the two red freestone piers built in 1370 to support a central tower which, with all the rest of the building of that date, has now disappeared. The later edifice that replaced it in the fifteenth century is said to be the only granite cathedral in the world. Its oak ceiling with colored heraldic designs was put in by Bishop Gavin Dunbar (1518–32).

"The west front of St. Machar's is entirely built with granite, except the spires, and is one of the most impressive and imposing structures in Scotland. It is extremely plain, not a single scrap of carving being visible anywhere, and most of the openings are of the simplest kind. This front is a veritable piece of Doric work, depending for its effect on its just proportion and the mass of its granite masonry. . . . Above this (west) doorway is one of the most striking features of the composition, viz.: the seven lofty narrow windows, about twenty-six feet in height, and each crowned with a round and cusped arch."[1]

[1] MacGibbon and Ross, *Ecclesiastical Arch. of Scotland.*

The Cathedral was hardly more than well completed when a rabble of image-breakers attacked it (1560), cast down the altars and destroyed the choir. The nave is still entire and is used as a parish church, but the central tower fell in 1688, carrying the transepts with it, while the carved woodwork of the interior, as well as a number of interesting tombs, were destroyed either wholly or in part in the course of various attacks by the Reformers. Among the tombs, that of Gavin Dunbar may still be identified in the south transept built by him, and another, said to be the tomb of the poet John Barbour, built into the south wall of the nave. The Bishops' Palace, the Deanery and the Hospital, which once stood near the cathedral have all disappeared.

King's College, the older part of the University of Aberdeen, was founded in 1495 by Bishop Elphinstone. A large part of the early sixteenth century building, incorporated into later additions, is still standing about half a mile south of the Cathedral. Of the three original towers one only (rebuilt in the seventeenth century) has survived. It is surmounted by a lantern and crown that suggest those of St. Giles', Edinburgh. The choir of the former college church now serves as a chapel, and contains some very beautiful carved black oak stalls and screens. In the centre is the mutilated tomb of the founder, Bishop Elphinstone; and Hector Boece, the historian, also has a memorial tablet there. What was formerly the nave is now the college library.

The "Auld Brig o' Balgounie" is a single Gothic arch thrown over the Don about half a mile above Old Aberdeen. It was built in 1320 either by Bishop Cheyne or possibly by King Robert Bruce. Byron notes a prophecy concerning it in *Don Juan:*

"As 'Auld Lang Syne' brings Scotland, one and all,
Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills and clear streams,
The Dee, the Don, Balgounie's Brig's *black wall*,
All my boy feelings, all my gentler dreams
Of what I *there dreamt*, clothed in their own pall,
Like Banquo's offspring; floating past me seems
My childhood in this childishness of mine;
I care not—'tis a glimpse of 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

He says in a note "The Brig of Don near the 'auld town' of Aberdeen, with its one arch and its black deep salmon stream below, is in my memory as yesterday. I still remember, though perhaps I may misquote the awful proverb which made me pause to cross it, and yet lean over it with a childish delight, being an only son, at least by the mother's side. The saying as recollected by me was this, but I have never heard or seen it since I was nine years of age:

"'Brig of Balgounie, *black's* your *wa'*,
Wi a wife's *ae son*, and a mear's *ae foal*,
Down ye shall fa'!'"

Following the line of the Deeside Railway one passes about ten miles beyond Aberdeen, within a mile or so of Drum Castle, a property which has been in the Irvine family since the time (1323) of William

de Irvine, secretary and armor-bearer to King Robert Bruce, and it may have been he who built the still existing keep. The dwelling attached to this tower dates from the beginning of the seventeenth century.

Alexander Irvine, the Laird of Drum, in the middle of the seventeenth century married for his second wife Peggy Coutts, daughter of a shepherd. In answer to the reproaches of his family he declared that his first wife had been so well born (she was a daughter of George, second Marquis of Huntly, and a niece of the Marquis of Argyll) that he "durst not come in her presence but with my hat on my knee." The second marriage forms the theme of "The Laird o' Drum," a popular ballad in the North, written down in the beginning of the nineteenth century.

About eighteen miles further on (near Lumphanan) is Perk Hill, with Macbeth's Cairn, supposed to mark the spot where he was slain on August 15, 1057, by Malcolm III.—Ceannmor—son of Duncan I.

At Aboyne is the Castle—greatly altered and added to from time to time—of the Earls of Aboyne, now of the Marquis of Huntly, the present head of the Gordons. The oldest existing part was built by Charles, first Earl of Aboyne, a younger son of the second Marquis of Huntly and the Lord Aboyne of the ballad.[1]

[1] Peggy Irvine makes great stir and preparation to receive her lover, Lord Aboyne, back from London; he arrives, asks her to kiss him and in the same breath tells her he is on the point of marrying some one else in London. A quarrel ensues, he rides

Brig o' Balgownie, Aberdeen

It was at Aboyne Castle that, on September 6, 1715, the Jacobite nobles, chiefs and gentry, assembled to meet the Earl of Mar preparatory to raising the standard of the Chevalier and proclaiming "King James VIII." at Braemar, some twenty miles higher up the Dee.

About six or eight miles beyond Aboyne the character of the country changes, and before reaching Ballater the road has entered the Highlands. Balmoral, Queen Victoria's favorite Highland residence, is on the Dee, eight miles above Ballater. The Prince Consort bought the estate from the Earl of Fife in 1852, and the house was begun in the following year.

Abergeldie, a little further down the Dee, is where the present King used to stay when he visited the Highlands, and on the other bank of the Dee is Crathie Church, where the royal family attend service.

From Invercauld, the seat of the chief of Clan Farquharson, the Earl of Mar issued the call to the Highlanders to join in the Rising of the '15, and from thence went forth the "fiery cross" to rouse the clans. It stands above the left bank of the Dee, in Braemar and Crathie parish, and commands a wonderful view of the Deeside Highlands. How wild is this district

away and the lady dies of a broken heart. Lord Aboyne inconsistently

> "Gave such a rap on the table where he sat,
> It made all the room for to tremble:
> 'I would rather I had lost all the rents of Aboyne
> Than have lost my pretty Peggy Irvine.'"

of Braemar may be gathered from the fact that there are but two roads, one on the east and one on the south, by which vehicles can enter it, and these, with a third from the west, are the only ones fit even for any but very hardy pedestrians.

There was once an old Castle at Braemar, a hunting seat of Malcolm Ceannmor, but of this there is now hardly a trace. The picturesque Mar Castle, which strikes the traveller approaching Braemar from Ballater, was originally built in the sixteenth century, but was burned down. After the forfeiture of the Earl of Mar for the '15, the property passed into other hands and the Castle was repaired. It was purchased by Farquharson of Invercauld, to whose family it still belongs. After the '45 Government leased it for ninety-nine years and fitted it up as it is still seen, as a fortalice to overawe the Highlanders.

It was at Castletown of Braemar that the old Chevalier was proclaimed King in 1715. The standard then erected was blue and on it were emblazoned the Scottish arms and motto, with the additional legend "No Union," while pendants of white ribbon were inscribed "For Our Wronged King and Oppressed Country" and "For Our Lives and Liberties."

The Don, the other Aberdeenshire river, flows through a valley north of the Dee and roughly parallel with it. On Don side, some twenty miles above Aberdeen, we find a memory of Malcolm Ceannmor's expedition against the Mormaer of Moray (1078) in

the ancient church of Monymusk, the lines of whose tower he is said to have traced with his spear, vowing the building to St. Andrew in case of victory. About a hundred and thirty years later Gilchrist, Earl of Mar, built a monastery for the Culdees on the site, and the chancel arch and base of the tower in the present church are probably parts of his building.

There was once an unusually beautiful and picturesque dwelling-house on the Cluny estate, to the south, but it has been replaced by a commonplace modern house. Quite near it however stands Fraser Castle, very large and very imposing, and possessing one singular and significant feature—the elaborate secret arrangement for overhearing from above conversations taking place in the hall or main apartment. At the end of this hall is a recessed window, with stone seats running around it, the only spot holding out any promise of privacy, and consequently the one sure to be selected for confidential disclosures. From the upper part of this recess an opening is contrived in the thickness of the wall, having its outlet in a secret chamber on the floor above. The modern discoverer of this "Lug" (ear), Mr. Skene, experimented with it, and found that every word uttered by those in the window recess could be plainly heard above. Sir Walter Scott was a close friend of Mr. Skene, and it has been suggested that he took the idea of James VI.'s "Dyonisius Ear" in the Tower from the one at Castle Fraser. The

King is described as chuckling greatly over his own shrewdness when he tells "Baby Charles" and the Duke of Buckingham of this device for overhearing the conversations of unsuspecting prisoners of State, only consenting to the former's prayer that it may be built up forthwith, "the rather that my back is sair with sitting in it for a whole hour."[1]

Craigievar, a striking and characteristic Castle, begun by the Mortimers in the beginning of the seventeenth century and finished by William Forbes of Menie, stands about ten miles further west. With its many pinnacled turrets, its gables, its square tower, and its hall, where the paneled oak screen and other antique features are still preserved, this Castle forms an unusually interesting example of seventeenth-century domestic architecture.

Craig Castle, four or five miles north of Kildrummy, is an ancient seat of a branch of the Gordons, and is still in that family; and near it is the ruined sixteenth-century church of Kearn.

Along the Valley of the Don runs a chain of ancient fortresses. There is Kildrummy, built by Gilbert de Moravia, in the time of Alexander II., and in Bruce's time a royal Castle, captured by Edward I.; it was possessed later by the Earls of Mar, who forfeited it after the '15. It was to Kildrummy that Robert Bruce sent his Queen and the Princesses, after his defeat at Dalry in 1306, thinking they would

[1] *Fortunes of Nigel*, chap. xxiii.

there be safe; but the Prince of Wales (Edward II.) marched with a strong force and besieged the Castle. The ladies escaped for that time to Ross-shire, but the King's brother, Nigel Bruce, was taken and sent to Berwick, where he was executed.

Towie, already alluded to, one of the many fortalices of the Forbes family; Castle Newe, also belonging to the Forbeses; Glenbucket, held by a branch of the Gordons; Culquhanny, begun by a Forbes of Towie, but never completed; and at the head of the glen Corgarff Castle, said to have been built by an Earl of Mar, but for long held by the Forbeses, all stand in the Don Valley. Lickleyhead, a turreted Castle, built by the Forbeses in the seventeenth century, and Leslie Castle, acquired by them at the same period through intermarriage with the Leslies, are on the Gadie, in the central part of the county. Balfluig House, also belonging to the Forbeses, is just south of Alford, and not very far from Craigievar.

In fact, nearly one-third of the ancient Castles of Aberdeenshire were either built by members of the Forbes family, or have at one time or another belonged to some one of its numerous branches. In Lumsden's genealogy of that house it is recounted that "when the Earle of Marre, with the rest of the gentilmen of the North, were slaine [at the battle of Dupplin, 1332], the whole surename of Forbes was inlaiked; . . . but by the providence of God the

principall that was Laird of Driminnor, had a gentlewoman to his wife, with bairne, who was delyvered of a son, who brucked the surnam, and non other, who being brought up by his mother's comand to manhood, through his virtous deeds was made Knight, and was called Sr John Forbes wt. the black lip, by a mark he had on his face."

Driminnor, or Druminnor, Castle is about ten miles north of Towie, on the Burn of Kearn. The oldest part of the present building dates from the middle of the fifteenth century. Besides the Forbeses of Druminnor, the three younger sons of Sir John with the black lip founded the houses of Pitsligo, Tolquhon and Brux respectively, and their descendants spread all over the county.

Castle Forbes, the modern seat of the family, is on the Don, further east; Corsindar is a few miles south of Monymusk. The fine old Castle of Tolquhon, dating from the sixteenth century, was built, except the earlier Auld Tour, by William Forbes. It stands on high ground, a few miles to the east of Old Meldrum.

South of Old Meldrum is Inverurie, near the junction of the Urie with the Don. An ancient royalty of the Bruce family, it was the site of one of the early Jacobite successes, when on December 23, 1745, Lord Lewis Gordon marched from Aberdeen with a mixed force of French and Lowland Scotsmen, and defeated Macleod of Macleod, who was advancing

from Inverness to relieve Aberdeen with a force of Highlanders, assembled by Duncan Forbes and Lord Loudon in the Government interest. By this victory the whole of the country from Aberdeen to the Spey was held for Prince Charles; and Aberdeen was not evacuated till February 23.

One remarkable feature of the skirmish was that the Highlanders were on the Government side, while the Prince's troops were Lowlanders and Scotsmen in the French service.

At Inverurie is the modern mansion of Keith Hall, the seat of the Earl of Kintore, the descendant of the John Keith who was ennobled for his part in preserving "The Honors of Scotland" during the Commonwealth occupation. About two miles to the northwest is a farm bearing the name of Harlaw, in whose fields was fought the famous bloody battle in 1411 by which was settled the question whether the Gaelic or the Teutonic part of the population was to have supremacy in Scotland. Donald, second Lord of the Isles, who assumed to himself almost royal rights, and who negotiated treaties with the English Kings Richard II. and Henry IV., feeling himself aggrieved at being deprived of the Earldom of Ross, collected a large army from the Western Islands and Highlands, overran and conquered the Earldom, and was advancing southwards when he was met and completely defeated by a far less numerous force under Alexander Stewart, the Earl of Mar. Among the Earl's followers was a

party of Aberdeen citizens under their Provost, who was slain. From that time no Provost of Aberdeen has been allowed to appear in his official capacity beyond the boundaries of the city.

The haughty, contemptuous feeling of the Norman nobility towards the unmailed Highlanders is well expressed in the ballad of "Harlaw" which Sir Walter puts into the mouth of a retainer of the Glenallan family. The brave appearance of Glenallan's two hundred mailed knights is described, and then:

"They had na ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile, but barely ten,
When Donald came branking down the brae
Wi' twenty thousand men;
Their tartans they were waving wide,
Their glaives were glancing clear,
Their pibrochs rung frae side to side
Would deafen ye to hear."

The Earl, startled at the unexpected size of the enemy's force, consults his squire as to what it were best to do, and the instant reply is:

"If they hae twenty thousand blades,
And we twice ten times ten,
Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,
And we are mail-clad men."

Between Inverurie and Old Meldrum is Barra, the site of the battle won by Robert Bruce over Comyn, Earl of Buchan, and an English army under Sir John Mowbray, on May 22, 1308. Bruce, who was at

Inverurie, arose from his sick bed, to which he had been confined since Christmas, declaring that the enemy's challenge had made him well and strong, far more than any medical aid could have done. He mounted his horse and at the head of his men swept down with such fury upon the enemy that for half a century the memory of that harrying was green in the neighboring country.

Slains Castle, surmounting a cliff on the coast northeast of Ellon, is the seat of the Earl of Errol, twenty-third Hereditary Lord High Constable of Scotland. It was at Slains on Christmas Day of 1307 that Robert Bruce had one of his early successes. After he had won the battle of Loudon Hill in Ayrshire he had gone through Scotland rousing the national feeling, and had reached Aberdeenshire. His great enemy, John Comyn, with the help of an English force, attacked the King here, but was obliged to sue for truce, and the episode is called by the old chroniclers the Rout of Slenach or Slains.

It was after this incident that the King became so seriously ill, that when marching, he had for some months to be carried in a litter. His recovery, with the prospect of a battle, is narrated above.

Eight or ten miles further north is Peterhead, where the Chevalier de St. George landed on 22d December, 1715. Here he and a handful of attendants, all disguised as seamen, spent one night, passing on the following day to Newburgh, a seat of George Keith,

tenth and last Earl Marischal. A little to the northwest of Peterhead is the imposing ruin of Ravenscraig, another seat of the Keiths, whose now crumbling walls measure nine feet in thickness.

At Inverugie, beyond the river Ugie and two or three miles from Peterhead, was born (June 11, 1696) James Francis Edward, who became later the celebrated Marshal Keith, a close friend of Frederick the Great. The story goes that when on his way to London in 1715 to try for a commission, he met his brother, the Earl Marischal, hastening back to Scotland to take part in the rising under Mar. James returned with him and together they proclaimed James VIII. at the Cross of Aberdeen and took an active part in the rebellion. Escaping afterwards to the Continent, James served first in Spain and then in Russia, and at last, coming to Prussia, was taken into high favor by King Frederick the Great, who created him Field Marshal and Governor of Berlin. He was killed in the battle of Hoch Kirch (October 14, 1758), when the Austrians surprised the Prussian right wing in the early morning and completely defeated them. Keith's plundered body was found enveloped only in a Croat's mantle. He was honorably interred in the Garrison Church in Berlin. The statue of him given to Peterhead in 1860 by King William of Prussia is a copy of the one erected in Berlin by Frederick and since removed to the Cadets Academy. In 1889 the German Emperor ordered the Twenty-second Silesian

Regiment to be named the Keith Regiment in his honor. The Marshal's elder brother, George, tenth Earl Marischal, was attainted for his part in the '15. He and his brother were also present at the battle of Glenshiel in 1719. He shared his brother's wanderings on the Continent, standing even higher in the esteem of Frederick the Great, who in one letter styles himself his "old friend till death." He was pardoned by George II. in 1759, and when acting as Prussian Ambassador to Spain disclosed the "Family Compact"[1] to Pitt, for which service he was permitted to inherit estates in Scotland, his own having all been sold. In 1764 the Earl determined to return to Scotland, the Kintore estates having recently come to him through the death of a cousin. He bought back a part of his own as well. A large number of persons, old friends, retainers and others, assembled at the bridge of Ugie to give him a hearty and enthusiastic welcome, but it is said that the first sight of Inverugie, dismantled and in ruins, so affected him that the tears streamed down his face and he could go no further. He had in fact lived too long in foreign lands to settle down happily in his northern home. He missed the warmth of Spain (he was seventy-seven and in poor health), the congenial society of Berlin, the freedom of Continental life. Accordingly,

[1] A secret alliance between the members of the House of Bourbon to treat as a common enemy any Power unfriendly to either France or Spain.

when the King of Prussia wrote urging him to return, he decided to do so and passed the remaining fourteen years of his life in a house provided for him by Frederick close to Sans Souci. There he died in 1778, unmarried, having never wavered in an attachment he had formed for a French lady, who afterwards became Madame de Cregny. Anne Murray Keith, sister of Robert "the Ambassador," of the Keiths of Craig, was the original of Scott's Mrs. Bethune Baliol (*Chronicles of the Canongate*) and from her he obtained many a good anecdote and telling phrase. "Gae wa' wi' ye," said this spirited old lady when Scott tried to persuade her that she was mistaken in attributing the authorship of *Waverley* to him; "do ye think I dinna ken my ain groats among other folks' kail?"

On Philorth Water, within a mile of the coast, is Cairnbulg Castle, originally owned by the Comyns, but which passed into the Fraser family in the fourteenth century.

The Frasers of Philorth came, like the Frasers of Lovat, from an East Lothian family and settled at Philorth about the end of the fourteenth century. In the seventeenth century the laird inherited the ancient Abernethy peerage of Saltoun through his father's marriage with the Saltoun heiress. The sixteenth Lord Saltoun was the officer who defended the orchard and wood of Hougoumont so gallantly at the battle of Waterloo. The thriving town of Fraserburgh, to the

north of Philorth, was founded by this family in 1569. It gives an idea of the great impetus given to education by the Reformation to know that in 1592 Fraser of Philorth founded a university in this out of the way corner. Unfortunately it did not last long. The professors were ministers, and their principal attended a General Assembly at Aberdeen in 1605 which had been forbidden by royal proclamation. For this he was imprisoned and afterwards prevented from returning to his charge; and from this date nothing more is heard of the University of Fraserburgh.

The keep of the fine old Fraser Castle on Kinnaird Head to-day serves as the shaft of a lighthouse. Near it is a mysterious fifteenth century building of three stories, built on the rocky shore above a sea-cave. It is known as the "Wine Tower," but what its origin or the intention of its founder is an enigma. Fraserburgh is now prosperous as a great fishing centre.

For fifty years Fraserburgh was the scene of the labors of the pious and scholarly Alexander Jolly, Bishop of Moray. He lived quite alone in a commodious two-storied house in the centre of the town. His mode of life was of the simplest. Arising every morning, both summer and winter, at four o'clock, he prepared his own breakfast; the wife of a neighboring mason then arrived to make his bed and perform such other household services as he might require;

these done she withdrew, locking the front door and taking the key away. Then for any one wanting to see the Bishop there was no way but to look up "Mistress Rettie" and prevail upon her to unlock the portal. In the middle of the day she would again be seen hurrying down the street, bearing a very small wooden-covered pot and something under her apron; these represented the whole of the Bishop's dinner. His day was carefully arranged, every hour having its appointed task, an orderly routine of prayer and study and worship and visitation among his flock. So abstemious and self-denying was his life that his modest income not only stood the frequent demands made upon it for acts of charity, but it enabled him to collect a valuable library.

When Mr. Jolly was ordained in 1776 the Act of 1748 was still in force. It forbade the Episcopal clergy to hold services for more than five persons or four and a family at a time, under pain of a fine and six months imprisonment. The Episcopal Church was in fact so closely identified with the cause of the exiled Stuarts that it was naturally involved in all the hardships brought to the Jacobites by the '45. It was therefore quite natural that the Scottish bishops should be moved by a certain similarity of position, as well as by their sympathies, to offer consecration to Seabury when the English bishops held back, and it should also be remembered that they had no temporalities to lose. In this transaction Jolly took an

interested part, and there is preserved among his papers a prayer composed by him on the occasion of Bishop Seabury's consecration.

In 1788, with the death of Prince Charles Edward, the Church, through its Bishops and Diocesan Synods, determined upon a general submission to the House of Hanover; and thirty-three years later, when George IV. visited Edinburgh, the Scottish Bishops prepared to wait upon his Majesty at Holyrood with a loyal address. It was a somewhat trying occasion for the Prelates, all of whom had in their early days been avowed non-jurors. His biographer tells that Bishop Jolly's "Southern colleagues very needlessly added to their other anxieties a lively apprehension lest their recluse brother from the North should not appear at Holyrood in sufficiently courtier-like costume."

"But there is another thing about which Bishop Sadford is distressing himself exceedingly," wrote the Primus. "It is Bishop Jolly's wig. About this the Bishop seems absolutely nervous, alleging that the King will not be able to stand the sight of it, and assuring Dr. Russell that it 'would convulse the whole court.'"

The wig in question had been described by a visitor to Fraserburgh as "indeed something remarkable. It was of snow-white colour, and stood out behind his head in numerous curls of six or eight inches in depth." However, it so happened

that some years before Lord Saltoun had presented the Bishop with "a very handsome spare wig;" and it was undoubtedly this which he wore to Edinburgh; for, far from being "convulsed," the entire court seems to have been deeply impressed by the venerable and dignified bearing of the Bishop. A contemporary account says: "Jolly was the most observed of all the Bishops. The wig was curled and bare, *i. e.*, unpowdered. He wore a thin, single-breasted coat and plain bombazine apron, and had a simple black stick—I think he said a knobby stick. When he appeared with the others in the Parliament House one of R——'s friends whispered in his ear the single word 'Waverley!' meaning plainly, 'There is a figure from the Waverley period. 'Tis sixty (or then rather eighty) years since.'"

Turriff, where Bishop Jolly spent the eleven years following on his ordination, is close to the boundary of Banff, near the Deveron, and was the scene of the first breaking out of hostilities between the Royalists and Covenanters, in which the latter played so unheroic a part that the skirmish came to be known as the "Trot of Turriff." There had assembled in the town a "Committee of the Tables," of whom a large number were Forbeses. The Gordons, who had assembled at Strathbogie in considerable force, together with a good many of the Royalists, determined to disperse the gathering at Turriff; and after casting about for some excuse, agreed to engage first "for the

King's prerogative;" next "for the dutye, service and honour and safetye of Huntly and his familye, and for their owne mutuall preservatione." They accordingly attacked the Covenanters in the early morning (14th May, 1639), and finding them unprepared and in great confusion, won an easy victory, "though there wanted not many gentlemen of courage and gallantrye, yet it was to small purpose, whilst none was there to commande, and nobody knew whom to obeye; and meanwhyle, as it befalls in such cases, all commanded and no bodye obeyed."

This little engagement, in which there were but two men killed on one side and one on the other, is chiefly memorable as the opening action of the great Civil War which shook the three kingdoms, and which ended in the execution of King Charles, ten years later, and the establishment of the Commonwealth.

Fyvie, six or seven miles southeast from Turriff, is one of the most beautiful and well-preserved Castles in Scotland. It came to the Seton family in the sixteenth century, and its more ornamental features—turrets, gables, statuary and canopies—were built by Alexander Seton, godson of Queen Mary, tutor to her grandson, afterwards Charles I. Seton was created Lord Fyvie in 1598, appointed Lord Chancellor six years later, and created Lord Dunfermline in 1606. The stone trumpeter seen surmounting one of the turrets represents Andrew Lammie, the Trumpeter of Fyvie, and the hero of "Tifty's Nanny," one of the

most popular ballads in the north of Scotland. At Mill of Tiftie Farm, not half a mile from Fyvie, lived Nanny, or Agnes Smith, who had lost her heart to the trumpeter. As she had a good dowry and her lover was penniless, her father refused to allow the match, and by way of enforcing the lesson of obedience, beat her; her mother did the same; her sisters reviled her, and her brother beat her till he broke her back. Thereupon she had her bed placed where she could look towards Fyvie, and so died.

"O Andrew's gane to the house-top,
O the bonny house o Fyvie;
He's blawn his horn baith loud and shrill
O'er the lawland leas o Fyvie.

"Mony a time hae I walked a night,
And never yet was weary;
But now I may walk wae my lane,
For I'll never see my deary."

It is told that some years after Nanny's death her story was repeated, and the ballad sung in a gathering in Edinburgh, when by "a groan suddenly bursting from one of the company, and several of the buttons flying from his waistcoat," he was discovered to be none other than the unhappy Andrew Lammie.

About ten miles northwest of Fyvie is Frendraught, a Castle of the Crichtons, commemorated in another famous ballad, "The Burning of Frendraught." The Marquis of Huntly, in his efforts to put an end to the

feud between the Crichtons and Leslies, sent his son, Lord Aboyne, and the young Laird of Rothiemay, whose father had been killed in a previous fight with the Crichtons, to protect Crichton from a lying-in-wait of the Leslies (October 8, 1630). On reaching Frendraught both the Laird and his wife (herself related to the Gordons) insisted on keeping the two young gentlemen over night. After a jovial supper the guests and their servants were assigned rooms in the old tower, whose lower story was entirely of stone, while the three upper ones were finished inside with timber. Suddenly in the middle of the night there was an alarm of fire; the tower was discovered to be in a blaze, and so fiercely and rapidly did the flames spread that of the nine persons who were in it, three only escaped. Lord Aboyne might have got away, it was said, had he not gone to aid his friend Rothiemay, who was on an upper floor; the fire had reached the stairs and the windows were so securely fastened that they could not escape by them. The two young men were last seen at a window trying to open it and calling upon the helpless onlookers from without for aid. Strange to say, the blame for this deplorable disaster was laid at the door of the Laird and his lady. They had just sought and obtained the powerful protection of the Gordons in their feud with the Leslies; their former quarrel with the family of Rothiemay had lately been settled, leaving the grievance decidedly on the other side; Frendraught had shown himself throughout the

troubles to be on the side of peace and friendliness; and there was absolutely nothing to gain by the crime and everything to lose. Moreover, though the subsequent investigation conducted by order of the Privy Council found that the fire was the work of an incendiary, yet had the guilty person (in the face of all probability) been the Laird, it is unlikely that he would have had the fortitude to denude himself of valuable family papers and a large amount of gold and silver, all of which were burned in the tower. There was too no possible way in which it could have been known or guessed beforehand that the Marquis of Huntly would send his son and his guest back with Frendraught, nor that once there they would remain; while it was clear that the preparations must have been made well beforehand. Notwithstanding all these significant facts, however, the country-side held that the Crichtons were parties to the burning, and they were tabooed by general consent, the head of the Gordons himself setting the example. On the day following the tragedy Lady Frendraught, "busked in a white plaid and riding on a small nag, having a boy leading her horse, without any more in her company, in this pitiful manner she came weeping and mourning to the Bog [Strathbogie], desiring entry to speak with my Lord [Huntly], but this was refused; so she returned back to her own house the same gait she came, comfortless."

The Leslies of course seized on this opportunity to

be avenged of their enemy, while Lady Rothiemay, having now the double loss of husband and son to charge to the account of the Crichtons, was implacable in her bitterness and hostility. It is recounted that the Frendraught estates became the object of repeated attacks from broken clans and other roving bands of marauders; again and again did the Laird call out his followers to repel these inroads, but at last, wearying of the unequal strife and the loneliness of his position, he was fain to haul down his colors, abandon his estates, and go to Edinburgh to live. Immediately the Gordons assembled, ravaged his lands and even hung one of his tenants.

It is now generally supposed that the fire was either purely accidental or was the work of Meldrum of Redhill, who had a spite against Frendraught, and intended it solely as an act of revenge against him, not counting of course on the accident of the party from Huntly sleeping there on that particular night. Meldrum was taken to Edinburgh, tried and executed, though no very complete evidence was brought to convict him. In the ballad Lady Frendraught is represented as watching the fire from the green and telling her victims that she has had the windows fastened and the doors locked and thrown the keys in the well.

Off the coast of Aberdour, the northwesternmost parish of Aberdeenshire, is the spot where the ships of Sir Patrick Spens foundered:

"Half owre, half owre to Aberdour
It's fifty fadoms deep,
And there lay good Sir Patrick Spens,
And the Scotch Lords at his feet."

The cave called Cowshaven, in the extreme east of the parish, is where the last Lord Pitsligo lay concealed for many months during his proscription for taking part in the '45. The country people to whom his hiding-place was well known, out of their great affection and regard for him, united to prevent his detection. "The mother of my informant, then a girl of sixteen years of age, procured him tools for this purpose [the cutting of a well], and supplied him with food and other necessaries of life; but at last he was compelled to quit his prison house, his dreary abode having been discovered by her footsteps in the snow."[1]

His privations and sufferings must have been aggravated by his age (he was near on to seventy at the time of the rising) and the very slight enthusiasm with which he had adopted the Stuart cause. His own account says: "I thought, I weighed, and I weighed again. If there was any enthusiasm in it, it was of the coldest kind; and there was as little remorse when the affair miscarried as there was eagerness at the beginning." After five years, during which he lived in caves and on the moors, sometimes feigning himself a beggar, and always succeeding—though sometimes very narrowly—in eluding his enemies, yet always

[1] New Statistical Account, 1840.

shielded by his old retainers, the hue and cry had so far subsided that he ventured to take up his residence with his son at Auchiries under the non-committal name of Mr. Brown. Several years later, this fact having been rumored, a search party was sent there, but he again escaped, being hid in a closet whose door was behind the bed of one of the ladies of the household. He finally died, still at large, in 1762.

CHAPTER XV.

BANFF, ELGIN OR MORAY, NAIRN (LOWLAND)—ROSS AND CROMARTY, SUTHERLAND (HIGHLAND)—CAITHNESS, ORKNEY AND SHETLAND (SCANDINAVIAN.)

BANFF.

BANFF, the capital town of the county of that name, lies on the coast at the mouth of the Deveron. But few traces remain of its ancient buildings. There are the walls of the old Castle, where Archbishop Sharp was born (1618), and a single aisle of the old kirk, now used by the Ogilvies as a burial-place.

Duff House, the seat of the Dukes of Fife, is a classical building, designed by the elder Adam. It stands in the midst of a beautiful park, near the mouth of the Deveron. Among the collection of curiosities preserved at Duff House are a target and two-handed sword said to have belonged to the free-booter James MacPherson. This man was the son of a Highland laird and a gipsy woman; he was noted for his great strength, his beauty, and for his wonderful skill on the violin. After spending his boyhood in his father's house, he joined his mother's people and became a noted vagabond. In 1700 he

was tried and condemned as "holdin, known, and reput an Egyptian;" and it was while walking to his execution that he composed the air known as "MacPherson's Rant:"

"I've spent my time in rioting,
Debauch'd my health and strength;
I squander'd fast as pillage came,
And fell to shame at length.
But dantonly and wantonly
And rantonly I'll gae;
I'll play a tune, and dance it roun,
Below the gallow-tree."

In central Banffshire is Auchindoun Castle, an ancient ruin dating from about the fifteenth century. It belonged originally to the Ogilvies, but passed from them to the Gordons.

To avenge the murder of the Bonnie Earl of Moray by the Earl of Huntly, several noblemen of the North banded together and laid waste a tract of the Gordon estates and burned Auchindoun. The Earl's fury signalled out the chief of the Clan Mackintosh as being mainly responsible for this, and so fierce was the retaliation that, in order to spare his clan further suffering, it is told that the chief waited upon the head of the Gordons at Bog of Gight and offered to submit to any terms of peace that might be proposed. The Earl was away, but his lady, acting in his stead, declared that Mackintosh's offences would never be pardoned till his head had been

brought to the block. "It is done, and I submit to your mercy!" cried the chief; and kneeling at the block whereon the animals were quartered for household use, he bared his neck. Quite unexpected was the result. The cook happened to be standing near, hatchet in hand; he received a sign, and in a twinkling the too trusting Mackintosh's head was rolling across the courtyard. The ballad makes no mention of this incident. It tells of the burning of Auchindoun by Willie Mackintosh, and alludes to the consequent fight with the Gordons at Stapliegate, when Mackintosh was wounded and sixty of his followers killed.

"'Turn, Willie Mackintosh—
Turn, I bid you;
Gin ye burn Auchindoun,
Huntly will head you.'

"'Head me or hang me,
That canna fley me;
I'll burn Auchindoun
Ere the life lea' me.'
* * * *
"'Bonny Willie Mackintosh,
Whare left ye your men?'
'I left them in the Stapler,
But they'll never come hame.'"

Balvenie Castle, about a mile from Dufftown, belonged in early times to the Comyns, and then to the Douglases, but on the marriage of John Stewart, son of the Black Knight of Lorn (half-brother of James

II.), to Margaret, widow of the Earl of Douglas, he received from his brother, the King, the lands of Balvenie and the title of Earl of Atholl. The motto borne to-day by the Earls of Atholl was granted to him by James III. for suppressing a revolt of the Earl of Ross. It is seen on the front of the Castle: "Furth Fortuin and fil the fatris." Glenlivet, in the southern part of Banff, was the scene of a battle (4th October, 1594) between the Earl of Argyll, for the King, and the Roman Catholic forces of the "Popish Lords"—the Earls of Errol, Angus and Huntly—in which the latter were victorious.[1] Campbell of Lochnell, to avenge his brother's murder at the hands of Argyll, turned traitor, and on his death, in the first onslaught, his

[1] These nobles had been concerned shortly before in the conspiracy called the "Spanish Blanks," from the blank papers bearing the seals of the Catholic Lords, discovered on the person of George Kerr just as he was about to leave on a mission to Spain. Every effort was made by Government to discover some writing in sympathetic or secret ink, but none could be found, and it was finally concluded that these nobles had agreed to support from the North Country an invasion of England by Spain. Fearing to put anything in writing that might be seized in transit, they had acquainted the Jesuits with what they were prepared to engage with the Spanish King, and the terms of their treaty were to be written on the blank paper over their signatures and seals, after their emissary had reached Spain.

By the irony of history Argyll eventually, "drawn aside by his second lady, who was a Papist," became a Roman Catholic and entered the Spanish service, while Huntly and Errol became Protestants, and were publicly received into that Church and reconciled to King James.

men all left the field, as they had agreed to do in any case. John Grant of Gartenbeg, a vassal of Huntly's, with his followers, also deserted from Argyll at a critical moment; and it was probably these two defections that brought about the defeat of the Royal forces. It was however a fruitless victory, and the "Popish Lords" submitted to the King shortly afterwards.

A little higher up the valley are the Braes of Cromdale, where on May 1, 1690, a Government force under Sir Thomas Livingstone surprised and cut to pieces the last Highland army that made a stand for King James against William of Orange, and thus ended that war in Scotland.

ELGIN OR MORAY.

Only a few miles to the northwest of Dufftown the River Spey forms for some distance the modern boundary line between the counties of Banff and Elgin, just as in former times it marked the southeast boundary of Moray—a district that comprised, roughly speaking, Elgin, Nairn, all the northeastern part of Inverness and the eastern half of Ross and Cromarty. This district was populated by the Gaelic Picts of the North. After the victory of the Scottish Kenneth MacAlpin in 839 it became the principality of Moravia, to the family of whose hereditary Maormors Macbeth's father belonged. Two daughters of Mal-

colm II., King of Scotia, married, the one Crinan, lay Abbot of Dunkeld, the other Sigurd the Stout, Earl of Caithness and Orkney. Between their sons a quarrel sprang up, Duncan, who succeeded his grandfather (1034) on the throne of Scotia, requiring his cousin, who had inherited the Earldom of Orkney and Shetland, to pay tribute for Caithness and Sutherland, bestowed upon him by Malcolm. A decisive battle took place at Burghead in 1040, which the Norsemen won. Duncan fled and was murdered by his general (also a cousin) Macbeth, at Pitgaveny on Loch Spynie, about nine miles from the battle-field. Macbeth seized the throne and reigned for forty-three years as King of Scotia (1014–1057); then he was killed at the battle of Lumphanan in Aberdeenshire by Malcolm Ceannmor, son of the murdered Duncan. For about seventy years longer Moray continued to be ruled by its hereditary Maormors; then with the death of the last of these in direct line came a period of struggle which finally ended in the absorption of the district into the rest of the Scottish Kingdom under Alexander II. (1222).

The Episcopal See of Moray was founded in 1107 by Alexander I., grandson of Malcolm Ceannmor, and Queen Margaret. Before this but one Bishopric—that of St. Andrews—existed in the whole of Scotland. For over a hundred years the Episcopal seat of Moray had no sure abiding-place, being established first at Birnie, then at Kineddar, then at Spynie, until at last

in 1224 Andrew, Bishop of Moravia, selected Elgin as the most favorable place for its final settlement, erected the existing church of the Holy Trinity into a Cathedral,[1] and set about constructing the splendid buildings whose ruins form to-day at once one of the most melancholy and impressive sights in Scotland.

In 1270 and again in 1390 the still unfinished Cathedral was nearly destroyed by fire, the latter disaster being the work of the wicked Earl of Buchan, "The Wolf of Badenoch," a son of Robert II., from whom he held the lands of Badenoch in Inverness-shire. Having been excommunicated for his conduct by the Bishop, he descended upon Forres and Elgin with his fierce retainers and set fire to all the buildings. Even the King seems to have feared the effects of so outrageous and sacreligious an act, for he forced the Earl to make reparation to a certain extent and to aid in rebuilding the Cathedral. Through the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the work of building and adornment was carried on, but by the middle of the sixteenth century the period of disaster and neglect was close at hand. In 1568 the Privy Council ordered the lead to be taken from the roofs of Aberdeen and

[1] "Very little of the original Church of the Holy Trinity was demolished, but the whole edifice was doubtless considerably enlarged. The transepts of the old building were retained, and the southern one is standing to this day."—*Hist. of Moray and Nairn*, Charles Rampini, LL. D.

Elgin Cathedral

Elgin Cathedrals and sold, and from then on the process of dilapidation became rapid. In 1640 the Covenanters broke down the timber screen between the nave and the choir. Some fifteen years later Cromwell's men destroyed the west window, and on Easter Sunday, 1711, the central tower fell, ruining the nave and transepts. Added to all these misfortunes there was the usual thieving carried on briskly until 1807, when the building was enclosed, and a few years later it passed under control of the Barons of the Exchequer. Enough still remains of what was called the "Lantern of the North" to bear witness to its imposing size and great beauty of detail.

"Whether we regard the extent and completeness of the arrangement of the buildings or the beauty of the architecture, Elgin Cathedral when perfect must have held a place in the first rank of our Scottish ecclesiastical edifices. It was complete in all departments, having a large nave with double aisles, an extended choir and presbytery, north and south transepts, a lady chapel, and a detached octagonal chapter house. It also possessed a great tower and a spire over the crossing, two noble towers at the west end and two fine turrets at the east end. Most of the existing portions had also the advantage of being erected during the thirteenth century, at which period Scottish architecture was at its best. Good examples of the Scottish decorated period are also represented, and the testimony of ancient historians to the beauty

of the internal sculpture and decoration is well supported by the fine fragments which still survive, of which a collection is formed in the chapter house.

"Although slightly inferior in dimensions to our larger Cathedrals at St. Andrews and Glasgow, that of Elgin is in some respects superior. The splendid western portal is undoubtedly among the finest examples of that feature in Scotland, if not in Britain, and recalls rather the noble portals of French architecture than those of this country."[1]

When the authorities took charge in 1824 the ruin was under the care of one John Shanks, an antiquarian enthusiast. His epitaph, written by Lord Cockburn and built into the enclosing wall of the precincts, states that "For seventeen years he was the keeper and the shower of this Cathedral, and while not even the Crown was doing anything for its preservation, he with his own hands cleared it of many thousand cubic yards of rubbish, disclosing the bases of its pillars, collecting the carved fragments, and introducing some order and propriety. Whoso reverences the Cathedral will respect the memory of this man."

The portal and the two fine western towers are still standing, as well as the choir and chancel, south transept, lady chapel and octagonal chapter house. The south aisle is the burying-place of the Gordons, and here is seen the tomb of the first Earl of Huntly (d. 1470).

[1] *Ecclesiastical Architecture of Scotland*, MacGibbon and Ross.

Of the manses of the twenty-four Canons, the Bishop's town house, and other buildings that once stood within the precincts, hardly anything remains. Two of the manses are incorporated in what are known as the North and South Colleges.

The Episcopal residence was the Castle of Spynie, which stood (before this was drained) on the Loch of Spynie, a couple of miles northeast of Elgin. It was begun by Bishop John Innes (1407–1414). About fifty years later, when David Stewart was Bishop, the Earl of Huntly was reported to have threatened to pull the Bishop out of his "pigeon-hole." This led to the construction of the still existing powerful keep, called "Davie's Tower," Stewart having declared that he was purposed to put up a dwelling out of which the Earl, backed by his entire clan, would not be able to pull him. The walls of this redoubtable "house" are ten and a half feet thick, and are furnished with embrasures for large guns. On the south front are seen the arms of David Stewart and of the profligate Bishop Patrick Hepburn, last Roman Catholic holder of the See, and uncle of the Earl of Bothwell, who may have imbibed from him his loose notions of morality.

Spynie was one of three places where the Episcopal seat was established previous to the selection of Elgin for that honor. About equally distant from Elgin on the south is another of these places—Birnie—whose ancient Norman church is in excellent preservation,

and is still used as a place of worship. It was probably built in the second half of the twelfth century, but contains two objects of an earlier date—the Norman stone font and a Celtic altar bell with square sides—which may point to the existence on the site of an earlier Celtic church. According to local tradition, prayers said three times in Birnie Church will "either mend ye or end ye."

Beyond Birnie, running in a southwesterly direction, is the Glen of Rothes, and beyond this again are the scanty remains of Rothes Castle, once the chief seat of the Leslies, Earls of Rothes. In the adjoining woods it is said that the hunted and persecuted Covenanting ministers used to take refuge during the evil days of Charles II.'s reign, the Lady of Rothes, a zealous Covenanter, giving them food and such protection as lay in her power. Her husband, afterwards Duke of Rothes, was, on the contrary, not only a notorious drunkard and loose liver, but in the exercise of his duties as Chancellor was accounted a formidable enemy of the Covenanters. Nevertheless a pleasant tradition tells how, on the arrival of a new warrant from the Privy Council ordering fresh arrests to be made, he would drop the following hint to his wife: "My Lady, my hawks maun be abroad the morn; ye had better look after your blackbirds."

About half a dozen miles southwest from Elgin are the picturesque, ivy-clad ruins of Pluscarden Priory,

established in 1230 by Alexander II. for monks of the Burgundian Order of Vallis Caulium. By the middle of the sixteenth century the Priory was nearly deserted, and had fallen into neglect and disrepair. At the Reformation it appears to have been looked upon as too insignificant to require "purging," and the monks were permitted to die out in peace. It was there that the *Liber Pluscardensis* was written, about 1461—a chronicle of Scottish history down to James I.'s death. Lord Bute, who lately acquired the property, keeps the buildings in good order. They consist mainly of the naveless church, with its choir, transepts and great square tower, the sacristy (called St. Mary's Aisle), and the chapter house and monks' hall on the south of the cloisters.

Yet another noteworthy ecclesiastical establishment in Elgin was the Cistercian Abbey of Kinloss, the legendary history of whose founding by David I. is almost identical with that of Holyrood. To Robert Reid, made Abbot in 1526, and the French gardener he brought with him, the district owes the many fine varieties of apples and pears for which it is still famous. Abbot Reid bequeathed by will a sum of four thousand marks towards the establishment of a college in Edinburgh, which however his executors did not carry out. The Town Council, twenty-four years after his death, demanded the money for their new Protestant College, and at the request of King James VI. the matter was compromised by a pay-

ment of two thousand five hundred marks from the Abbot's estate; and thus Reid may be said to have been the earliest benefactor of the University of Edinburgh. He was one of the Commissioners who died at Dieppe in 1550 under suspicion of having been poisoned, after their refusal to bestow the Scottish crown matrimonial upon the Dauphin on his marriage with Queen Mary.

Kinloss is near the head of Findhorn Bay, and along the Findhorn River, from a point about four miles west of Kinloss to Dulsie Bridge in Nairn, is some of the most beautiful scenery in Moray. The river runs for some distance through the forest of Darnaway, belonging to Darnaway Castle, an ancient seat of the Earls of Moray. The large existing hall, with its fine open timber roof (the oldest left in Scotland), was built in 1430 by Archibald Douglas, Earl of Moray.

On an island in Loch-in-Dorbh, in the southern part of Elgin, is another fortress that came to Archibald Douglas with the Earldom of Moray. Originally it was a stronghold of the Comyns, Lords of Badenoch, and was held by the Red Comyn, Governor of the Kingdom, when Edward I. besieged and took it in 1303. In the latter part of that century it was held by the "Wolf of Badenoch," and when the ruin of the house of Douglas was accomplished by James II., the Laird of Cawdor was given a royal warrant to dismantle it. The ruin is now the property of the Earl of Seafield.

The southern and Highland part of Elgin—Strathspey—is the country of the Grants, John le Grant having obtained certain lands on the left bank of the Spey from Robert Bruce in 1316. Freuchie, where Castle Grant now stands, has been the chief seat of the family since the beginning of the sixteenth century. But the clan takes its war cry, "Stand fast, Craigellachie" (*creag-eagalach*—rock of alarm), from a rocky height on the left bank of the Spey near Aviemore in Inverness-shire. The Grants and Gordons were old-time allies and could usually count upon each others' support in raids upon the neighboring lairds. It is told, therefore, that when the Earl of Huntly (the murderer of the Bonny Earl of Moray) wished on one occasion to chastise the Farquharsons for the killing of a Gordon, he arranged with the Laird of Grant that the latter should advance down the Dee Valley simultaneously with his own approach from the lower end, so as to shut the Farquharsons in between two fires.

The surprise was so complete that the unfortunate clan was nearly exterminated and an enormous number of children made orphans and homeless. These Huntly took to the Bog of Gight, where they were treated so much like animals that in time they grew to be like them. It is alleged that the head of the Grants, visiting at Bog of Gight a year or more later, was shown for his amusement the spectacle of a long wooden trough outside the kitchen, into which all the cold scraps and odds and ends of food from the table

had been thrown. At a given signal a door was opened and a troop of little, half-naked savages rushed in, and falling on the trough fought and tore for the food. Grant was really shocked on being told that these were the orphans he had helped to make. He got Huntly's permission to take them away with him, saw to their care and training, and gradually they became absorbed into his clan.

Huntly's Cave, on the Freuchie estate, is so called from having been the hiding-place, in the troublous period of the second half of the seventeenth century, of Lord Lewis Gordon, afterwards third Marquis of Huntly.

Young Mary Grant, sister of the Laird, having discovered his retreat, herself undertook the dangerous task of supplying him with food, with the romantic result that they fell in love with one another, and when more peaceful days came were happily married.

The political tenets of the Grants seem to have been of that accommodating order that adapts itself to the party in power, and we find them siding now with the Royalists, now with the Covenanters, though their dislike and jealousy of Montrose usually inclined them to support the party that opposed him. During the risings of the '15 and '45 the chiefs remained loyal to the House of Hanover, and though not lending any very active assistance, they at least prevented their clansmen from going out to any extent.

"The Laird of Grant was very zealous at the Revo-

lution," writes the anonymous author of *The Highlands of Scotland in* 1750,[1] "but he and his men suffered so much by the depredations of the Camerons and McDonalds that they behaved with more caution than zeal in the time of the late Rebellion. They certainly were in a bad situation, hemmed in between the Gordons and Clan Chattan tribes; but nevertheless a true spirit and zeal for Religion and Liberty might have induced them to behave better than to enter into a neutrality with Rebels."

NAIRN.

Returning to the neighborhood of the coast and crossing the border into Nairnshire, we come at Auldearn to the scene of one of Montrose's most signal victories. The battle (9th May, 1645) began with an attack by the Covenanters under General Hurry. The Irish leader, Alastair Macdonald (Colkitto), having been inveigled out of a strong position to engage in an unequal fight in the open, was overpowered and forced to retreat with the remnant of his men. It is said that Montrose, on having this intelligence hurriedly whispered to him by an orderly, instantly exclaimed aloud: "Macdonald gaining the victory single-handed! Come, my Lord Gordon, is he to be allowed to carry all before him and leave no laurels for the House of

[1] From MS. 104 in the King's Library, British Museum, published in 1898. Edited by Andrew Lang.

Huntly?"—a hint that the impetuous Gordon was not slow to follow, and his attack and rout of the enemy's right wing, followed up by Montrose's charge at the head of the main body, resulted in a complete and bloody victory.

Major Drummond, who left the field at the head of his men at a critical moment, was tried and shot as a traitor, and General Hurry, who shortly afterwards deserted to the King's side and was hanged in 1650 at the same time as Montrose, was also accused of playing into the enemy's hands at Auldearn; and to the action of these two officers the Covenanters attributed their defeat. In the '45 Moray and Nairn remained, with unimportant exceptions, loyal to the Government.

On the day before Culloden the Duke of Cumberland halted his army in Nairn, and there his birthday was celebrated with feastings and revelry (15th April, 1746). The Prince's army meanwhile was at Culloden, only twelve miles distant, and owing to the mismanagement of John Hay of Restalrig, who had succeeded John Murray of Broughton in the charge of the commissariat shortly before, was occupied in anything but feasting, being in fact half starved. It is probably largely due to this circumstance that the well-planned night attack on the Government force at Nairn miscarried, as the weary and hungry army was still three miles from the English outposts when the coming of dawn forced them to retrace their steps.

Nairn is on the line that separates the Highlands

from the Lowlands, a line so far from being an imaginary one that, while the southwest side was still inhabited by Highlanders speaking the Gaelic tongue, the other side, on the northeast, was wholly given up to English-speaking fisher-folk, and this circumstance gave James VI. his traditional boast, made to the English courtiers, that one of his Scottish towns was so large that the people at one end could not understand the language spoken at the other.

About five miles southwest from Nairn, on the Cawdor Burn, rises the imposing mass of the Castle of Cawdor, or Calder, probably occupying the site of an earlier fortress. From Robert Bruce, William of Cawdor obtained a formal acknowledgment of his and his descendants' rights as chiefs of Cawdor, as his ancestors had been before him. James II. gave to the then laird, a personal favorite, permission to build a Castle in Nairn (1454), and tradition recounts that he placed a chest of money on an ass's back, and, starting the animal off, declared he would build wherever it halted. Any inconveniences that might have resulted from this method of choosing a site were averted by the truly remarkable judgment displayed by the ass. Proceeding towards the Cawdor Burn, it glanced indifferently at the first hawthorn tree it came to, brushed up against the second, and on reaching a third came to a halt—in fact, to prevent any mistake, lay down. And on that spot, which in truth was admirably adapted to the purpose, the Castle was

built. In the vaulted store-room on the ground floor there is still seen the stem of the hawthorn tree, standing where it grew. The iron gate at the entrance to the Castle is from Lochindorb, and another legend tells that the same laird who built Cawdor Castle, having been commanded to dismantle Lochindorb on the downfall of the Douglases, carried the gate all the way to Cawdor on his shoulders. In 1510 the property passed from its ancient possessors into the hands of the Campbells, through the marriage of the heiress, Muriel, to Sir John Campbell, a son of the second Earl of Argyll. Her mother was one of the Roses of Kilravock, and the little girl was being brought up by them, when the Earl of Argyll, in order to secure her in marriage for his son, sent a party of Campbells and carried her off bodily, after a sharp fight with her uncles and the loss of a number of his own men. Such were the gentle wooings of the time. Most of the present Castle—except the keep, which belongs to the fifteenth century—dates from the second half of the seventeenth century, when Sir Hugh Campbell remodeled the whole building.

Across the Nairn and west from Cawdor is Kilravock (pronounced Kilrock), the seat of the Roses since the thirteenth century. "For six hundred years and more there has always been a Baron of Kilravock, son succeeding father in the possession of the family estates, without the interposition of any

collateral heir, almost every one bearing the Christian name of Hugh, and none but one ever rising to higher social rank."

The romantic old Castle of Kilravock is only about five miles from Culloden-Muir, and on the day before the battle Prince Charles visited the laird, who was not a Jacobite, and remained to dinner. There is a tradition that the Duke of Cumberland also called there the next morning, on his way with his army to Culloden. "You have had my cousin Charles here," was his greeting to the laird; to which the other replied, "Not having an army to keep him out, I could not prevent him." "You did perfectly right," replied the Duke.

ROSS AND CROMARTY.

Northwest of Nairn, across the Moray Firth, is the large, wholly Highland County of Ross and Cromarty, whose territory, in the old days of the clans, was held mainly by the Mackenzies and the Rosses, and the Munroes whose country lies on the northwestern shore of the Cromarty Firth. Of the Munroes, the author of *The Highlands of Scotland in* 1750, says: "'Tis well known the part they acted in 1715 and during the late Rebellion. The Gentlemen of this Clan are all Firm and Steady to a man, and the Commons are well-affected, Honest, Industrious and Religious People. Those who call them Enthusi-

astical, Revengefull and Lazy do not know them, or are highly prejudiced against them. Tho' their Country is mostly a Sour, Wet Soil, and the Cromartie Firth not so good for Fishing as the other Seas in the Neighborhood, yet they have Bread in Plenty and Live Comfortably." Sir Robert Munro, the chief of the clan, and his brother were killed at Falkirk in 1746, fighting for King George, and a third brother was murdered by Highland outlaws shortly after.

Between the Moray Firth and the Cromarty Firth is a peninsula called the Black Isle. On its east coast is situated the burgh of Fortrose, which includes the two towns of Chanonry and Rosemarkie. Here was once an important ecclesiastical centre—the seat of the bishopric of Ross, founded by David I. in the twelfth century. Only the chapter house and the south aisle of the nave and chancel are left of the once imposing fourteenth-century cathedral. It was destroyed by Cromwell and the materials used to build a fort at Inverness.

Tradition tells that the fairies of Moray liked the cathedral originally built at Fortrose so much better than the one on their own side of the Firth that one night they set to work to change them, and when morning broke the Elgin Cathedral was at Fortrose and the Fortrose Cathedral at Elgin, where they have ever since remained. Only the fairies had not time quite to destroy the causeway they had thrown across

the Moray Firth; so that to this day the two ends can be seen jutting out, the one from Chanonry Ness, the other from Ardersier Point.

Red Castle, a modernized building occupying the site of William the Lion's Fortress of Ederdour, is in the south of the Black Isle; and near it on the west is the now restored Castle of Kilcoy, built in the early part of the seventeenth century by Alexander Mackenzie, son of Mackenzie of Kintail. Another Mackenzie stronghold of about the same date is the lofty and striking tower of Fairburn, which stands further to the west, on the north bank of the Orrin. Near Strathpeffer is the fine Castle Leod, built about 1616 by Sir Rory Mackenzie, the famous Tutor of Kintail and founder of the Tarbat Mackenzies, Earls of Cromartie. This personage, though he lived but forty-eight years, contrived in that short space to acquire vast estates in Ross and Cromarty (including the island of Lewis, the hereditary possession of the Macleods), and to make his name so to be dreaded by the restless and turbulent chiefs of the neighboring districts as to give rise to a Gaelic saying, "There are two things worse than the Tutor of Kintail: frost in spring and mist in the dog-days."

At Ferintosh, at the west end of the Black Isle, is Ryefield Lodge, belonging to the Forbeses of Culloden. The name is a reminder of a former privilege possessed by the family, *i. e.*, the free right of distilling whisky from home-grown grain. This

privilege was granted to Duncan Forbes, father of President Forbes, as a reward for his patriotic services in promoting the use of home-made instead of foreign, smuggled spirits.

At Dingwall, a town on the northwest shore of the Cromarty Firth, is seen an excellent example of the fast-disappearing old Scottish Tolbooth. Another of these interesting survivals of a distinctively Scottish style of architecture is in the ancient town of Tain, on the Dornoch Firth. This is the reputed birthplace (about 1000) of St. Duthus, "Confessor of Ireland and Scotland." The little old granite chapel dedicated to him was a far-famed sanctuary, ruthlessly violated however by the Earl of Ross in 1306, when he seized therein Elizabeth, wife of Robert Bruce, her step-daughter Marjory, and all their attendants. Of these the males were put to death by Edward I., and the ladies imprisoned until the year 1314. The sanctuary was a favorite place of pilgrimage of the Scottish kings. Thither went James IV. once a year to do penance for rebelling against his father; and the path across the moors called the "King's Highway" is said to be so named from James V. having traversed it barefoot in 1528.

It is averred that this pilgrimage of the King had been urged upon him by his priestly advisers for a particular purpose; for it was while he was thus safely employed in an out-of-the-way spot that Patrick Hamilton, protomartyr of the Scottish Reformation,

was tried for heresy at St. Andrews, and burned at the stake on the same day on which judgment was given (February 29, 1528). He was very young—not more than twenty-six—was highly gifted, a great-grandson (through his mother) of James II., and had but recently been married. These circumstances, added to the fact of his being the first to suffer death for the Reformed faith (whose principles he had imbibed from Luther himself on the Continent), and also his lofty and unwavering courage throughout the prolonged torture of his death, accomplished more towards spreading the "heretical" doctrines he professed than years of preaching would have done. It was said that "the reek of Patrick Hamilton infected all it blew on." Hamilton when a mere boy had been made lay Abbot of Fearn—an abbey standing a few miles from Tain, peopled with monks from Whithorn early in the thirteenth century. The oldest parts of the still existing church date from the fourteenth century, when the abbey was rebuilt. "After the Reformation it was used as a parish church, until one fatal autumn Sunday morning of the year 1742, when the congregation being peacefully assembled for worship, the heavy stone roof suddenly gave way. . . . Nearly half the people were buried in the ruins, and they could see through the shattered windows men all covered with blood and dust, yelling like maniacs, and tearing up the stones and slates that were heaped over their wives and children. . . .

Thirty-six persons were killed on the spot, and many more were so dreadfully injured that they never recovered. The tombstones were covered over with dead bodies, some of them so fearfully gashed and mangled that they could scarce be recognized, and the paths that wended through the churchyard literally ran with blood."[1] Many lives were saved through the presence of mind of the powerful minister, Robertson of Gairloch, by whose unaided strength the south wall was propped up and kept from falling.

Fearn is in the country of the Rosses—one of whom, Ferquhard, Earl of Ross in Alexander II.'s time, was its founder. This clan remained so loyal to the House of Hanover that only about thirty went out in the '45 "of the Refuse of the Commons [under Malcolm Ross younger of Pitcalney], as they abhorred the design."

One ancient Castle, Ballone, built by an Earl of Ross, stands, a picturesque and imposing ruin, on the Tarbat Isthmus, overlooking the German Ocean. Very little is known of its history, but it was certainly held at one time by the Earls of Cromarty and later by another branch of the powerful Mackenzie clan, itself descended from a younger son of "Gilleon na h'airde," the ancestor of the tribe Ross. "The MacKenzies of Tarbat," writes Sir William Fraser in the Introduction to *The Earls of Cromartie*, "who were ennobled as Earls of Cromartie, are a

[1] *Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland*, Hugh Miller.

branch of the MacKenzies, Earls of Seaforth, an ancient, powerful and distinguished clan, long in possession of the Barony of Ellandonan, including Kintail and other properties in the County of Ross, commonly called the Seaforth estates." Kenneth Mackenzie of Kintail was created Lord Mackenzie of Kintail by James VI. in 1609, and fourteen years later his son and successor Colin, called the Red Earl, was made Earl of Seaforth. The great-nephew of the Red Earl having gone abroad with James VII. and died in Paris, his son engaged in the '15 and was one of the leaders of the attempt of 1719. The Earl, with the Marquis Tullibardine and the Earl Marischal, landed in Kintail (April 13) with about three hundred Spanish troops and chose for their headquarters Ellandonan Castle. This ancient stronghold of the Mackenzies crowns the summit of a small rocky island at the junction of Lochs Alsh, Duich and Long, in southwestern Ross-shire. Here the Jacobites stored their ammunition and provisions, placing a garrison of Spaniards in charge ; but three ships-of-war from a British squadron attacked the Castle in May, and after bombarding it for some hours reduced it, taking the garrison prisoners, blowing up the ammunition and setting fire to the stores. These very serious losses had a disheartening effect upon the Jacobites, and the business of raising recruits did not advance very rapidly. By the 10th of June, however, such of the clansmen as were willing to go out, having been assem-

bled in a strong position in Glenshiel, it was determined to give battle. The Highlanders and their Spanish auxiliaries occupied the hill which commands the glen at a point where the River Shiel is now crossed by a bridge, about five miles from Invershiel. The battle, which began before six in the morning and lasted about three hours, ended in a complete defeat; the Highlanders scattered to their mountains and the Spaniards, acting on the advice of the Jacobite leaders, surrendered as prisoners of war. The Earl of Seaforth was wounded, but contrived to escape with the other leaders to France, where for many years he lived upon the rents from his (forfeited) estates. In vain did Government send troops from time to time to take possession of these. The clansmen offered armed resistance and in every instance were victorious. In 1725 the Commissioners of Inquiry reported their failure to sell the Seaforth estate because of "not having been able to obtain possession and consequently to give the same to a purchaser." And all the while the tenants faithfully paid in their rents to Donald Murchison, son of the Castellan of Ellandonan, "a kinsman and servant to the Earl of Seaforth, bred a writer [lawyer], a man of small stature, but full of spirit and resolution"—who found means to forward the money to the absent chief. It is said that Seaforth's cold ingratitude, after his pardon, for so much faithfulness and devotion so preyed upon Murchison that he died of a broken heart. The Earl made his

peace with King George in 1726 and died before the '45.

His son, known as Lord Fortrose (for the Seaforth title was forfeited), evidently thought the family had suffered enough in the Stuart interests, and at the Rising he refused to join. "Tho' the present Seaforth (Fortrose) is Hearty and Zealous for the Government, he has not yet been able to Cure the Gentlemen of his Clan of a Disease they have been so long contracting, but they are Recovering Slowly and by Degrees." Lady Fortrose, in spite of her husband, raised a body of Mackenzies for Prince Charles. Seaforth's relative, George, third Earl of Cromarty, went out and nearly lost his life in consequence. He was condemned for high treason at Westminster at the same time as the Earl of Kilmarnock and Lord Balmerino, but alone of the three was pardoned. This was mainly due to the spirited efforts of his wife, the beautiful "Bonnie Bell Gordon." Not only did this devoted lady present petitions to each of the Lords of the Cabinet Council, but on "the Sunday following the sentence she went to Kensington Palace in deep mourning, accompanied by Lady Stair, to intercede with his Majesty in behalf of her husband. She was a woman of great strength of mind, and though far advanced in pregnancy, had hitherto displayed surprising fortitude; but on the present trying occasion she gave way to grief. She took her station in the entrance through which the King had to pass to chapel, and when he

approached she fell upon her knees, seized him by the coat, and presenting her supplication, fainted away at his feet. The King immediately raised her up, and taking the petition, gave it in charge of the Duke of Grafton, one of his attendants. He then desired Lady Stair to conduct her to one of the apartments. The Dukes of Hamilton and Montrose, the Earl of Stair and other courtiers backed these petitions for the Royal mercy by a personal application to the King, who granted a pardon to the Earl on the ninth of August" (1746).

A few miles from Ardgay in northeastern Ross-shire occurred the final defeat and overthrow of Montrose. He had landed in March, 1650, with a small force on one of the Orkney Islands, and having procured some recruits, proceeded to the mainland to make what proved to be his final effort in support of the royal house he had served so faithfully. A force sent under Lieutenant Colonel Strachen to check his advance surprised and defeated him at the battle of Carbisdale, or Invercharron, in the Kyles of Sutherland, on April 27, 1650.

The men of Orkney at the first charge threw down their arms and cried for quarter; the others were overpowered and driven into the woods, where the greater part of them were either slain or captured. Montrose made his escape on Lord Frendraught's horse, swam the Kyle, and then, abandoning his horse, exchanged his dress for that of a Highland

peasant, throwing away even his cloak, with the Star of the Garter, and his sword. Thus disguised, he wandered for two whole days and a night, without food or cover, in the wild regions of western Rossshire. The Earl of Kinnoul, who was with him, sank from exhaustion and died somewhere in the mountains. After several days the Marquis and his sole companion, Major Sinclair of Orkney, were discovered by Macleod of Assynt, in whose country they were. This chieftain carried them prisoners to his Castle of Ardvreck, whose ruins are seen on the north shore of Loch Assynt,[1] and delivered them up to General Leslie. After a detention of two days at Skibo, the prisoners were removed to Edinburgh.

SUTHERLAND.

The capital town of Sutherlandshire is Dornoch, a small, quiet place on the southeastern coast of the county, more famed for its fine golf links than for anything else. The Cathedral, built by Gilbert de Moravia (1222–'45), was burned by the Master of Caithness, and Mackay of Strathnaver (1570) during the helpless minority of Alexander, twelfth Earl of Sutherland; and they also destroyed the Bishop's Palace, which stood opposite. The palace has been repaired and is still inhabited; and a part of the

[1] The ruin on the southeast of the Loch is Edderchalder House, built in 1660 by Kenneth Mackenzie, third Earl of Seaforth.

central square tower of the ancient cathedral has been incorporated with the parish church. The stone sarcophagus of Richard de Moravia, the founder's brother, is in the north transept; while in the south transept are the tombs of sixteen Earls of Sutherland. This ancient house derives its origin from Hugh Freskin, a scion of the Gaelic tribe of Moray, who obtained from William the Lion a grant of the lands of Sutherland, a name given to the district by the Norwegians at a time when Caithness, on the northeast, was their sole territory on the mainland of Scotland. The fifth earl married a daughter of King Robert Bruce. In the reign of James V. the male line died out, and the heiress married a younger son of the Earl of Huntly, thus bringing the title to the powerful family of Gordon, with whom it remained until 1766. Once more the title was inherited by an heiress, who married the Marquis of Stafford and brought the title to the family of Gower, who still possess it. In the '15 and in the '45 the Sutherlands were loyal to the Government and influenced some of the neighboring minor clans to pursue the same policy. "In Lord Sutherland's lands live a small, but fierce clan of the name of Gun. They are about one hundred and fifty in number; they have a chieftain of their own, who lives upon a small mortgage not above twenty pounds per annum, but his clan give him a generous assistance to keep up the grandeur of a chieftain. They have been inhabitants of

Sutherland for above five hundred years, and were so much considered of old that MacDonald of the Isles married a daughter of the chief of the Guns."[1]

Dunrobin, the seat of the Dukes of Sutherland, is a little to the north of the town of Golspie, near the seacoast. The original keep, built by one of the Earls of Sutherland before the twelfth century, forms a part of the later seventeenth and nineteenth century additions. The different suites of rooms are called after the names of distinguished persons who have occupied them at various times—as the Blantyre Rooms, the Argyll Rooms, the Cromarty Rooms, and so on. The last name commemorates the capture here of George, Earl of Cromarty, and his son, Lord Macleod, on the day before the battle of Culloden, April 16, 1746. The Earl, while on his way to join the Highland army at Inverness, was besieged in Dunrobin by a force of Mackay's and the Earl of Sutherland's people. Seeing no prospect of relief, he summoned the two captains of the besiegers to a conference to discuss the terms of surrender. While the discussion was proceeding, "Ensign Mackay, who had entered the Castle along with the two captains, went down stairs, and having informed the Earl's men below that he had surrendered, induced them to deliver up their arms. Having secured their arms, he took the keys from the porter, and opening the gates admitted his party. He then

[1] *The Highlands of Scotland in* 1750.

went up stairs with them, and entering the dining-room, seized the Earl, Lord Macleod and the whole officers."[1]

On the right bank of Helmsdale Water, near the town of that name, are the ruins of a hunting seat built in 1488 by the seventh Countess of Sutherland, which was in the following century the scene of a horrible tragedy. In July, 1567, John, Earl of Sutherland, and his Countess, then far advanced in pregnancy, were supping with Isobel Sinclair, wife of Gordon of Gartay, at Helmsdale. The hostess, whose son would, in the event of a lapse in the direct line, inherit the Earldom of Sutherland, had, on the subtle suggestion of the Earl of Caithness, poisoned the wine set aside for the guests' use. But owing to two unforeseen circumstances the plot failed miserably. In the first place, Alexander Gordon, the Earl's fifteen-year-old son, whose death was quite as necessary as his own for the success of the scheme, arrived so late that his father's suspicions had already been aroused (though not in time to save himself or his wife), and he sent the boy off to Dunrobin supperless; while in the meantime the young John Gordon, for whose sake his mother had committed the crime, entered unexpectedly, and being very thirsty, drank off a goblet of the poisoned wine before his wretched mother could prevent him. The Earl and his Countess were taken to Dunrobin on

[1] *A History of the Highlands*, James Browne.

the following morning, and there they died and were buried in the Dornoch Cathedral. John Gordon also died, and it was the circumstances attending his death that led to the arrest and condemnation of his mother. She committed suicide in Edinburgh on the day set for her execution.

In 1766 the great Sutherland estate, comprising most of southern Sutherlandshire, was inherited by the one-year-old daughter of William, seventeenth Earl of Sutherland, and his wife, the beautiful step-daughter of Lord Justice-Clerk Alva. The circumstances leading to the early deaths of this young couple were as follows: The Earl, after drinking too much at dinner one evening, entered the drawing-room at Dunrobin, and attempting to toss his little daughter in the air, let her fall, whereby she received some permanent injuries. Remorse so preyed upon the Earl that his health was threatened, and his physician ordered him to Bath. There he caught a fever, and for three weeks was nursed by his devoted wife, herself in poor health at the time. Then she too was taken ill and presently died; and, although this was carefully kept from the Earl, it is said that on the day preceding his own death, when in delirium, he would repeatedly call out, "I am going to join my dear wife!"[1] Their bodies were taken to Edinburgh and buried in one grave in the chapel at Holyrood. Their daughter mar-

[1] See *Traditions of Edinburgh*, Robert Chambers.

ried in 1785 the Marquis of Stafford, afterwards created Duke of Sutherland, and it was they who carried out on their Highland estates the arbitrary measures known as "The Sutherland Clearances," by which these unremunerative districts were converted into sheep-walks. That the object of the proprietors was honestly to improve the country, in obedience to the fetish called "Political Economy," cannot be doubted; and that they were not ashamed of it is shown by the publication of an account by the commissioner, James Loch, which was entitled "An account of the improvements of the Marquess of Stafford in the Counties of Sutherland, with remarks. By James Loch, Esquire. London: Longman, 1820."

Even allowing that their intentions were good (which however has been vigorously denied), nothing can excuse the ruthless cruelty exercised and the unparalleled suffering inflicted in driving out the unfortunate inhabitants of these Highland valleys. These poor people were unable to see that their lot, though poverty-stricken, was unbearable, and that the life which their fathers had led from immemorial time, and the homes to which they were attached by instincts stronger than those of any other race, must be given up in order that the proprietor of the soil might reap to the utmost the value which "political economy" ascribed to the country.

"Between the years 1811 and 1820," says Hugh

Miller, "fifteen thousand inhabitants of this northern district were ejected from their snug inland farms by means for which we would in vain seek a precedent, except, perchance, in the history of the Irish Massacre." For the *right* of the Sutherland family to do this he refers as follows to a work on political economy by Sismondi: "Under the old Celtic tenures—the only tenures, be it remembered, through which the Lords of Sutherland derive their rights to their lands—the *klaan*, or children of the soil, were the proprietors of the soil. 'The whole of Sutherland,' says Sismondi, 'belonged to the men of Sutherland.' Their chief was their monarch, and a very absolute monarch he was. But . . . he had no more right to expel from their homes the inhabitants of his county than a king to expel from his country the inhabitants of his kingdom." Expelled they were, however, and under circumstances of great cruelty and hardship. The plan was that "the inhabitants of the central districts, who, as they were mere Celts, could not be transformed, it was held, into store farmers, should be marched down to the seaside, there to convert themselves into fishermen on the shortest possible notice, and that a few farmers of capital, of the industrious Lowland race, should be invited to occupy the new subdivisions of the interior."

The unfortunate Highlanders failed to fall in with this march of "improvement," and offered a stubborn, though passive resistance; whereupon the Sutherland

agents—one under-factor in particular—proceeded to the utmost lengths.[1] In the clearance of the parishes of Farr and Kildonan in 1814 the heather—sole pasturage for the cattle at that season—was set on fire in March, while still the legal property of the people, and in May, so soon as the date on which the inhabitants had received notice to decamp was passed, the houses, built by their own hands out of their own materials, were either pulled down about their ears or fired.

"A numerous party of men," says Hugh Miller, "with a factor at their head, entered the district and commenced pulling down the houses over the heads of the inhabitants. In an extensive tract of country not a human dwelling was left standing, and then, the more effectually to prevent their temporary re-erection, the destroyers set fire to the wreck. In one day were the people deprived of home and shelter, and left exposed to the elements. Many deaths are said to have ensued from alarm, fatigue and cold. . . . In little more than nine years a population of fifteen thousand individuals were removed from the interior

[1] This factor was brought to trial for murder, on the instance of the sheriff-substitute for the county, Mr. Mackid, who stated in a letter to Lord Stafford that "a more numerous catalogue of crimes, perpetrated by an individual, has seldom disgraced any country, or sullied the pages of a precognition in Scotland." By some legal quibble all of Mr. Mackid's testimony was thrown out, and the result of the trial was the factor's acquittal and the Sheriff's dismissal from office.

of Sutherland to its seacoasts or had emigrated to America. The inland districts were converted into deserts, through which the traveller may take a long day's journey amid ruins that still bear the scathe of fire, and grassy patches betraying where the evening sun casts aslant its long, deep shadows the half-effaced lines of the plough.[1] . . .

"The county was not depopulated; its population has been merely arranged after a new fashion. The late Duchess found it spread equally over the interior and the seacoast, and in very comfortable circumstances; she left it compressed into a wretched selvage of poverty and suffering that fringes the county on its eastern and western shores." It is told that the results of this policy were brought pointedly home to its authors. When, at the breaking out of the Russian war, the Duke of Sutherland came North in search of recruits for the Ninety-third Highlanders, a meeting of the male inhabitants of the neighboring parishes was called at Golspie. More than four hundred appeared, and received with apparent enthusiasm his Grace's speech, telling of "the danger of allowing the Czar to have more power than what he holds already; of his cruel, despotic reign in Russia, etc.; likewise praising the Queen and her Government, rulers and nobles of

[1] These events are referred to in Murray's *Hand-Book for Scotland* as "the wise measures of the late (second) Duke of Sutherland, who removed the Highland cottiers from their upland moors, where they were in the habit of starving, to more genial and sheltered dwellings on the coast."

Great Britain, who stood so much in need of men to put and keep down the tyrant of Russia, and foil him in his wicked schemes to take possession of Turkey." With more to the same effect. But notwithstanding the very liberal offers to recruits with which the harangue concluded, not a man came forward. The Duke, much disconcerted, demanded to know the reason, but for some time no one would reply. At last an old man, leaning on a staff, worked his way to the front, and, after reminding the noble lord of the old-time devotion of this people for their chief; how, near that very spot, on forty-eight hours' notice, fifteen hundred men had assembled in response to his own grandmother's demand for nine hundred men, went on to say that this feeling had been quite stamped out by the cruel and unjust way in which they had been expelled from their lands, and "I do assure your Grace that it is the prevailing opinion in this county that should the Czar of Russia take possession of Dunrobin Castle and of Stafford House next term, we could not expect worse treatment at his hands than we have experienced at the hands of your family for the last fifty years." The account says that, at the conclusion of the old Highlander's speech, "The Duke rose up, put on his hat and left the field."[1]

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in her *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands* (1854), devotes several pages to a

[1] "Gloomy Memories of the Highlands," Donald Macleod, in *The History of the Highland Clearances*, Alex. Mackenzie.

sweeping denial of all charges of cruelty or injustice in the carrying out the Sutherland Clearances, concluding with the statement: "To my view it is an almost sublime instance of the benevolent employment of superior wealth and power in shortening the struggles of advancing civilization, and elevating in a few years a whole community to a point of education and material prosperity which, unassisted, they might never have obtained." Mrs. Stowe's opinion would however have more weight had she not, by her own showing, obtained her evidence entirely from the principal agent in the clearances. It does not seem to occur to her that any suspicion could attach to the flowery statements of Mr. Loch, the general agent of the Sutherland estates, and the man most interested in getting a favorable view put before the world. She quotes him triumphantly, and no one else. Donald Macleod, in commenting upon her statements, not unnaturally remarks: "If you took the information and evidence upon which you founded your *Uncle Tom's Cabin* from such unreliable sources (as I said before), who can believe the one-tenth of your novel? I cannot."

Clearances similar to those in Sutherland have been carried out on an extensive scale, and in some instances with even less semblance of justice, in Rossshire, also in the counties of Inverness, Perth and Argyll and on the Island of Skye. They are noticed in *The History of the Highland Clearances*, by Alex. Mackenzie, quoted above.

The northern part of Sutherlandshire was inhabited by the Mackays, generally held to be descended from the Clan Morgan, ancient Maormors of Caithness. Their extensive lands were called "Lord Reay's Country," from the title conferred upon Donald Mackay, chief of the clan, by Charles I. The result, according to Skene, was that "*Lord Reay* found it as much his interest to oppose the family of Stewart as *Donald Mackay* had to support that family in their difficulties with all his interest; and accordingly, throughout the insurrections in favor of that regal house in the years 1715 and 1745, the existing government found in Lord Reay a staunch and active supporter; while the Stewarts found that, in rewarding the loyalty of the chief of the Mackays with a peerage, they had but changed a steady friend to a bitter enemy, and that Charles Edward was to find one of his most powerful opponents in the great-grandson of the person who had been most indebted to his grandfather."

In the year 1829 the Duke of Sutherland purchased the whole of the Reay country from Lord Reay, the head of the Mackays, for the sum of £300,000, and Tongue House, once the seat of that chief, is now occupied by the Duke's factor. It stands on the eastern shore of the Kyle of Tongue, a short distance from the village. Further up the Kyle is Castle Varrich, the ruin of what was once a strong keep tower. At Durness, only about ten miles east of Cape Wrath, the northwesternmost point of the Scottish

mainland, are the ruins of an early seventeenth century parish church, built on the site of a former monastery. The grave of Duncan MacMorroch is said to occupy its position in the wall as a sort of compromise; his mode of life was not such as to justify his burial in the sacred building, and yet, as he had been most useful to the chief, it was not desirable to quite exclude him, so he lies half in and half out, and his epitaph tells that

> "Duncan MacMorroch here lies low;
> Was ill to his friend, waur to his foe;
> True to his master in weird and wo."

CAITHNESS.

The northeastern promontory of Scotland, which forms the County of Caithness, was anciently inhabited by the Caledonian tribe of Curnavii. Early in the tenth century these were brought under the Norse rule by Sigurd Jarl of Orkney, and in 1196 William the Lion drove out the Norsemen and included the district with the rest of the Scottish kingdom. From the first half of the fifteenth century on, the St. Clairs were the leading family of Caithness; and in 1455 their head was made Earl of Caithness. Of the holder of the title in 1750, the author of *The Highlands of Scotland* says: "A Reserv'd whimsical man is Chief of the Clan, but his estate being small, and his Disposition unhospitable and unsociable, he is but little

regarded. The Principal Branches of his family are the Lairds of Ulpstar [Ulbster], Dunbeath and May: the two first are well affected, and have good Estates, but the last on whom the Commons have such Dependance, that many consider him as Chief, was suspected."

Caithness is not a Highland county; in the character of the country and customs of the people it much more resembles the Lowlands; while in the census of 1891 less than one-ninth of the population were returned as using Gaelic.[1]

The only Castle in the northwestern part of the county is Dounreay, near Reay, which was inhabited so lately as 1863. Cromwell's soldiers were quartered in it when it was the property of the Mackays.

At Thurso, further west on the coast, are the ruins of a seventeenth century church. There was an older one on the same site; and fifteen miles inland are the ruins of Dirlot, once a fortalice of the Guns. The palace of the Bishops of Caithness was at Scrabster, on the outskirts of Thurso, but its remains are very sparse.

All the most important of the ancient buildings of Caithness are gathered within a rather small radius on or near Sinclair's Bay. Here we find Girnigoe, one of the strongest among all the fortresses of the North, occupying an impregnable (before the introduction of gunpowder) position on a rocky

[1] See *Ordnance Gazetteer*.

promontory jutting out into the German Ocean. It was built, probably at the close of the fifteenth century, by the St. Clairs, Earls of Caithness, and was the chief stronghold of that once powerful family. A more modern building, called Castle Sinclair, adjoins it on the inner side. In the dungeon of Girnigoe, the Master of Caithness, placed there by his father's orders, died horribly of thirst, having been first nearly starved by his jailers, and then fed on highly-salted beef (1576–'82).

The Castle was provided with a secret chamber, called the Gote, reached by a hatchway in the floor of the Earl's bedchamber. Here a notorious coiner, Arthur Smith, is said to have passed a number of years engaged in his "profession," until Caithness, Sutherland and Orkney were flooded with false coin, both silver and gold; and Sir Robert Gordon was commissioned by Government to apprehend, not the Earl, but Smith. This George, Earl of Caithness, son of the Master of Caithness already referred to, was a singularly hardened old reprobate. Notwithstanding Smith's industry, his debts amounted to an appalling sum, and his son, Lord Berriedale, having made himself responsible for them, his father allowed him to lie for five years in the Edinburgh Tolbooth; while he himself pursued his usual reckless mode of life in his northern Earldom. Small wonder that when Sir Robert Gordon at last came, with a force so powerful that the Earl was driven out of his

possessions, we find Lord Berriedale, then freed from his prison, taking part against his father.

About a mile to the west is Ackergill Tower, which stands on lands once belonging to the Cheynes, and then, through marriage, to the Keiths, Earls Marischal. On the north side of Sinclair Bay, Keiss Castle, belonging to a younger branch of the St. Clairs, is still impressive, notwithstanding its ruinous condition. At Wick, further south on the coast, are the remains of what is probably the oldest Castle in Caithness. "The Old Man of Wick," as it is called, was occupied in the fourteenth century by Sir Reginald de Cheyne.

At Dunbeath is the Castle which Sir John St. Clair left in April, 1650, to be defended by his Lady and a few servants, while he himself fled south on the first news of Montrose's landing. The position was very strong, and as there was a plentiful stock of provisions, the Laird believed no doubt that it would hold out till reinforcements could be sent to the North. His wife however thought otherwise, and after a very short siege it was surrendered to General Hurry. Montrose had effected his landing close to Duncansbay Head, the extreme northeastern point of the Scottish mainland. A little to the west of this was John o' Groat's house, built by a peace-loving descendant of a Lowlander named Groat (or perhaps a Dutchman named Groot), who settled here with his brother in the reign of James IV. Eight branches

of Groats had sprung from the original two, and it was their custom to hold family reunions. At one of these a violent quarrel for precedence arose, each head of a family claiming the seat at the head of the table and in front of the door. Then John arose and said, "Peace, my brothers; at next year's meeting all will be satisfied; only wait." So when they assembled the following year there stood on the spot an octagonal house, having eight doors, and within an octagonal table; so each entered by his own door and took the first seat, and thus every one was satisfied. Such at least are the general outlines of the tradition, which is told with varying details.

THE ORKNEYS.

Across the Pentland Firth, little more than a mile distant, is South Ronaldshay, the nearest of the Orkney Islands. The line of the ancient Norse Jarls of Orkney died out in 1231, when the holder of the title was murdered. It was then held by descendants of the original Earl of Angus (from the King of Norway), and eventually passed by marriage to the house of St. Clair. When James III. married Margaret of Denmark the Orkneys and Shetland were given by the King of Denmark, Norway and Sweden in pledge for the bride's dowry, and never having been redeemed, they have belonged ever since to the Scottish Kingdom. The Earldom of Orkney and Lordship of

Shetland were purchased by James from the St. Clairs and attached to the Crown. The St. Clair family after this leased the Earldom, the last lessee of the family being Oliver St. Clair, James V.'s favorite, who lost the battle of Solway Moss. From the granting of the Orkneys by charter to Lord Robert Stewart, (natural son of James V.) in 1564, down to the end of the eighteenth century, the Islands suffered one form of oppression after another. The old Norse odal system, which forbade the alienation of lands without the formal consent of all the heirs, was practically abolished, and the feudal system introduced; when the people cried out against the exactions of the Stewarts, the Crown stepped in and increased them. The Earl of Morton had them in mortgage from Charles I., and in 1766 they were sold to Sir Lawrence Dundas, Earl of Zetland, whose descendants still hold them.

The Stewarts could not forget that they were of the blood royal, and both Earl Robert and his son Patrick lived in a sort of regal state on their remote possessions. Birsay Palace, on the northwest coast of the mainland of Orkney, still bears witness to their extravagant tastes. A truly princely establishment, it formerly bore an inscription, "Dominus Robertus Stewartus, filius Jacobi Quinti Rex Scotorum," which, whether intended to set forth a claim, or merely showing an example of faulty grammar (*i. e.*, the nominative for the genitive), was interpreted in the first sense, and is said to have been used as evidence

against Earl Patrick, who was tried and executed for treason.

Earl Patrick's magnificent town palace in Kirkwall is held to be "one of the finest specimens of Domestic Architecture in Scotland." It is still in excellent preservation, being entire, except for the roof. In the great hall, with its three beautiful oriels, its mullioned south window, and huge fireplaces, Scott places the meeting of Cleveland and Bunce in *The Pirate*. To the west are the ruins of the palace of the once all-powerful Bishops of Orkney—built probably by Bishop Reid in the middle of the sixteenth century, and still partly inhabited. Close by stands the pride of the Orkneys, the great Norwegian Cathedral, built in 1137–52 by Rognvald, Jarl of Orkney, and dedicated to his murdered uncle, Jarl Magnus, who was canonized shortly after his death. The saint's body was brought from Egilshay in 1135 and deposited in the Church of St. Olaf (from which the town is called Kirkwall), and from thence removed later to the splendid resting place provided for it in the Cathedral. St. Olaf's was burned in 1502, and of the later church built on the site—the present Poorhouse Close—by Bishop Reid only some fragments remain. The Cathedral, on the contrary, is the only one in Scotland, except that of Glasgow, still standing unruined and with all its parts complete. A work so gigantic and in such a remote spot could not be finished in a few years, and the building exhibits traces of the various

architectural phases through which it passed, the choir being Norman, and the rest showing the transition and several varieties of the Pointed styles. After the Reformation the choir was shut off by a screen, provided with galleries and pews, and used as a parish church; but in 1701 the presbytery is importuned to stop the wild doings of the Town Guard, who are accused of "keeping guard within the church, shooting of guns, burning great fires on the graves of the dead, drinking, fiddling, piping, swearing and cursing night and day within the church, by which means religion is scandalized and the presbytery most miserably abused; particularly that when they are at exercises in the said church neither can the preacher open his mouth nor the hearers conveniently attend for smoke; yea, some of the members of the presbytery have been stopped in their outgoing and incoming to their meetings, and most rudely pursued by the soldiers with muskets and halberts."

In 1845 Government, acting on the belief that St. Magnus belonged to the nation, spent £3000 on very much needed repairs, and as it was no longer required as a parish church, the post Reformation fittings were removed, only to be restored ten years later, when it was decided that the heritors and Town Council had control of the building. These, in the exuberance of their newly recovered authority, likewise threw away the bones—as of no account—of William the Old, first Bishop of Orkney (1167), and

destroyed the Bishop's throne and the Earl's pew. In the south aisle is the tomb of Bishop Tulloch (1461), and in the choir that of Earl Robert Stewart, father of the beheaded Earl Patrick.

It was to Kirkwall that the defeated and heart-broken Norse King Haco came with the battered remnants of his once splendid fleet, after the battle of Largs (1263). He had his quarters in the Bishop's Palace—an earlier building than the present one—and from thence made a sort of pilgrimage to the Cathedral, walking around the Saint Magnus's shrine; " . . . but the legends of old battle-fields got the better of the legends of the saints. He had read to him first the Bible, then the Lives of the Saints; but at last he demanded to have read to him day and night, while he was awake, the Chronicles of the Norwegian Kings, from Haldan the Black downwards."[1]

And so he died with heathen sagas sounding in his ears, but his burial was most Christian. High mass was sung for the departed warrior, and "on Monday the body was borne to Magnus Kirk and royally laid out that night. On Tuesday it was laid in a kist and buried in the choir of St. Magnus Kirk, near the steps of the shrine of St. Magnus the Earl."

In front of the Cathedral is the old Town Cross which formerly stood in the market-place. On New Year's Day a famous foot-ball game is played by those

[1] *History of Scotland*, Hill Burton.

who live above this Cross against those from below, and the ball is started at the Cross.

The strong Castle built by Henry St. Clair opposite the Cathedral was fortified, together with the Cathedral steeple, by Robert, son of Patrick Stewart, while the latter was lying in prison in Edinburgh in 1614. On the suppression of the Rebellion by the Earl of Caithness, Stewart was captured and sent to Edinburgh, where he was executed with his father, and the Castle was razed to the ground. The group of buildings called Tankerness House, facing the west end of the Cathedral, were formerly the manses of the prebendaries and other Cathedral functionaries.

In the Cathedral Scott makes Minna Troil meet Cleveland, and from thence he is conducted by the half-mad Norna to the Standing Stones of Stennis, which rank in importance second only to those of Stonehenge among all the monuments of this kind in Great Britain. In the same parish is the conical tumulus of Maeshowe, thirty-six feet high, and surrounded by a wide ditch or moat; its origin is unknown.

At Orphir, on the south shore of Mainland, are the remains of a circular church. There are seven others in Great Britain,[1] all modeled after the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, and all built in the twelfth century (or end of the eleventh), and due

[1] Five of these are at Cambridge, Northampton, Maplestead, London and Ludlow Castle.

to the influence of the Crusades. The Church of Orphir is the only one of this character in Scotland, and is attributed to Earl Haco, who had been to the Holy Land, and who died in 1103.

Egilshay Island, on the north, was the scene of Jarl Magnus's murder (1110 circa), and the small church on the west side, dedicated to him, is supposed to mark the site. Attached to it is one of the three round towers of Scotland (the others are at Brechin and Abernethy). These are modeled after the round —detached—towers of Ireland, designed to serve as places of strength, whither the relics and treasures of the adjoining religious house might be taken, and the monks themselves seek safety in times of danger. They were also used as belfries, and the three Scottish ones, all connected with their churches, are evidently intended solely for this latter purpose.

On the north shore of Westray, one of the northernmost islands of Orkney, is the ruined Castle of Noltland, built probably in the latter part of the sixteenth century, and certainly long after the time of Bishop Tulloch, to whom it is commonly attributed. The most noticeable feature of Noltland is the magnificent staircase, with steps formed of solid blocks of stone, seven feet long, and a great red-sandstone newel. This Castle was in the hands of Sir Gilbert Balfour as Master of the Household at the time of Queen Mary's escape from Lochleven, and was got ready in anticipation of her possible flight to the

North. It was there that, at a later and equally disastrous crisis in the affairs of the Stuarts, some of Montrose's officers took refuge after his final defeat. For long after it had become ruinous it was still illuminated on every occasion of a birth or marriage in the Balfour family.

A cavern in Rap Ness, on the south, is called the Gentleman's Cave, from the circumstance of some Orkney Jacobites having occupied it for several months after the battle of Culloden.

Midway between Orkney and Shetland lies Fair Island, whose rock-bound shores are accessible at one only spot. Here in 1588 was wrecked one of the ships of the doomed Spanish Armada. " . . . Early in the morning, by break of day, one of our baillies came to my bedside, saying, but not with affray, 'I have to tell you news, sir. There is arrived within our harbour [Anstrather in Fife] this morning ane ship full of Spanyards, but not to give mercy, but to ask.'" (James Melville.)

These were the crew of the wrecked vessel, who had after some time succeeded in getting another ship to bring them to shore, not however without leaving a lasting memorial of their stay on the island; for, according to tradition, it was from these Spanish visitors that the women of Fair Isle learned to knit those various woollen articles of intricate design for which they are famed.

Sumburgh Head, Shetland

SHETLAND.

The distance from Fair Isle to the southernmost point of Mainland in the Shetlands is about twenty-three miles, yet so wild and dangerous are the currents that meet and beat and boil against this northernmost outpost of the British Islands, that up to within comparatively recent times the people of England and Scotland held the vaguest and most singular notions of the character of the country. A hundred years ago the only communication was by means of a small vessel that sailed from Aberdeen theoretically every month, but actually about seven times a year.

"Except business men and an occasional traveller of scientific tastes, the islands had before the publication of *The Pirate*, and still more the introduction of steam communication all the year round in 1853, practically no visitors at all." (*Ordnance Gazetteer*). The great Shetland industry is fishing; and next in importance comes the manufacture of woollen garments out of the fine, soft native fleece. The islands too are famous for their hardy breed of shaggy little ponies, nine to ten hands high, which go about nearly wild. There is great demand for them throughout Scotland, principally, alas, for life-long work in the coal mines.

The most notable building in Shetland is the Castle at Scalloway, on the west coast of Mainland, that Earl Patrick Stewart forced the inhabitants to build for

him without remuneration in 1600. Since its occupation by Cromwell's soldiers it has been abandoned and is now in ruins. To the same period belongs the northernmost castle of Scotland, Muness, which stands on the east coast of the Island of Anst and bears the date 1598. Its builder, Laurence Bruce, was half-brother to Robert Stewart, Earl of Orkney. He was obliged to leave his own country of Perthshire, on account of a murder, and established himself under Earl Robert's protection in this strong Castle in the remote North.

CHAPTER XVI.

INVERNESS-SHIRE.

THE County of Inverness was the home of many of the principal historical Highland clans. It has an ancient Celtic history and a less ancient clan history, difficult to follow by any one not a Highlander, and which we do not propose to refer to in this sketch of the county. But it may be well to note the locations of the various clan territories, and to give the old names of the districts which they occupied, still universally used in the county.[1]

[1] "A Highland clan [the word in Gaelic means 'children'] is a set of men all bearing the same surname, and believing themselves to be related the one to the other and to be descended from the same common stock. In each clan there are several subaltern tribes, who own their dependence on their own immediate chief; but all agree in owning allegiance to the supreme chief of the clan or kindred, and look upon it to be their duty to support him at all adventures" ["Memorandum of Lord President Forbes," *The Rising of* 1745, C. S. Terry]. ". . . In almost every clan there were some subordinate chiefs called chieftains, being cadets of the principal family, who had acquired distinct territory and founded separate septs. In every clan, moreover, there were two ranks of people— the *Doaine-uailse*, or gentlemen, persons who could clearly trace their derivation from the chiefs of former times, and assert their kinsmanship to the present, and a race of commoners, who could not tell how they came to belong to the clan and who acted in inferior offices" [*History of the Rebellion of* 1745, Robert Chambers].

To the north of Loch Ness in Beauly and Glen Affrick, and to the east of the Loch in the district of Stratherrick, was the country of the Frasers, whose chief was Lord Lovat. In Strathglass lived the small clan of Chisolm, entirely surrounded by the Frasers. East and south of Inverness town, in the valleys of the Nairn and the Findhorn, known as Strathdearn, lay the territory of the Macintoshes, one of the branches of the great Clan Chattan, while south of them, in Badenoch, in the valley of the Spey, was the land of another branch of Clan Chattan, the Clan Vurich, better known by the nickname of Macpherson, the son of the parson.

On the uplands west of Loch Ness were the Grants of Loch Urquhart and of Glen Moriston. Round the shores of Loch Lochy, Loch Arkaig, Loch Eil and Loch Linnhe was the district of Lochaber, the home of the Camerons and of the Macdonalds of Keppoch. West of Lochaber were the districts of Moidart, Arisaig and Morar, the property of Macdonald of Clanranald, who also owned the islands of Benbecula, South Uist and Eriskay. North of Moidart were Knoidart and Glengarry, the lands of Macdonald of Glengarry, while still further north was Glenelg, belonging to the Macleods, whose principal territory was in Skye. There the ancient Castle of Dunvegan still stands, "an amorphous mass of masonry of every conceivable style of architecture in which the nineteenth jostles the ninth century," and

in which the chief of Macleod still resides in what has been the stronghold of his ancestors from time immemorial.

Skye was also the home of the small Clan Mackinnon and of a branch of the great Clan Donald, the Macdonalds of Sleat, who also owned the island of North Uist.

It is interesting to note that at the Jacobite period the chiefs of Chisolm, Glengarry, Clanranald and Keppoch, were Roman Catholics; their clansmen for the most part followed the religion of their chiefs, and to this day the inhabitants of these old clan districts are principally Catholics. Cluny Macpherson, Macintosh, the Grants, Macleods, Macdonalds of Sleat and Mackinnons were Presbyterians, and their territories are still the stronghold of the Presbyterian Free Church. Lord Lovat was ostensibly a Presbyterian to the day before his capture, when he joined the Church of Rome and died in that communion. His immediate descendants were Protestants, but his later successors reverted to the faith of their remarkable ancestor, and the present Lord Lovat is a Catholic, but as a rule the Frasers belong to the Presbyterian Church.

The most conspicuous feature of Inverness-shire is the Caledonian Canal, formed by connecting by means of artificial cuttings the remarkable series of freshwater lochs that lie in the line of the "Great Glen" and the firths at either end. This gigantic piece of

work was over forty years in doing (1803–47), and although it has not quite fulfilled the idea of its projectors—the forming of a waterway for large vessels between the North Sea and the Atlantic—it is used by great numbers of smaller craft, fishing boats and the like, and is a favorite excursion of myriads of tourists from all over the world.

On the Moray Firth, near the northeastern extremity of the canal on the banks of the River Ness, stands Inverness, the capital of the Highlands. The existence of a Castle on the site occupied now by the jail and county buildings cannot be traced beyond the time of Malcolm Ceannmor, who built there a royal fortress after defeating Macbeth at Lumphanan in 1057. There was a still earlier fortress whose site is not surely known, though it was probably on the Crown, a hill on the east of the town, where the barracks now stand. To it, as the capital of the Pictish King, Brud, St. Columba came about the year 565, and so exerted his miraculous power that the King was promptly converted and baptized. Macbeth, as Mormaer of Ross and Moray, held the Castle on the Crown.

Malcolm Caennmor's Castle figures as a royal fortress in most of the leading events of the history of the Highlands, being the common place of residence of the sovereigns during their visits to the North. In the sixteenth century the Earls of Huntly were its hereditary keepers, and we have already seen how

it refused to admit Queen Mary in 1652, when the powerful family of Gordon had come into collision with the Crown. The Queen was obliged to occupy a private house in the town until her people, having been reinforced by the defection from Huntly's party of the Macintoshes, Frasers and Munroes, the fortress was reduced and the governor hanged.

In 1718 the Castle was repaired and enlarged, and renamed Fort George, in honor of King George I. In 1746 it surrendered to the Jacobite army, and Prince Charles ordered it to be blown up; two bastions and a section of the curtain wall are all that now remain of the ancient building.

One wonders a little as to the kind of accommodation Queen Mary found in the town while waiting to have the road to her own royal fortress made clear with gunpowder and the gibbet. Not very ample or luxurious, if we may judge from the fact that the house of the Dowager Lady Macintosh, in which her descendant, Prince Charles, lodged nearly two hundred years later, was then the only one in the town possessing a reception room that was not also a bed-chamber.

In 1652–57 Cromwell put up a powerful fort (the citadel) on the east bank of the Ness north of the town. It was destroyed soon after the Restoration at the request of the Highland chiefs, and has never been rebuilt, but a clock tower and earthern ramparts still mark its site. The square tower of the High

Church is also said to have been built by Cromwell and provided by him with a bell from Fortrose Cathedral.

Some four miles east of Inverness stands the old house of Culloden, still belonging to a branch of the Forbes family, whose head in the '45 was Duncan Forbes, the Lord President of the Court of Session. It was to him more than to any one that the Government was indebted for preventing all the northern Highlanders from joining the Jacobite insurrection. He was actuated not only by loyalty to the Government, which treated him most ungratefully, but by a kindly desire to prevent his friends and neighbors in the Highlands from embarking in a cause that he felt meant certain destruction.

"It was more congenial to his nature to reclaim than to punish; and his life was spent in keeping quiet, by means of influence, persuasion and the interposition of friends, those warlike and independent chiefs whom presumption and political prejudice were perpetually urging to take up arms. Lord Advocate Forbes . . . was among the patriots who saved the city of Edinburgh from the vindictive measures meditated against the metropolis on account of the singular insurrection called the Porteous Mob." [1]

As soon as the news of the Prince's Rising reached Edinburgh he hastened to the Highlands, where he used every means at his command to dissuade the

[1] Sir Walter Scott's *Review of the Culloden Papers.*

chiefs from going out, and advanced out of his own pocket sufficient money to enlist two thousand Highlanders in independent companies for the service of the Government, which never repaid him.

"The prospect was at first very flattering," he writes, "and the errand I came on had no appearance of difficulty; but the Rebels' successes at Edinburgh and Prestonpans soon changed the scene. All Jacobites, how prudent soever, became mad; all doubtful people became Jacobites; and all bankrupts became heroes, and talked nothing but hereditary rights and victory; and what was more grievous to men of gallantry, and, if you will believe me, much more mischievous to the public, all the fine ladies, if you will except one or two, became passionately fond of the young adventurer, and used all their arts and industry for him in the most intemperate manner. Under these circumstances I found myself alone, without troops, without arms, without money or credit; provided with no means to prevent extreme folly except pen and ink, a tongue and some reputation; and (if you will except Macleod, whom I sent for from the Isle of Skye) supported by nobody of common sense or courage."[1]

On the coast to the north of Culloden stands Dalcross, the ruin of a seventh century Castle of the Lords Lovat, now the property of the Macintoshes, near to which is Castle Stewart, of the same period,

[1] *Culloden Papers.*

built by the Stewart Earl of Moray. A few miles to the northeast is the modern Fort George, commanding the entrance to the Inverness Firth, as the inner waters of the Moray Firth are called. It was built three years after the '45, and was named after the Inverness Fort, which had been blown up by Prince Charles. It is now used as quarters for a regiment of Highlanders.

To the west of Inverness the Firth narrows to a smaller inlet of the sea known as the Beauly Firth, into which, eight miles from Inverness, the River Beauly empties itself, after running its ten-mile course through some of the most strikingly interesting scenery in Scotland. At Beauly, close to the river, are the ruins of a Priory founded in the thirteenth century by John Bisset of Lovat, the buildings dating from about two centuries later. Beaufort Castle, formerly called Castle Downie, the seat of Lord Lovat, is on the right bank of the river, higher up; and beyond are first the Falls of Kilmorack, next the Druim Glen, and finally Erchless Castle, the seat of the Chief of Chisolm, at which point the Beauly River, formed by the conjunction of the Glass and the Farrar, has its birth.

The Frasers of Lovat were a Norman family originally settled in Peebleshire, who obtained the lands of Lovat about the middle of the fourteenth century, though whether by marriage with an heiress or by purchase is not certainly known. A century before

this the lands had belonged to the Bissets of Lovat, another powerful Norman family, members of which held vast possessions both in England and in Ulster. This family had been driven out of Scotland on account of a crime in which a Bisset was supposed to be implicated. At a tournament held on the Borders in the reign of Alexander II., Patrick, sixth Earl of Atholl, had vanquished a certain William Bisset, settled in Berwickshire. Bisset was extremely mortified at his defeat, and shortly afterwards the Earl of Atholl was murdered in Haddington (1242). Bisset, though not proved guilty, was believed to have had some share in the assassination; the conscience of the country was aroused, and the whole family was driven from Scotland. It is interesting to find, however, that the name Bisset is still found among humble people in the Lovat country.

Of all the Lords of Lovat, none were more remarkable than Simon Fraser, the Lord Lovat who held the title in 1745, and who, disloyal to both parties, fell at last a victim to his own treachery and ambition.

Lord Lovat succeeded to the title on the death of a distant cousin, whose nine-year-old daughter inherited the estates, but not the title. He attempted to carry off and marry this heiress, but was prevented, and she subsequently married Mackenzie of Fraserdale, who took the name of Fraser; but the clan for the most part chose to acknowledge Lord Lovat as their chief rather than Mackenzie.

Lord Lovat then abducted the heiress's mother and forced her to marry him. For this he was outlawed. He fled to France, where he entered into negotiations with the Court of King James and served as a Jacobite agent, at the same time that he was acting as a spy for King William's Government; but neither side reposed much confidence in him. After the death of James VII., he returned to Scotland, mixed in plots on both sides, and was forced once more to fly to France, where it is said he was kept a prisoner at Saumur. It is also said that he became a sham Jesuit and an eloquent preacher, but this is doubtful.

In the '15 he was back in Scotland, in the service of King George. Fraserdale, who had married the heiress, went out for the Chevalier, and was forfeited. Lord Lovat bought in the estates for a small price, thus uniting them with the title. He now devoted himself to the training and equipment of his clan, which he brought to a state of military perfection.

In spite of his first so-called marriage, which was probably annulled, Lord Lovat twice married during the Dowager Lady Lovat's life. One of his wives was a Primrose Campbell, a sister of the fourth Duke of Argyll. He treated her so outrageously that the Campbells were finally obliged to interfere and to take her out of her husband's power.

He in the meantime was continuing to play fast and loose with both political parties. He was one

of a band of seven Highland chiefs who in 1740 bound themselves by mutual compact to raise their clans for the Chevalier, should assistance be procured from France; yet he maintained an active show of zeal for the Government, and when Prince Charles landed in 1745 he was in correspondence with Duncan Forbes of Culloden, to whom he even sent word of the raising of the standard at Glenfinnan, referring to the Prince as "that mad and unaccountable gentleman." Two days later he sent one of his henchmen, Fraser of Gortleg, to the Prince at Invergarry, asking for a patent to be Duke of Fraser, and for the Lord Lieutenancy of Inverness-shire, which had been promised him by the Chevalier. These the Prince, most anxious to obtain the valuable services of his clan, agreed to grant, and sent urgent messages to the crafty old chief—he was close on eighty—to do his duty. It was not however till after the battle of Prestonpans had been won that Lord Lovat could be induced to do anything for the cause. Then his action was most characteristic. He sent out his eldest son, the Master of Lovat, at the head of three hundred Frasers, and himself remained at Beaufort, in an assumed attitude of neutrality. But he was so long in coming to a decision that the Frasers eventually joined the Prince too late to carry the moral weight so eagerly desired by the Jacobite party.

When the Rising had failed, Lord Lovat fled to the Western Highlands, where he was discovered after a

three-days' search on an island in Loch Morar. He was taken to the Tower, tried by the House of Lords, when he defended himself with much skill, but was found guilty of high treason, and was beheaded. He was the last person to suffer in that manner in England. He met his death with dignity and courage. Lord Lovat's complex character has been thus tersely described: "A ruffian, a liar, a traitor, a hypocrite, a finished courtier, a good scholar, a cultured savage."

His son was pardoned in 1750, and afterwards restored to his estates.

An artificial cutting at the northeastern extremity of the Caledonian Canal connects the Moray Firth with the small Loch Dochfour and the greater Loch Ness. About half way down the latter Glen Urquhart opens on the right. Here is Temple Pier, close to the site of a religious house of the Knights Templar; and crowning a rocky point beyond, is Castle Urquhart, a royal stronghold in the thirteenth century, that figured conspicuously in the War of Independence.

It was enlarged and strengthened by Edward I., who twice besieged and took it. In 1509 Castle Urquhart passed by gift of James IV. to the family who still own it, the Grants of Seafield.

Balmacarron, the present seat of the Countess of Seafield, is close by in the mouth of the glen. Further down, on the left, the River Foyers empties into Loch Ness, after leaping two lofty precipices—the Falls of Foyers—in the course of its swift descent from its

source in the Monaliadh Mountains. The Falls of Foyers, whose beauty was immortalized by Burns, are now utilized for the power required for the manufacture of aluminium.

At the southern end of Loch Ness is Fort Augustus, at the ancient village of Kilcummin. The fort was originally erected in 1716 to overawe the Highlanders after the insurrection of 1715, and fourteen years later it was strengthened and refortified by General Wade, who named it, out of compliment to William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, then a boy of nine years old. Strange to say, after the battle of Culloden, it became for two months the headquarters of the Prince after whom it was named, and it was from Fort Augustus that Cumberland sent out parties to pillage and burn the houses of the Jacobite chiefs, and generally to ravage the surrounding country.

It was garrisoned by the British Government until 1857, when it was sold to the fourteenth Lord Lovat, who gave it to the English Benedictines. Here on the site of the old fort this Order has erected a college and a monastery.

The ruins of Invergarry Castle, a seventeenth century building, stand on the west shore of Loch Oich, on a rock called Creag-an-fhitich—the Raven's Rock—from which the Clan of Macdonald of Glengarry takes its war-cry. It forms a strikingly picturesque object as seen to-day from the Caledonian Canal. The Castle, which was the seat of the chief of Macdonalds of

Glengarry, was burned down by the Duke of Cumberland in 1746. The main line of the Glengarry Macdonalds is extinct and the property is now in other hands.

Achnacarry, the Castle of Cameron of Lochiel, also burned by the Duke, is about a mile from Loch Lochy, on the banks of the River Arkaig, which flows from Loch Arkaig to the larger loch. The estate, which was forfeited in 1746, was restored thirty-eight years later, and still belongs to the family. Lochiel's present residence is close to the old ruin.

Inverlochy Castle, near the southern termination of the canal, is said to occupy the site of an ancient Pictish town. The Castle may have been built by the Comyns in the thirteenth century, as the keep at the northwest corner is called the Comyn's Tower, and the architecture and style of the masonry are of that period. The most famous event connected with its history is the battle fought there on February 2, 1645, between the rival forces of Montrose and Argyll. Montrose had concluded a fierce raid into Argyllshire, where for several weeks he had ravaged and burned the country of the Campbells, and was moving with his army towards Inverness. While lying at Kilcummin (now Fort Augustus), he learned that Argyll was at Inverlochy with a large force, and determined to surprise him. Although it was the depth of winter, and the passes were filled with snow, he with extraordinary exertion rapidly crossed the

deep pass of Corryarrick to the head waters of the Spey, turned down Glenroy and the Spean Valley, and thence, concealed by a shoulder of Ben Nevis, he suddenly came upon his enemy from the east, a direction whence he was least expected, on the evening of February 1st.

The battle that took place the next day ended in a complete and nearly bloodless victory for the Royalists. (The number of their killed is almost incredibly given as three privates and an officer.) Argyll, who took no part himself in the fight, but viewed the rout of his army from a galley on the loch, escaped, but nearly one-half of his men are said to have been slaughtered in the pursuit. This battle is most graphically described by Scott in *A Legend of Montrose*.

Inverness-shire is more closely associated with the Jacobite Rising known as "the '45" than any other county in Scotland. It was on the island of Eriska that Prince Charles Edward first set foot on Scottish soil; at Highbridge occurred the first outbreak of hostilities; at Glenfinnan the standard was raised; at Invergarry the chiefs signed a bond to stand or fall together; on Culloden Muir was fought the closing and decisive battle of the campaign; and finally it was the wild, mountainous region of western Inverness-shire, and the desolate islands of the Western Hebrides, that received and concealed the Prince during those five months' wanderings which constitute the most romantic episode in the history—one might

almost say of any country, but most certainly of Scotland.

It may be well then in this chapter to give a brief outline of that remarkable adventure.[1]

Charles Edward Lewis Casimir was the elder son of James (son of James VII.), sometimes called the Pretender, or the old Pretender, and sometimes the Chevalier de St. George. His mother was Clementina, granddaughter of John Sobieski, King of Poland. He was born at Rome on December 20, 1720 (old style), and thus was but twenty-four years old when, despairing of obtaining that aid from France which had all along been deemed absolutely necessary for the success of any attempt to place his father on the British throne, he determined to try what daring and his own winning personality might accomplish. On June 22, 1745, the Prince, attended by seven adherents, embarked at Nantes on board *La Doutelle* and twelve days later he was joined by the *Elizabeth*, a French ship-of-war, privately fitted out. During the voyage the *Elizabeth* attacked a British man-of-war and received such injuries as compelled her to put back to France. The *Doutelle* proceeded alone, and on July 23, a month from the date of embarkation, the Prince landed on the bleak little island of Eriska,

[1] The following sketch is taken mainly from the *Itinerary of Prince Charles Edward*, by Walter B. Blaikie, published in 1897 by the Scottish History Society. It is the accepted authority on the Rising. Mr. Blaikie's dates and spelling of names of persons and places have been followed in every instance.

Prince Charlie

in the outer Hebrides, and spent his first night, in what he looked upon as his father's rightful kingdom, in the cottage of a *tacksman* (tenant) of the Macdonalds of Clanranald. Here on the following day he received a bitter disappointment. Alexander Macdonald of Boisdale, brother of Clanranald, chief of an important branch of the Clan Macdonald, came to assure him of the hopelessness of the expedition. Without men, arms and money, he declared, nothing could be done, nor could the clans be counted upon to rise. He wound up by begging the Prince to return home. To which the latter made reply, "I am *come* home, sir, and can entertain no notion of returning to the place whence I came. I am persuaded that my faithful Highlanders will stand by me." Boisdale left him, persisting in his refusal to influence his brother to call out his clan, and the Prince proceeded to the mainland, landing at Borradale in Arisaig, the country of Clanranald, on July 25. Young Clanranald, declining to follow the cautious policy of his father and uncle, visited the Prince on the *Doutelle* and, after some hesitation, embraced his cause very heartily.

At Borradale, where Prince Charles remained for over a fortnight, most disheartening news was received from Macleod of Macleod and Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat. These two Skye chiefs, upon whose adherence the Prince had confidently relied, not only utterly refused to join in the enterprise, but actually

gave active aid to the Government. It was from Macleod that the authorities first heard of the Prince's landing—in a letter written by him to President Forbes immediately after the departure of young Clanranald, who had been sent by the Prince on a mission to Skye.

So desperate was the outlook at this juncture that all of those about the Prince joined in endeavoring to persuade him to abandon the attempt and to return to France. His reply was that could he find but six men willing to follow him, he would choose rather to skulk among the mountains of Scotland than to turn back.

The chief of the Camerons was Donald Cameron of Lochiel, to whom his father, who was still alive, had resigned his chiefship and his lands, himself residing for the most part in France. Lochiel came to Borradale bent upon dissuading the Prince from making the attempt, but the result of the interview was his own promise to join. Charles reproachfully announced his intention to raise the Royal standard "with the few friends I have. . . . Lochiel, who my father has often told me was our firmest friend, may stay at home and learn from the newspapers the fate of his Prince!"

The effect of this speech on the high-minded and sensitive nature of one whose family had been consistently loyal to the exiled house may readily be imagined. Lochiel declared that not he alone, but

"every man over whom nature or fortune has given me power" should share the Prince's fate, and after taking security for the value of his estate, and receiving an assurance that Macdonald of Glengarry would send out his clan, he returned home to raise his men. Upon this decision of Lochiel the entire fate of the expedition then hung, for it is asserted that had he persisted in his refusal, no other chief would have consented to join and the affair must have died a natural death.

The "gentle Lochiel," who exercised so important an influence at this juncture, was the grandson of Ewan Dhu of Lochiel, the gallant chief who lent serviceable aid to the Royal cause in 1652 in the civil wars, and who in 1654, having resisted Cromwell's invasion until resistance could no longer avail, was given the most honorable terms of surrender. "No oath was required of Lochiel to Cromwell, but his word of honor to live in peace." The chief joined Viscount Dundee when he came to raise the clans for King James in 1689, and with his clan contributed largely to the victory of Killiecrankie.

The Cameron country lies in Lochaber, about the head of Loch Linnhe, and in 1745 they could muster eight hundred fighting men.

It having been decided to raise the standard of James VIII. at Glenfinnan, at the head of Loch Shiel, on August 19 messengers were sent throughout the country calling upon all those who favored the cause

to meet the Prince there. A guard was formed of the Clanranald Macdonalds, and on the 11th of August the Prince went by sea to Kinloch-Moidart. Here the young adventurer was joined by John Murray of Broughton, afterwards the traitor, whom he appointed his Secretary of State, and here likewise the enterprise met with almost its first encouraging incidents. Gordon of Glenbucket, an old Aberdeenshire Jacobite, arrived, bringing with him as prisoner an officer captured on his way to take command at Fort William.[1] At about the same time two companies of the Royal Scots, a regiment of regulars, were taken prisoner by a hastily assembled party of Highlanders on the shores of what is now the Caledonian Canal. This opening act in the campaign began in an accidental and somewhat humorous manner. The Royal Scots were marching from Fort Augustus to reinforce Fort William and were close upon Highbridge, a

[1] Fort William commanded the little town then called Maryburgh (after Queen Mary), which was, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, the only town besides Inverness in the entire county. "It was originally designed as a sutlery to the garrison in so barren a country, where little can be had for the support of the troops." In 1745 it was the strongest fortress in Scotland. The old fort has now disappeared and the railway station occupies its site, while the town has become a favorite place of tourist resort, especially attractive as a starting point for the ascent of Ben Nevis (4406 feet), up which a good road leads to the meteorological observatory that crowns the summit. Fort William is also now the starting point of the new railway to Mallaig, which in April, 1901, opened to all the world the wildest recesses of the Western Highlands.

Ben Nevis, from Corpach

lofty stone arch, built about 1724 by General Wade over the Spean, when the dreaded sound of the bagpipes broke upon their unaccustomed Lowland ears, and they were dismayed to find their way blocked by what appeared to be a considerable body of Highlanders. "The object of their alarm was in reality a band of only ten or twelve Macdonalds of Keppoch's Clan, but by skipping and leaping about, displaying their swords and firelocks, and by holding out their plaids between each other they contrived to make a very formidable appearance." Two scouts being sent forward were seized and detained, whereupon the officer in command decided to turn back. When, however, the party had reached the narrow defile between Loch Lochy and the high ground on the east, the Highlanders, reinforced by some of Glengarry's people, began firing down upon them from the hillsides. The retreat was hastened, but by the time they had reached Laggan, at the upper end of the loch, other clansmen, attracted by the sound of the firing, were seen to be assembling in such force as to render the situation quite desperate. Keppoch thereupon offered reasonable terms and the Royal Scots surrendered.

On August 19 the Prince reached Glenfinnan, but to his great disappointment none of the clans had assembled. Only about two hundred of Clanranald's men were present, and the actual raising of the standard was entrusted to the Marquis of Tullibardine,

whose younger brother then held the title (Duke of Atholl) and estates forfeited by the Marquis for taking part in the '15. This gentleman, who was one of a party of seven Jacobites who had come with the Prince from France, was in such feeble health that two Highlanders had to support him to the top of the small elevation selected for the ceremony.[1] "He then flung upon the mountain breeze that flag which, shooting like a streamer from the North, was soon to spread such omens of woe and terror over the peaceful vales of Britain." A declaration in the name of James VIII. to the people of Great Britain, a commission appointing the Prince to be Regent, and a manifesto by the Prince, were then read.

In the afternoon the Prince was greatly cheered by the arrival of seven hundred Camerons, headed by Lochiel, and three hundred Macdonalds, under Keppoch.

A few days later intelligence was received of the steps being taken by the Government to suppress the Rising. A reward of £30,000 had been offered for the person of the Prince, who retaliated by offering £30, which he was afterwards induced to change to £30,000, for the apprehension of the "Elector of Hanover." Word was also brought that General Cope was marching to Fort Augustus. On the 26th of August the Prince went to Invergarry Castle, the seat of the chief of the Macdonalds of Glengarry.

[1] A monumental tower commemorates the event.

Glengarry himself ostensibly declared for the Government; but, as arranged, his clan was raised for the Prince by his second son, Angus. The eldest son, Alexander, had gone to France in May on a mission to the Prince, had missed him, and was captured at sea in November, while returning, and imprisoned in the Tower. He therefore took no part in the Rising.[1] His brother Angus was accidentally killed after the battle of Falkirk.

While at Invergarry news was received that Cope was marching towards Corryarrick, the mountain pass about ten miles south of Fort Augustus. A detachment was sent forward to seize the pass, and the rest of the army followed the next day.

After crossing the Corryarrick Pass, the Highlanders, now augmented by various bodies of recruits, found that General Cope had turned aside to march to Inverness, thus avoiding the battle that the others were longing to give. As he had too much the start of them for pursuit, it was determined to march at once on the Lowlands, with a view to the capture of Edinburgh.

The district of Badenoch—the valley of the middle Spey—which the Highland army was now passing through, was anciently the territory of the Comyns. After their subjugation by Robert Bruce, it passed into the hands of the Earls of Moray, and later to

[1] This is the individual whom Mr. Andrew Lang has lately gibbeted with infamy as "Pickle the Spy."

Alexander Stewart, Earl of Buchan (a son of Robert II.), the "Wolf of Badenoch." This Earl's chief seat was Ruthven Castle, a Comyn stronghold situated on a conical hill on the east bank of the Spey, about a mile from Kingussie.[1] It was rebuilt in the sixteenth century, and in 1718 the site was taken by the Government for barracks in which to lodge the troops stationed there to preserve order in the district.

From the foot of Corryarrick a small detachment of Highlanders made an unsuccessful effort to capture these barracks. They were driven off with some slight loss, but brought back with them an important prisoner in the person of Ewan Macpherson of Cluny, a son-in-law of Lord Lovat, and a cousin of Lochiel. They captured him at Cluny Castle, a little further up the Spey. Cluny had been given a commission in a regiment then being raised by Lord Loudon, and had left Sir John Cope only the day before to raise his clansmen for the Government. But he had been contemptuously treated by Cope, who with extraordinary fatuity could not see the difference between a captain of the line and a Highland chief, whose word was law to a whole clan, and who could command the unquestioned service of four hundred claymores. He was furious at Cope, and although it is

[1] The ruins are now a conspicuous object in the landscape visible from the line of the Highland Railway, near Kingussie.

The ruins of another of the Comyn Castles, Loch-an-Eilan, occupy a lonely position on an island in a loch in the Rothiemurchus Forest, lower down in Strathspey.

believed that he honestly intended to serve the Government, whose commission he had accepted, yet the persuasions of his Jacobite friends and relations so acted on him that, after ten days' imprisonment in the Jacobite camp, he again returned home to raise his clan; but now for Prince Charles, whom he afterwards joined at Edinburgh, and whom he served to the end.

At Perth, where the Prince halted for a week, he was joined by a number of distinguished men, among others by Lord George Murray, brother of the Jacobite Marquis of Tullibardine, and the Whig Duke of Atholl. This gentleman was the best soldier the Prince had, and subsequently became his commander-in-chief. Leaving Perth the Highland army marched to Dunblane, and crossing the Forth at Boquhan, went by way of Stirling and Linlithgow to Edinburgh, as already narrated. Then came the battle of Prestonpans (September 21) and the advance into England, which began on the 31st of October, when the army left Edinburgh. It arrived at Derby, the southernmost point reached, on December 4th. On the 6th the retreat began; two weeks later the Highlanders crossed the Esk back into Scotland, by way of Annan, Dumfries, Hamilton and Glasgow, where the Prince remained from December 26th to January 3d. From Glasgow he went to Stirling, which he took, but was unable to take the Castle, which held out for King George. Fixing his head-

quarters at Bannockburn, regular siege was laid to the Castle, and on the 17th he marched to Falkirk and there defeated General Hawley, who had advanced from Edinburgh to attack him. A fortnight later, hearing that the Duke of Cumberland had joined the Government army as commander-in-chief, the Highland chiefs, in spite of their recent victory, feeling too weak to resist him, insisted on the Prince retreating to the Highlands, and the march north began on February 1st.

The army now separated into three divisions; one under Lord George Murray and Lord John Drummond took the coast road by Montrose and Aberdeen; another marched by way of Coupar-Angus and Ballater to the north of Aberdeenshire, where it rejoined the first division; while the Prince led the clans north by Crieff and Dalwhinnie through the Central Highlands to Inverness.

On the 12th of February (just five months and a half since he had marched to the south) the Prince crossed into Inverness-shire near the head of Loch Ericht, passed two nights at Ruthven barracks (which had then been taken by some of his people), and on the 16th arrived at Moy Hall, the seat of the chief of Macintosh, which is situated at the head of Loch Moy in the northeastern part of Inverness-shire. The Macintoshes are one of the principal branches of the Clan Chattan (the Macphersons and Farquharsons being the others). The chiefship of the Clan

Chattan was ever a point in dispute between the Macphersons and the Macintoshes, and to this day is a matter of controversy. The ruins of the ancient Castle of the family stand on a small island in Loch Moy. It was occupied for upwards of three hundred years—that is from the first half of the fourteenth century down to the year 1665.

When Prince Charles reached Moy Hall the chief was absent, having in fact declared for the Government. Lady Macintosh however received him with the utmost cordiality. She had been actively employed during her Lord's absence in raising his clan for the Prince, and this in spite of the fact that not alone her husband, but her father, Farquharson of Invercauld, was friendly to the Government. It was her exertions at this time that gained for her the *sobriquet* of "Colonel Anne."

Lord Loudon, commanding the garrison at Inverness, hearing that the Prince was at Moy Hall with only a small party, set out with a force of about fifteen hundred men in the hope of surprising him in the night. Word of this being brought to the Dowager Lady Macintosh at Inverness, she instantly dispatched a boy to give warning. On the road he was overtaken by Loudon's soldiers, but he hid in a ditch till they had passed, and then by a short cut reached Moy Hall before them, at five in the morning; ". . . and though the morning was exceedingly cold, the boy was in a top sweat, having made very good use of his time. . . . Mr.

Gibb (the Prince's Master of the Household), upon the alarm, having been sleeping in his clothes, stept out, with his pistols under his arm, and in the close he saw the Prince walking, with his bonnet above his nightcap and his shoes down in the heels, and Lady Macintosh, in her smock-petticoat, running through the close, speaking loudly and expressing her anxiety about the Prince's safety." [1]

For this the Lady had however already taken other measures. A blacksmith named Fraser, curious to see the Prince, had come to Moy Hall the evening before, and him she sent out with four others to patrol the Inverness road, beyond the line of the guards and sentries. On perceiving Lord Loudon's force approaching, Fraser stationed his four men at a little distance the one from the other, and firing his musket at the advancing body, ordered them to do the same. Fraser's shot killed the Macleod's piper, the most celebrated musician of the Highlands; the others also took effect, and when Fraser followed up the attack by calling out valiantly for imaginary regiments of Camerons and Macdonalds to advance, the soldiers were seized with panic, and wheeling about in the dark, the whole body fled in utmost confusion back to Inverness, "where they arrived in a state of extreme distress from bruises, exhaustion and mortification of mind." This event is called the Rout of Moy.

"The old house was burned down early in the

[1] *Account of Mr. Gibb, Master of the Household.*

nineteenth century and its site is marked by a stone near the garden. The bed in which the Prince slept and the bonnet he wore are still preserved in Moy."[1]

Two days later the Highland army, which had assembled in considerable force at Moy, entered Inverness close upon the heels of Lord Loudon's men, who withdrew across the Firth to the Black Isle, leaving a garrison to defend Inverness Castle, then called Fort George. On the 19th Lord George Murray arrived with his Lowland troops and joined the Prince at Culloden House. Two days after the Highlanders entered Inverness the Castle surrendered (February 20).

In Inverness or its neighborhood the Prince remained until the 13th of April, with the exception of ten days spent at Elgin, where he had a severe attack of illness. The situation at this time was briefly as follows.

On the east Elgin and Nairn and part of Banff and Aberdeenshire were in the hands of the Jacobites, having been garrisoned by Lord George Murray on his march to the North, while Aberdeen, evacuated on February 22, shortly after the landing there of some auxiliaries from France, was now the objective point of the Government army marching from Perth under command of the Duke of Cumberland.

Across the Beauly Firth on the north Lord Loudon was watching for an opportunity to join the Duke

[1] *Itinerary of Prince Charles Edward*, W. B. Blaikie.

of Cumberland, and on the southwest Fort William and Fort Augustus were both held by the Government.

Fort Augustus, situated in the very heart of the country loyal to the Prince, was occupied by a Government garrison and the Jacobites determined to capture it. Detachments of French troops and Highlanders were sent to reduce it, and after a two days' siege it surrendered March 5. A similar attempt made on Fort William was unsuccessful, and after a month's siege the troops were withdrawn.

In the meantime the Duke of Perth had succeeded in driving Lord Loudon, with whom was President Forbes, out of Sutherland and scattering his force, while Lord George Murray had executed a brilliant operation in Perthshire, whereby, with the aid of Cluny Macpherson, thirty of the Government posts were simultaneously captured (March 19). Three days later the Prince's people had another success, the skirmish of Keith (in Banffshire). The place was garrisoned (for the Government) by thirty of the Duke of Kingston's dragoons and seventy Campbells. These, with the exception of about nine killed and as many more who escaped, were captured by some French troops and a party of John Roy Stewart's Edinburgh regiment under a French officer, Major Glascoe, and carried off to Lord John Drummond's headquarters beyond the Spey. About the same time however the Jacobites suffered severely in the loss of

the English sloop-of-war, the *Hazard*, which had been captured by the Jacobites in the preceding November in Montrose harbor. It had been renamed the *Prince Charles*, and was now returning from France with supplies of men and money. Closely pressed by some English cruisers she ran ashore at Tongue, near Lord Reay's house in Sutherland, and landed the crew and cargo, both of which immediately fell into the hands of Lord Reay. A party was sent under Lord Cromarty to recruit in the extreme North and to attempt the recovery of the men and money taken by Lord Reay, but it was surprised and captured at Dunrobin Castle on the day preceding the battle of Culloden.

The Duke of Cumberland meanwhile had quitted Aberdeen and had succeeded in moving his entire army across the Spey. He reached Nairn on April 14th and halted there the next day to celebrate his birthday. The loss of the money in the ship captured at Tongue was a serious blow to the Jacobites, now much hampered for want of funds; arrears of pay were due the army, and the suffering caused by John Hay of Restalrig's faulty administration of the commissariat department (he had replaced John Murray of Broughton, who was ill) had resulted in many of the men going off on their own account in search of food. When a night attack on the Government troops at Nairn was resolved upon, and messengers were sent out to bring these stragglers in, some of

them are reported to have said that they would prefer to be shot on the spot rather than be made to endure their hunger any longer. The half-famished condition of the men, the great darkness of the night, and the rough nature of the ground, so delayed the march that when the army was within three miles of Nairn it was found to be too close on to daylight for any chance of success, and the Highlanders were marched back to Culloden Muir.

"Upon our return to the Muir of Culloden, tho' the P—— had given orders for bringing meat and drink for us to the field, which our men not expecting, through their great want of sleep, meat and drink, many slipt off to take some refreshment in Inverness, Culloden, and the neighborhood, and others to three or four miles distance, where they had friends and acquaintances; and the said refreshment so lulled them asleep, that designing only to take one hour's rest or two, they were afterwards surprised and killed in their beds."[1]

The Prince returned to Culloden House, where his sole refreshment that morning consisted of a bit of bread and some whisky. Provisions having been obtained however, at eleven o'clock a dinner of "a roasted side of lamb and two fowls" was about to be served when word was brought that the Duke of Cumberland was marching from Nairn. The Prince instantly hurried off to collect his men and to prepare to give battle, entirely against the advice of the chiefs,

[1] *Lockhart Papers.*

who urged that, in the exhausted and depleted condition of the army, this should on no account be risked. But finding the Prince determined, they reluctantly gave in, and the army was drawn up in line of battle. Shortly before one o'clock the Duke of Cumberland drew up his army, about five hundred paces away. The action was begun by the artillery on both sides, but before long the Highlanders had suffered such losses from the enemy's well-directed fire that a charge was ordered.

"Notwithstanding that the three files of the front line of English poured forth their incessant fire of musketry — notwithstanding that the cannon, now loaded with grape-shot, swept the field as with a hailstorm—notwithstanding the flank fire of Wolfe's regiment—onward, onward went the headlong Highlanders, flinging themselves into, rather than rushing upon, the lines of the enemy, which indeed they did not see for smoke till involved among their weapons. [On the right wing] all that courage, all that despair could do, was done. It was a moment of dreadful and agonizing suspense — but only a moment—for the whirlwind does not reap the forest with greater rapidity than the Highlanders cleared the line. Nevertheless, almost every man in their front rank, chiefs and gentlemen, fell before the deadly weapons which they had braved; and although the enemy gave way, it was not till every bayonet was bent and bloody with the strife."[1]

[1] *History of the Rebellion*, 1745-48, by R. Chambers.

The clans engaged in this desperate charge were the Maclachlans, the Macleans, the Macintoshes, the Frasers, the Stewarts and the Camerons. The Macdonalds had been much incensed at being placed on the left wing. "Add to this what we of the Clan Macdonald thought ominous, we had not this day the right hand in battle . . . which our clan maintains we had enjoyed in all our battles and struggles in behalf of our Royal family since the battle of Bannockburn. . . ." The result was that the Macdonalds, who composed the left wing, refused to charge. They stood their ground and fired on the enemy; but when they saw the other clans break and give way, they turned and fled from the field. Upon seeing this, Keppoch exclaimed, "My God! have the children of my tribe forsaken me?" and rushing forward into the ranks of the enemy, soon met his death. In less than twenty-five minutes the battle was over and the Prince's army was entirely routed.

When all hope of retrieving the day was ended, and the Highlanders were fleeing for their lives, the Prince reluctantly withdrew, and crossing the river Nairn, rode with a small escort to the neighborhood of Invergarry Castle. "He at last only left the field when to have remained would have but added his own destruction to that of the many brave men who had already spilled their heart's blood in his cause."

Part of the army retreated to Ruthven, where they waited, apparently in the expectation that something

Culloden Monument

THE BATTLE
OF CULLODEN

further would be attempted; but on receipt of a message from the Prince to say that he could do nothing more for the present, and that every one must look to his own safety, they at once disbanded, the gentlemen hiding on their estates or escaping abroad, and the others returning to their homes.

And now began those five months of hardship, of exposure and of repeated hair-breadth escapes which have thrown a halo of romance over Prince Charles's memory, and of undying fame over that of the devoted men and women who, at the imminent risk of their fortunes and their lives, undertook loyally the desperate task of supplying him with food and shelter, and of guiding him from one place of safety to another.

After crossing the Nairn, the Prince and his party were at first guided by Edard Burke, a Highlander, who had been employed in Edinburgh as a sedan-carrier. Their first halt was at Gortleg, which stands north of Loch Garth, about two miles from Loch Ness. Lord Lovat was there at the time, and Mrs. Grant of Laggan gives a graphic account of a little girl, an inmate of the house, of what took place on the eventful day. Great preparations were making to celebrate the Prince's expected victory by a royal feast, and in the bustle and confusion this little maid was shut into a small room and left there for some hours alone. Suddenly to the noise and excitement that had prevailed there ensued a deep silence. Un-

able at last to bear the suspense any longer, she stole out, to find the house deserted; only Lord Lovat was there, "sitting in his great chair in deep thought." Outside were gathered the whole household, watching where below in the valley a small group of horsemen could be seen advancing. All at once there arose a loud burst of lamentation; some one had recognized the Prince, and the meaning of his presence there and under those circumstances was unmistakable. The women "began to tear off their handkerchiefs to make bandages for the wounded, and the viands prepared for the feast were seized and distributed without ceremony." The party then rode on by Fort Augustus to Invergarry Castle, then along the north shore of Loch Arkaig to Glenpean, where the horses were abandoned, and so on foot across a spur of rugged hills to Borradale, the spot where the Prince had first landed.

Donald Macleod, a native of Skye, having been sent to act as guide, met in the forest of Glenbeasdale "a stranger, walking by himself, who, making up to him, asked if he were Donald Macleod of Gualtergill. Donald, instantly recognizing him, notwithstanding his mean attire, said, 'I am the same man, please your highness, at your service.'" The Prince then confided himself to his care in such terms that, when Donald was telling the story a year afterwards, "the tears were streaming along his cheeks like rain." Macleod having procured a boat and a crew of seven

men, the Prince with his party, then consisting of five persons, sailed from Borradale, in the hope of finding a French ship somewhere in the Hebrides or the Orkneys.

A terrible storm, accompanied by torrents of rain, drove them ashore the next day, in a very drenched and miserable condition, at Benbecula, an island lying between North and South Uist in the Western Hebrides (27th of April). Two days later the party set out for Stornoway, in the Island of Lewis, hoping to procure a vessel there to take them to the Orkneys; but it having leaked out for whom the vessel was wanted, the people of Stornoway utterly declined to lend any sort of aid; and so, after being very hospitably treated by a Mrs. Mackenzie at Kildun House, close by, they were obliged to start back again, carrying with them however a supply of fresh meat, meal, brandy and sugar.

This time the voyage was enlivened by the presence of some English ships of war, one of which gave chase; while the closeness of the hue and cry after them was shown by the fact that at Scalpa, an island off the coast of Harris, where they had been entertained by Donald Campbell on their way north, they found that their late host had already been obliged to go into hiding for his kindness to them. After a week of great exposure and hardship, when the little party found shelter in wretched huts, or, as in one case, were obliged to spend the entire night in the boat, they reached Coradale, in South Uist, where

they stayed from the 15th of May to the 5th of June in a forester's cottage belonging to Clanranald. These three weeks form the one oasis in the Prince's five months' wanderings. The game with which the island was stocked at once supplied their larder and provided entertainment for the Prince, who was an excellent shot; and many of his friends were able to visit him in his retreat, and bring or send him various things to add to his comfort.

Donald Macleod in the meantime was sent to the mainland to try to get some money from John Murray of Broughton, but returned unsuccessful. At length a message from the wife[1] of Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat, who with his clansmen was in arms for the Government, warned them that this period of respite was at an end; troops were landing near at hand and their position was no longer safe. The Prince and his companions put to sea once more (June 5). The fortnight that followed was a series of breathless escapes. With the troops ever close upon their heels, they skirted along the east coast of South Uist, or, landing, would spend the night on the hillsides or in the open fields, with no other shelter than the sails of their boat. At Loch Boisdale they were further disheartened by the news

[1] Lady Margaret Macdonald was one of the seven tall daughters of the beautiful Countess of Eglinton, of whom it is told that to the end of her life, in her bedroom at Auchans Castle, a picture of the Prince hung so that it would be the first thing to meet her eye on awaking in the morning. She died in 1780.

that Macdonald of Boisdale, who, although he had refused to go "out" with Prince Charles on his first landing, had been most hospitable to him in his misfortunes, and had been with him at Coradale shortly before, had been taken prisoner. "Nevertheless, Lady Boisdale sent them four bottles of brandy and contributed every other comfort in her power." They remained in this neighborhood for several days, when, learning that a Captain Carolina Scott had landed close by, the party broke up, the Prince with Captain O'Neil, who had been with him continuously since the battle of Culloden, and a guide starting off across the mountains on foot. "The Prince called for the boatmen, and ordered O'Sullivan to pay every one of them a shilling sterling a day, besides their maintenance. He gave a draught of sixty pistoles to Donald Macleod, to be paid by Mr. John Hay of Restalrig if he should happen to be so lucky as to meet with him upon the Continent. But as Donald never met with Mr. Hay, the draught remains yet unpaid." Instead of a paymaster, poor Macleod met with imprisonment, being captured two weeks later.

At midnight the Prince and his two companions reached a hut near the west coast of the island, belonging to Macdonald of Milton, "where by good fortune," writes Captain O'Neil, "we met with Miss Flora Macdonald, whom I formerly knew." It was the time of the year when it was the custom to drive the cattle to the hill pastures, where the farmers

accompanied their herds, living with their retainers in shielings or huts erected in the mountains. It was in one of these that Flora was staying when Prince Charles paid her his historic visit. O'Neil, who according to one account "was mighty well pleased" to be thrown in Miss Flora's company, having told her he had brought a friend to see her, "she, with some emotion, asked him if it was the Prince; I answered her it was, and instantly brought him in." It was then suggested that Miss Flora should conduct the Prince to the Isle of Skye, the home of her mother and step-father, the latter the captain of an independent company supposed to be out in search of Prince Charles. She, after some hesitation, agreed to do this.

The next six days were spent in making the necessary arrangements, while the Prince remained concealed in Benbecula. On the night of the 27th of June quite a little party assembled in the cottage of Clanranald's tenant at Rossinish, where the Prince and O'Neil had found shelter—Flora, Lady Clanranald, her daughter Peggy and Flora's brother, Macdonald of Milton. They found the Prince "assisting in the roasting of his dinner, which consisted of the heart, liver, kidneys, etc., of a bullock or sheep, upon a wooden spit." The feast that followed was rudely interrupted by the news that a force had landed and they were in danger of being surrounded. Breaking up in haste, they went by boat across Loch Uskevagh.

The plan was for the Prince to disguise himself as a woman, and Flora's step-father had provided her with passports for herself, a man servant (the guide Neil MacEachain [1]) and "Betty Burke, a good spinster," who he said, in writing to his wife, Flora's mother, at Annandale in Skye, might be of use to her in that capacity. "O'Neil would gladly have staid with the Prince and shared in his distresses and dangers, but Miss could by no means be prevailed upon to agree to that proposal." They accordingly separated, and O'Neil was captured shortly afterwards in North Uist. The Prince now assumed his disguise. "The gown was of calico, a light-colored quilted petticoat and a mantle of dun camlet, made after the Irish fashion, with a cap to cover his royal highness's whole head and face, with a suitable head-dress, shoes, stockings, etc."

On the evening of June 28th the party, with four boatmen, set sail for Skye. "They had not rowed from the shore above a league till the sea became rough and at last tempestuous, and, to entertain the

[1] Neil MacEachain, or Macdonald, had been educated for the priesthood in France, but had not taken orders. He was at this time acting as parish schoolmaster and private tutor in Clanranald's family, and was selected as companion to Flora and the Prince on account of his knowledge of French. He eventually escaped to France along with the Prince and joined the French army. His son rose to be the celebrated Marshal Macdonald of Napoleon's grand army. Though the Clanranalds were Catholics, Flora Macdonald was a Protestant. Her grandfather had been minister of South Uist.

company, the Prince sang several songs and seemed to be in good spirits. In the passage Miss Macdonald fell asleep, and then the Prince carefully guarded her lest in the darkness any of the men should chance to step upon her. She awaked in a surprise with some little bustle in the boat, and wondered what was the matter."[1]

The party first attempted to land at Waternish, but some militia appeared and fired at them; later they got safely ashore on the beach north of Kilbride. Flora went to Monkstat House hard by, the residence of Sir Alexander Macdonald, the chief of the Skye Macdonalds, then out with his clan for the Government, leaving the Prince "sitting on her trunk on the beach." Lady Margaret Macdonald was entertaining one of the officers of the militia and Flora had to parry some close questioning. She contrived however to make her errand known to the inmates, when "Lady Margaret pressed Miss very much, in presence of the officer, to stay. . . . But Miss desired to be excused at that time, because she wanted to see her mother and to be at home in these troublesome times." In short, having between them thoroughly befooled the Lieutenant and dispatched their clansman, Macdonald of Kingsburgh, to the Prince with food, Miss Flora set forth with a small party to Kingsburgh House, where both she and the Prince passed the night. There is a graphic account of

[1] *The Lyon in Mourning.*

Kingsburgh arousing his wife out of bed to prepare supper for the friends he had brought, the little daughter running in to say, "O, mother, my father has brought in a very odd, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife as ever I saw! I never saw the like of her, and he has gone into the hall with her!" Mrs. Macdonald, obliged to go to the hall for her keys, was equally struck with the singular appearance of the guest; nor was she reassured by what followed, for the stranger immediately "arose, went forward and saluted Mrs. Macdonald, who, feeling a long, stiff beard, trembled to think that this behoved to be some distressed nobleman or gentleman in disguise, for she never dreamed it to be the Prince." When the poor woman learned the truth, she burst out in despair that they would surely be ruined. "Hout, good wife," was the husband's reply, "we will die but once; and if we are hanged for this, I am sure we die in a good cause."

The next morning the lady begged Flora to get her a lock of the Prince's hair, to which the other objected that he was not yet out of bed. The Prince hearing them before the door and learning what was wanted, begged them to enter, when "laying his arms about her waist, and his head upon her lap, he desired her to cut out the lock with her own hands, in token of future and more substantial favours."

Kingsburgh had been much concerned at the Prince's uncouth appearance in his female attire, and at his utter failure on the preceding day to act the part of a

woman, when they met people on the road. "Your enemies," said he, "call you a pretender; but if you be, I can tell you you are the worst at your trade I ever saw." Accordingly when they had started for Portree "Betty Burke" disappeared, the Prince putting on in a wood by the roadside a Highland dress provided by Kingsburgh. At Portree Flora parted from her Prince. "He then saluted her, and expressed himself in these or the like words, 'For all that has happened, I hope, madam, we shall meet in St. James's yet.'" But neither there nor anywhere else did they ever meet again. After parting from her the Prince, on the way to the boat that was to take him to Raasa Island, had taken a piece of sugar, his whole stock, from his pocket, saying, "Pray, Macdonald, give this piece of sugar to *our lady*, for I am afraid she will get no sugar where she is going," and later he commanded him to "Tell nobody, no, not *our lady*, which way I am gone, for it is right that my course should not be known."

Shortly afterwards the Kingsburghs and Flora were taken prisoner. The last, after spending some months on a ship-of-war (where for a time she had O'Neil for a fellow prisoner), was carried to London, where she was kept in confinement till the passing of the Act of Indemnity (July, 1747). Three years after her release she married Kingsburgh's son Alexander. She and her husband emigrated to North Carolina, but on the breaking out of the Revolution took the Royal

side, so that at the close of the war it was more agreeable to them to return to Skye. Flora Macdonald died in 1790 and was buried in Kilmuir, wrapped for a shroud in one of the sheets in which the Prince had slept the night he spent at Kingsburgh House, and which she had constantly kept by her throughout all her subsequent journeyings.

In London after her release she was much visited and fêted as a heroine, and among other visitors she received the Prince of Wales, father of George III. Her portrait was painted by fashionable artists, and, according to Chambers, she received such homage as would have turned the heads of ninety-nine out of a hundred women, but on her mind it produced no effect but surprise.

The whole incident of Flora Macdonald and Prince Charles Edward is one of the most charming idyls of the romantic adventure. No breath of scandal has ever sullied her fair name, which, as Dr. Johnson says, "is one that will be mentioned in history, and, if courage and fidelity be virtues, mentioned with honor."

From Raasa the Prince returned to Skye, where he was cared for by the Macleods and Mackinnons. Crossing on July 4 to the mainland, he first landed at Mallaig, now the terminus of a railway opened in April, 1901. He then coasted along Loch Nevis and was actually chased by the militia, but escaped by springing ashore and running up into the hills.

The coast now fairly bristled with ships-of-war, the

Peninsula comprising Knoidart, Morar, Arisaig and Moidart—in which it was known the Prince was lurking—was also surrounded on the land side by a continuous chain of soldiers, and for several days the party, which now consisted of Macdonald of Glenaladale, two other Macdonalds and Donald Cameron of Glenpean, were in constant danger of detection. Frequently they were within sight and hearing of the Government camps. One day, as they lay concealed on the brow of a hill at the head of Loch Quoich, they became aware that a search party was marching up the other side of the same hill; having nowhere to go, they could only lie still and take their chances. In this as in so many other cases the Prince's wonderful luck attended him, and they remained undiscovered. During this time they suffered much for lack of provisions, a little butter or cheese, with raw oatmeal and water from the brook, being light fare for five healthy men, who walked their ten or twenty miles a day over the roughest kind of country and slept in the open air without shelter or covering of any kind. They made their way at last through the line of camps and sentries that had been drawn around the entire district by creeping on all fours along the channel of a mountain torrent, so close to two of the Government posts that they could hear the sentries on both sides of them. On July 22 they reached Glenshiel in Rossshire. From there they started for Glenmoriston, but before they had gone very far Glenaladale was dis-

mayed to find that he had left the purse containing the Prince's entire stock of money at their last halting place. Notwithstanding Charles's entreaties that they should keep on, he insisted upon going back to recover it, taking one of the party with him. While the others, who had withdrawn a little to one side, awaited their return, they were suddenly amazed to see an officer and a party of soldiers advancing along the path they had but just quitted. They watched them pass unsuspectingly by, and after a time the others returned by a different road, thus missing the soldiers, and bringing back the purse with them. After this extraordinary escape the Prince is said to have declared that he "scarcely believed he could be taken, though he had a mind to it."

Shortly after this the Prince was taken under the protection of the *seven men of Glenmoriston*, a little company of fugitives who had served in the Highland army and were now banded together to resist the oppressions of the Duke of Cumberland. For four days the party was hospitably entertained in the "robbers' cave," a secure and comfortable retreat in the Braes of Glenmoriston. Then, finding it expedient to remove, they travelled slowly northward, the idea being to get to Poolewe, at the head of Loch Ewe in Ross-shire, in the hope of finding a French vessel there which would take the Prince away. At a point north of Glen Cannich they learned, however, that such a vessel had come and gone, and that two

French officers were even then looking for the Prince in the neighborhood of Loch Arkaig. They therefore once more turned southward.

Two weeks were now spent skulking about in the country north of Loch Arkaig, the party enduring every possible hardship, danger and fatigue, the Prince, as usual, maintaining throughout the most uncomplaining cheerfulness. The Rev. John Cameron, a Presbyterian minister and a clansman of Lochiel's, who, along with Dr. Archibald Cameron, Lochiel's brother, found him at this time, thus describes his appearance: "He was barefooted, had an old black kilt coat on, philibeg and waistcoat, a dirty shirt and a long red beard, a gun in his hand, a pistol and dirk by his side. He was very cheerful and in good health, and in my opinion fatter than when he was at Inverness."

The two Camerons brought word that Lochiel and Cluny Macpherson had been living for the past three months, in comparative security and comfort, on the Macpherson lands in Badenoch, and offered to take the Prince to them. He accordingly reached Badenoch on August 30, and a few days later the party removed to Cluny's "Cage," in the mountains of Benalder, where they found Cluny and Lochiel. This remarkable hiding-place is thus described in a contemporary narrative by a brother of Cluny's:

"A very comical habitation made out for him [the Prince] by Cluny, called the Cage. It was really a

curiosity and can scarcely be described to perfection. 'Twas situate in the face of a very rough, high, rockie mountain . . . full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed. The habitation called the Cage, in the face of that mountain, was within a small, thick bush of wood. There were first some rows of trees laid down in order to level a floor for the habitation, and as the place was steep, this rais'd the lower side to equall height with the other, and these trees in the way of jests [joists] or planks were entirely well levelled with earth and gravel. There were betwixt the trees, growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with the trees, were interwoven with rope made of heath and birch twigs all to the top of the Cage, it being of a round, or rather oval shape, and the whole thatched and covered with foge [moss]. This whole fabrick hung, as it were, by a large tree, which reclined from the one end all along the roof to the other, and which gave it the name of the Cage; and by chance there happen'd to be two stones at a small distance from other in the side next the precipice resembling the pillars of a bosom chimney, and here was the fire placed. The smock had its vent out there, all along a very stonny plat of the rock, which and the smock were all together so much of a colour that any one could make no difference in the clearest day, the smok and stones by and through which it pass'd being of such true and real resemblance. The Cage

was no larger than to contain six or seven persons, four of which number were frequently employed in playing at cards, one idle looking on, one becking, and another firing bread and cooking."

This Cage, which overlooked the waters of Loch Ericht, was never discovered by the enemy, though there were Government garrisons within a few miles of it.[1]

In this retreat they stayed from September 5 till September 13, when word coming of the arrival of two French ships in Lochnanuagh, off Borradale, they started for the coast. The journey took nearly a week, travelling by night and hiding throughout the day. Finally, on September 19, the Prince safely embarked, and with him a large number of gentlemen and others who had been skulking in the neighborhood, and who took this opportunity to get out of the country.

In the early morning of the 20th the ship sailed, "and escaping all the Government's warships, and being in her way happily favoured by a fog, he arrived safely in France; an unparallel'd instance, upon a review of all the circumstances of his escape, of a very particular Providence interesting itself in his behalf. For what wise end Heaven has thus disapointed and yet preserved this noble prince . . . time only can tell; yet something very remarkable

[1] It is to this Cage that Stevenson, in his romance, *Kidnapped*, brings David Balfour when flying from Appin.

still seems waiting him, and this poor country also. May God grant a happy issue!" [1]

How far this pious wish was from fulfillment those who are familiar with the Prince's subsequent career well know; but with that melancholy history we need not here concern ourselves. The real point of interest is the astonishing fact of his escape, which, while it in some instances seemed the result of an almost miraculous chain of incidents, was in the main due to the unswerving faithfulness and devotion of the Highlanders. "Hundreds, many of whom were in the humblest walks of life, had been entrusted with his secret, or had become aware of it. . . . Thirty thousand pounds had been offered in vain for the life of one human being, in a country where the sum would have purchased a princely estate." And this loyalty of the Highlanders is the more praiseworthy when it is considered what hardships and suffering they were called upon to endure for the sake of the lost cause.

Immediately after the battle of Culloden the Duke of Cumberland instituted the most rigorous measures for stamping out the embers of the fire of rebellion. The Highlanders had already been given a foretaste as to the probable nature of these measures in the unwarrantable cruelties practiced on the field after the battle and in the pursuit. Such prisoners as were made were treated with extreme cruelty, while many

[1] *Lockhart Papers.*

of the wounded gathered from the field of battle and from the neighboring houses, woods and fields, where they had taken refuge, were ranged up and shot. Under these circumstances it is not wonderful that the Highlanders failed to respond to the invitation of the Government to throw themselves upon its mercy by handing in their arms and pledging themselves to remain quiet for the future. All who could do so preferred to go into hiding or to flee the country. This last was however extremely difficult, owing to the close watch set upon the coasts and the passes into the Lowlands.

Among the leaders, the Duke of Perth, who died on the voyage to France, Lochiel, Lord George Murray, Lord John Drummond and Lord Elcho, all effected their escape, while Lord Lovat, the Earls of Kilmarnock and Balmerino, and a host of gentlemen and others whose comparative obscurity did not serve to protect them, were apprehended and put to death. Lord Cromarty was pardoned and the Marquis of Tullibardine died in prison.

"When news of the ships being arrived reached him, Cluny convoyed him to them with joy, happy in having so safely plac'd so valuable a charge; then returned with contentment, alone to commence his pilgrimage, which continued for nine years more."

One week after Prince Charles had left Borradale on his adventurous wanderings in the Hebrides two French ships arrived in the bay bringing a large

quantity of treasure, which, had it come a month sooner, might have altered the whole course of the enterprise. In spite of an attack by three English ships, the French crew succeeded in landing forty thousand louis d'ors, which was at once taken possession of by the Jacobite leaders assembled at Borradale. The money was removed to the head of Loch Arkaig, in Lochiel's country; some was taken for current expenses, but the bulk was secretly buried in a spot known only to a few trusted leaders.[1]

When the Prince sailed to France, Cluny Macpherson was left in Scotland to look after this treasure, and well did he fulfill his vigil. After seeing the Prince and his friends sail away, he returned to hiding in his own country of Badenoch. The most active means were taken to apprehend him. A reward of £1000 was offered for information as to his whereabouts, and large bodies of soldiers remained in the district for years searching for this Highland chief—all to no avail however, for the loyal and devoted Macphersons kept him informed of every movement of his enemies, and the friendly glens and mountains of his native Badenoch served at once to shield him and to baffle his pursuers.

The district still teems with stories of his hair-

[1] This is the treasure which is the supposed objective of the villainy of James More in Stevenson's romance of *David Balfour*. It is also the theme of much writing in Mr. Andrew Lang's book, *Pickle the Spy*.

breadth escapes and the devotion of his clansmen. In 1755 his Prince summoned him to France, but whether he took the hidden treasure with him or not is not now certainly known. He lived in France for nine years longer, supplied with funds by the devotion of his clansmen, who were content to pay double rents—one going to the Government, as proprietors of the forfeited Cluny estates, and the other to France to maintain their lawful chief. Cluny died at Dunkirk in 1764, and some time afterwards the property was restored to the family, in whose possession it still remains.

CHAPTER XVII.

PERTH.

SOUTH of Badenoch, across the Grampians, lies the wild and picturesque district of Atholl, one of the ancient Pictish and Celtic divisions of the country. The word is a corruption of Ath-foitle, the Ford of Fotla. According to the *Pictish Chronicles*, a work which has come down to us in Latin and Irish Gaelic, written in the tenth century, but compiled from earlier sources, Fotla was one of the seven sons of Cruidne, the son of Cinge, a Pictish King or hero.

In historic times the Earldom of Atholl was ever an appanage of royal blood. The first Earl in history was Murdac, a son or nephew of Donald Bane; but there are signs of an earlier Atholl family even then. The last of the purely Celtic Earls was Henry, who died in the first half of the thirteenth century. The title passed by heiresses to a family known as De Strathbogy, who were closely connected with the Comyns. John de Strathbogy, the tenth Earl, sided with Bruce, was captured by Edward and was hanged in London. His mother being, like King Edward, a grandchild of King John, that royal humorist caused

him to be hanged on a gibbet thirty feet higher than his fellow-sufferers.

The eleventh Earl eventually sided with Balliol and married a daughter of the Red Comyn, who was a very great heiress both in Scotland and in England. His fealty was not consistent. Sometimes he was on the Scots side, sometimes on the English, and his Scots and English estates were forfeited according to the side he embraced for the time. Finally he sided with King Edward III., and leading an English army into Aberdeenshire, he was surprised and killed by the Scots in the battle of Kilblain in 1335. His son became an Englishman, and dying without male heirs, the proud house of Strathbogie ceased to exist, and his line soon died out.

The Earldom of Atholl was then given by Bruce to a son of his faithful friend Sir Niel Campbell, but this Campbell Earl was killed at Halidon Hill and left no heirs. It was then gifted to the Earl of Douglas, but he resigned it by some bargain to the High Steward, afterwards King, and thus it came back to the Crown. Robert II. made Walter Stewart, his second son by Queen Euphemia, Earl of Atholl, and this Earl, with this grandson and heir, was executed in 1437 for the murder of James I. After James's death his widow, Queen Joan, took as her second husband Sir James Stewart, whose father (a great-grandson of Wallace's companion, Sir John Stewart, killed at Falkirk) had married the heiress of

Lorn. It was their third son, known as the Black Knight of Lorn, who married the Queen. To this James Stewart and Queen Joan was born a son, John, to whom his step-brother, James II., gave the Earldom of Atholl, and for five generations son succeeded to father until the fifth John Stewart (they were all Johns) died without a son, and for a brief period the Earldom was granted to a Stewart cousin; but again succession failed. The eldest daughter of the fifth Stewart Earl had married the second Earl of Tullibardine, a Murray. He was the descendant of a certain William de Moravia, who, by marrying the daughter of the Seneschal of Strathearn about 1282, obtained the lands of Tullibardine near Dunblane. To their son John Murray Charles I. in 1628 gave the Earldom, as "nearest and lawful heir of the late John, Earl of Atholl, brother of King James II." Thus through the Stewarts the ancient Earldom passed to the house of Murray, or, as it is now named, Stewart-Murray. John, the second Murray Earl, married Lady Sophia Stanley, daughter of the seventh Earl of Derby—a marriage which subsequently brought much dignity to his grandson and profit to the family. The second Murray Earl was raised to the Marquisitt, and his son in 1703 was created Duke of Atholl and Marquis of Tullibardine.

This first Duke had a large family, four of whom made a considerable mark in Scottish history. Of the eldest, who was killed when young in Marlbor-

ough's wars, we hear little. The second son, William, who on his brother's death became Marquis of Tullibardine, was a fervent Jacobite; he was out in the '15 and again in the Rising of 1719, which ended in the battle of Glenshiel. After this he retired to France, where he remained for twenty-six years. His father, who desired to retain the Dukedom in the family, obtained a special Act of Parliament to cut out this (surviving) eldest son from the succession, which he got settled on James, the next brother, who duly succeeded as second Duke. It was this William, Marquis of Tullibardine, the dispossessed heir, who came over with Prince Charlie in 1745, who raised the standard at Glenfinnan and who was afterwards captured and died in prison. It is a sign of the strength of the instinct of hereditary right in Scotland that although it may be believed that Atholl was no more or less Jacobite than any other place north of the Tay, as soon as the Marquis of Tullibardine approached in 1745 the whole district welcomed him as the rightful Duke. His younger brother, the "legal" Duke James, who was on King George's side, could hardly raise a man and fled to England, while Atholl, in obedience to the Marquis, whom of course the Jacobites always called the Duke, declared for Prince Charles.

The next son, Lord George Murray, had as a boy held a commission in the British army, but had deserted and joined the Chevalier in 1715. He was

"out" again in the affair of Glenshiel in 1719 and for some years had lived abroad; then he was permitted to return home and had lived quietly at Tullibardine, near Dunblane. He too joined Prince Charles, became his commander-in-chief, and was the best soldier in the Jacobite army. It was said of him by one of his officers that if the Prince had only gone to sleep and left affairs with Lord George he would have wakened up in London. Like Lochiel and Lord Pitsligo, he went out purely as a matter of conscience and duty. He had everything to lose, nothing to gain. His eldest brother William was an old man and unmarried. The Duke had no sons and Lord George was heir to the Dukedom. All this he gave up for the Stuart cause, yet the Prince never liked or trusted him, and when all was over, and both had escaped to France, Charles behaved to Lord George with the greatest ingratitude. A fourth brother was Lord John Murray of the Black Watch, and he adhered throughout to the Government.

Ten years before the coming of Prince Charles a great access of dignity came to the family. The sovereignty of the Isle of Man had belonged to the Earls of Derby.[1] In 1735 the tenth Earl of Derby died childless and the Earldom went to the heir male, a very distant relation. The sovereignty of Man however, being quasi-royal, went to the Duke of Atholl, the "heir-general," as grandson of the eldest daughter

[1] See Scott's *Peveril of the Peak* and Notes.

of the seventh Earl of Derby. The Atholl family held the title of "Kings in Man" for many years, and though the "sovereignty" was purchased from them in the eighteenth century, it was not until the year 1829 that they parted with the last of their many rights, to the Government for a sum of nearly half a million sterling.

Lord George died in exile before his brother, Duke James, and his eldest son, who was a boy at Eton in the '45, duly succeeded on his uncle's death as third Duke. He had previously married his cousin, the heiress and the only surviving child of Duke James, and this united the title and the estates. From him the present Duke is descended in the direct line, and he of all the Scots nobility of the present day seems most to embody the virtues of the past. The Duke lives in his Castle, not merely comes to it for sport. He speaks Gaelic with his people, worships with them in the parish church, disciplines his retainers as a company of Atholl Highlanders, is the leader of local enterprise, and seems to realize to-day a kindly system, which strongly resembles patriarchal feudalism.

Blair Atholl—"the field of Atholl"—lies in the middle of the old Earldom, on the left bank of the River Garry. Hard by the village is Blair Castle, the seat of the Duke. The oldest part of the Castle is Cumming's (or Comyn's) Tower, which it is supposed was erected in the early part of the thirteenth century by a Comyn, left in charge while the last

Celtic Earl was away at the Crusades. There is but little record of this noble yet simple building, which is full of historical associations of every kind.

Hither came Montrose in August of 1644, having travelled up through Scotland disguised as a groom, to carry out his scheme of raising a Highland army for King Charles. From Blair Castle the Fiery Cross was sent forth, and the Marquis had presently assembled a force of three thousand fighting men. Adopting the Highland dress, he placed himself at their head, and marched on foot to Tippermuir, near Perth, where he obtained the first victory of his brilliant campaign.

Forty-five years later a scion of the same house, John Graham of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee, left Edinburgh to follow "wherever the spirit of Montrose should conduct him." Blair Castle was then in the singular position of being garrisoned and held for "King James" by the factor of the estate, backed by many of the clansmen, against the Marquis of Atholl, who had declared for King William. Its importance as commanding the Pass of Killiecrankie, three miles below Blair Atholl, the key to the Central Highlands, determined General Mackay to attempt to reach and reduce it before Dundee should get there with reinforcements. On arriving at Dunkeld he found that Dundee had outstripped him, and with a force much inferior to his own was preparing to defend the Castle.

It was in the early morning of Saturday, July 27, 1689, that the mixed army of Lowland Scots, Dutch

and English, commanded by Mackay, entered the celebrated defile that separated the two armies. "It was deemed the most perilous of all those dark ravines through which the marauders of the hills were wont to sally forth. . . . The only path[1] was narrow and rugged; a horse could with difficulty be led up; two men could hardly walk abreast, and in some places a traveller had great need of a steady eye and foot." [2]

Through the ravine, which is a mile and a half long, broils the River Garry, and above it rises the solemn height of Ben Vrackie. "To fresh recruits and old soldiers trained in the Low Country wars it cannot have been encouraging to find themselves marching in narrow procession through the grim gorge of the pass. Above were piles of rock, where enemies might be hidden in multitudes, and at their feet swept the terrible torrent. Where it struck or tumbled over rocks it raged in dingy-white—elsewhere between walls of rock it shot deep and smooth and black, with restless traces of rapidity on its surface; but all through, to him who by force or accident lost footing on the narrow edge, there was no hope of life." [3]

Through the gorge General Mackay led his troops unopposed, and then placed them as advantageously as the nature of the ground beyond the pass would permit, while on the north Dundee could be seen halting

[1] General Wade's great Highland road, constructed in 1732, now runs above the left bank of the river.

[2] Macaulay. [3] *History of Scotland*, Hill Burton.

Pass of Killiecrankie

his men on the brow of a hill that rose before them in steady ascent. Two hours were passed in inactivity while Dundee waited for the sun to pass around to the west and out of the eyes of his men, then he ordered a charge. The Highlanders advanced in their usual fashion—divested of their plaids, with bodies bent forward and nearly covered by their targets. On coming close to the enemy's front ranks they fired and threw away their pieces, then setting up a wild yell, they hurled themselves forward sword in hand. Breaking through the advance guard, they carried terror and panic into the body of the enemy, and before many minutes the issue was decided. "All was over, and the mingled torrent of red-coats and tartans went raving down the valley to the Gorge of Killiecrankie."

"Like a tempest down the ridges
Swept the hurricane of steel,
Rose the slogan of Macdonald—
Flash'd the broadsword of Lochiel!
* * * * * *
"Horse and man went down before us—
Living foe their tarried none
On the field of Killiecrankie,
When that stubborn fight was done."

The battle, though a complete victory for the Highlanders, was actually the death-blow of the cause for which they fought. Dundee, while rising in his stirrups and waving his hat to direct the movements of the cavalry, was shot under the left armpit and mortally wounded. A cloud of smoke hid him

at the instant from the eyes of both armies, but a soldier who was close by caught him in his arms as he fell forward. "How goes the day?" asked the dying General. "Well for King James," said the soldier; "but I am sorry for your lordship." "If it is well for him, it matters the less for me," was the reply. Wrapped in plaids, he was borne back to Blair Castle, and shortly died. He was buried in the Church of Blair. It is related that when King William was urged to send a strong force to Scotland, after the defeat of Killiecrankie, he replied that there was no need; "the war ended," said he, "with Dundee's life."

In the '45 Prince Charlie spent a night at Blair Castle,[1] on his march to Edinburgh, and he stopped there again on the retreat to the North.

In March, 1746, Lord George Murray executed a brilliant manœuvre, whereby thirty Government posts in Perthshire were captured simultaneously. The Bridge of Bruar, about two miles west of Blair Castle, was the appointed place of rendezvous. Here, close on to daybreak, Lord George, with but twenty-four men, was anxiously awaiting the return of his attacking parties, when he suddenly became aware that Sir Andrew Agnew, who commanded Blair Castle for the Government, was approaching with a

[1] It is interesting, as showing the progress of gardening in the Highlands to know that it was at Blair Castle that the Prince, though he had spent his youth in Italy, saw and ate pineapples for the first time.

strong party. By stationing his men at intervals behind a turf wall, and starting up the bagpipes in deafening uproar, he succeeded in so misleading the cautious Sir Andrew that the latter faced about and marched his men back to Blair Castle. Thither Lord George followed him so soon as his party had reassembled; but his siege of the Castle (which was his brother's seat) was unsuccessful, and on the 2d of April it was abandoned.

Three miles below Killiecrankie, on the River Tummell, is the very flourishing village of Pitlochrie, near which is the house of Kinnaird, where Louis Stevenson wrote his immortal romance of *Treasure Island.*

About twenty miles down the Valley of the Tay, on the border line between the Highlands and the Lowlands, is the pretty town of Dunkeld—"a little place full of Disaffection," it is termed in an account written after the '45. George Buchanan, writing in the sixteenth century, says its ancient name was Caledonia, but it "is vulgarly called Dunkeld—the hill of the Hazeltrees." The accepted derivation is *duncalden*, fort of the Keledei or Culdees. After the destruction by the Norsemen of the Columban settlement at Iona early in the ninth century, King Kenneth MacAlpin built a church at Dunkeld, transferred thither some of the relics of St. Columba, and made its abbot Bishop over the newly-acquired Kingdom of the Southern Picts.

The monks who were placed in the Dunkeld Monastery were Keledei or Culdees. The body of clergy bearing this much-discussed name were "an ascetic order, who adopted a solitary service of God in an isolated cell as the highest form of religious life, and were termed *Deicolæ*. They became associated in communities of anchorites or hermits; were clerics, and might be called monks, but only in the sense in which anchorites were monks; they made their appearance in the eastern districts of Scotland at the same time as the secular clergy were introduced, and succeeded the Columban monks, who had been driven across the great mountain range of Drumalban, the western frontier of the Pictish Kingdom; and they were finally brought under the canonical rule, along with the secular clergy, retaining however to some extent the nomenclature of the monastery, until at length the name of *Keledens* or Culdee became almost synonymous with that of secular canon."

In the tenth century the Abbots of Dunkeld had become great lay lords; they married and held their benefices in hereditary succession. It is from a lay Abbot of Dunkeld, Crinan "the Thane," who married Bethoc, daughter and heir of Malcolm II. (about 1100), that all the subsequent Kings of Scotland, except Macbeth and Lulach, are descended.

The Dunkeld Cathedral, as we see it to-day, dates mainly from the fifteenth century. The choir, rebuilt in modern times to serve as a parish church, was

constructed (about 1315) under Bishop St. Clair—he whom Barbour calls "rycht hardy, meikill and stark." This sturdy prelate, hearing that King Edward of England had sailed up the Forth and was landing men at Donibristle, in Fife, hastily put on his armor beneath a linen rochet, and assembling sixty of his own retainers, rode off in hot haste to give battle. On the road he met a panic-stricken band, fleeing from the invaders. Seizing a spear and flinging off his rochet, he rallied the Fife men with the inspiriting cry, "Let all who love their country and their King turn again with me!" The English were repulsed and driven back to their ship with such loss that they abandoned the enterprise. King Robert Bruce was in Ireland at the time. When he heard of the affair he declared that St. Clair should be his own Bishop; and by the title, thus honorably won, of the "King's Bishop" he was accordingly from thenceforth known.

The chapter house of the Dunkeld Cathedral, of a slightly later date than the choir, is now the burial place of the Dukes of Atholl. The nave was begun by Bishop Cardeny in 1406, who also built a Castle for the Episcopal residence; his beautiful monument is still seen on the south side of the nave. Bishop Lauder completed the Cathedral and consecrated it in 1464; he likewise erected the northwest tower, and gave many of the carvings, paintings and other interior decorations which were destroyed at the

Reformation. Although the Lairds of Arntully and Kinvaid, who were appointed to carry out this work, were expressly instructed not to injure the fabric, and to preserve the glass and woodwork intact, they, or more likely their fanatic followers, allowed their enthusiasm to get the better of them, burned the roof and wrecked the entire building. An interesting object in Dunkeld Cathedral is the altar-tomb of Alexander Stewart, the "Wolf of Badenoch." It is singular indeed to find the effigy of this fierce iconoclast and enemy of the Church reposing almost intact upon its carved tomb, while the monuments of saintly Bishops and revered Abbots are mutilated past identification. That, for example, of Bishop St. Clair cannot certainly be known, though a mutilated stone figure close by the tomb of the "Wolf" is supposed to represent him. Among Dunkeld's famous Bishops was Gavin Douglas, brother of the great Earl of Angus, and the classic scholar and poet.

The Cathedral stands in the elaborately laid out grounds of the Duke of Atholl, whose house is near the river; the foundations of an ambitious Castle begun by the fourth Duke, but subsequently abandoned, are seen further on. A few weeks after the battle of Killiecrankie the Cameronian regiment was sent to garrison Dunkeld. The commander was a gallant young man named Cleland, who, though but twenty-six years old, had nevertheless taken part ten years before in the battle of Bothwell Brig. Keenly

alive to the extreme peril of his situation—at the head of a small body of men whose very name pointed them out for especial dislike among the Jacobites, in the midst of a hostile country and cut off from any probability of relief—the youthful commander took every means in his power to strengthen his position and reassure his men. He selected the tower of the Cathedral and the adjoining house of the Duke of Atholl as the best places in which to take up his position, and in order to convince the regiment that come what might they would not be abandoned, he and his officers offered to shoot their horses.

On the morning of August 21 (1689) the Highlanders, to the number of several thousand men, attacked the town furiously in four different places at once. The Cameronians held their ground and for four hours the battle raged, the Highlanders, in spite of their greatly superior numbers, being unable to dislodge the enemy. Colonel Cleland was killed early in the day and the entire town was in flames before lack of ammunition forced the attacking party to draw off. The Cameronians were left masters of the field, with three hundred bodies of their foes to attest the reality of the victory.

Two miles to the southwest of Dunkeld is Birnam Hill, once a part of a royal forest. A local tradition, which Shakespeare adopted from Hollinshead's *Chronicle*, tells how the army of Malcolm Ceannmor, marching to attack Macbeth at Dunsinane, broke off branches

from the trees of this forest and carried them in their hands, "either by way of distinction or from some other motive. Thus was fulfilled the witches' prophecy:

> "'Macbeth shall never vanquished be until
> Great Birnam Wood to high Dunsinane hill
> Shall come against him.'" [1]

Dunsinane is in the Sidland hills, twelve miles from Birnam, across the Tay Valley. It rises to a height of over a thousand feet above sea level in the shape of a truncated cone, on the level top of which is an ancient fort which bears the name of Macbeth's Castle, probably derived from Shakespeare's play, but possibly from the older tradition. Yet Macbeth was not killed at Dunsinane, but at Lumphanan in Aberdeenshire.[2]

In the river Bran, which flows into the Tay near the Bridge of Dunkeld, are the pretty Falls of Bran, and close by is the Rumbling Bridge spanning a deep, rocky chasm, through which the river runs with a roar that has given rise to the name.

Aberfeldy, a charming village on the Tay, is celebrated in modern times as being the place where the first Highland regiment, the celebrated Black Watch, was embodied in 1740. When the Government was in despair as to how the Highlands were to be kept

[1] "Macbeth," Act IV., Scene 1.

[2] See p. 294, Vol. II.

quiet it was suggested by Duncan Forbes of Culloden that it would be well to enlist companies of Highlanders under their own chiefs to keep the country in order, and this scheme was actually adopted about the year 1730. Six independent companies were then formed and distributed throughout the Highlands. The company that patrolled the country near Inverness was given to Lord Lovat; another company was commanded by Munro of Culcairn in Ross-shire; a third belonged to the Grants and the three others were composed of Campbells. In 1739 it was determined to embody these companies into one regular regiment for general service, and the new regiment assembled in May, 1740, under the Earl of Crawford in a field near Aberfeldy, where a monument has been erected to celebrate the event. The regiment from the first wore the Highland dress, but, as its commander was a Lowlander and had no recognized tartan of his own, the well known Black Watch tartan of dark green, blue and black was designed for its use, and the name of the regiment is supposed to be derived from the darkness of the tartan.

Indignation at the loss of his independent company, consequent on the establishment of the regiment, is supposed to have been one of the principal reasons of Lord Lovat for joining the Jacobites in 1745, and there can also be no doubt that the absence of these local independent companies, who policed the Highlands, was a considerable factor in that insurrection. The

Black Watch was sent to Flanders in 1743, and for more than a century and a half this regiment, equally well known as the Forty-second, or the "Forty-twa," has borne a distinguished part wherever the British arms have been employed.

About a mile from the Tay, north of Aberfeldy, is Castle Menzies, the very interesting baronial residence of Sir Robert Menzies, chief of the Clan Menzies. The Castle was built in 1571 and greatly added to two hundred and seventy years later. The park is celebrated for its old trees, among the finest in Scotland. Here Prince Charles spent the 4th and 5th of February, 1746, when he found relaxation from his anxieties by two days' hunting in the neighborhood.

Near Aberfeldy are the Falls of Moness, sung by Burns in "The Birks of Aberfeldie." On the northeast shore of Loch Tay rises Ben Lawers, whose summit commands what is probably the most extended view in all Scotland. The Firth of Tay on the east, Loch Laggan on the north, Ben Cruachan and the hills bordering Loch Katrine and Loch Lomond on the west and southwest, and Edinburgh itself on the south are all said to be visible from thence on a clear day. Ben Lawers is also famed for the great variety of Alpine plants found on it.

On an island at the northeast end of Loch Tay are the scanty remains of a Priory built on the site of an earlier foundation by Alexander I., to mark the grave of his wife Sibylla, daughter

of Henry I., King of England. In a note to *The Fair Maid of Perth* Sir Walter Scott says, "The security no less than the beauty of the situations led to the choice of these lake islands for religious establishments. Those in the Highlands were generally of a lowly character, and in many of them the monastic orders were tolerated and the rites of the Romish Church observed long after the Reformation had swept both 'the Rooks and their nests' out of the Lowlands. The Priory on Loch Tay was founded by Alexander I., and the care of it committed to a small body of monks, but the last residents in it were three nuns, who, when they did emerge into society, seemed determined to enjoy it in its most complicated and noisy state, for they came out only once a year and that to a market at Kenmore. Hence that fair is still called 'Fiell na m'hau maomb,' or Holy Woman's Market."

Beyond the Tay on the west extends the Breadalbane country, which since 1681 has given the title of Earl and lately Marquis to a powerful branch of the Campbells. The Earl's seat is Taymouth Castle, standing on the Tay, about a mile from the village of Kenmore. The Breadalbane Campbells are descended from the Regent Robert, Duke of Albany, through his daughter Marjory Stewart, who married Sir Colin Campbell, third son of Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochow. Sir Colin was the founder of the Campbells of Glenorchy, an estate in Argyllshire from which the

Campbells, by successive aggressions, expelled the Macgregors, its ancient chiefs; while the Barony of Lawers in Perthshire was given to Sir Colin by James II., in recognition of his services in tracking the assassins of James I. He was the builder of Kilchurn Castle on Loch Awe, and his great-grandson, another Sir Colin, built Balloch Castle, a part of which is incorporated in the modern Taymouth Castle. His son, *Donacha dher na Curich* (Black Duncan of the Cowl), was knighted at the coronation of James II.'s Queen, Anne of Denmark. He lived in princely style at Balloch, the inventory of his "geir" including, besides all manner of household stuffs, arras, hangings, cushions, canopies and the like, richly-appointed beds to the number of twenty. One of them was of "incarnatt London cloath imbroiderit with black velvett." There were also fifty-four portraits of the Kings and Queens of Scotland, the Lords and Ladies of Glenorchy and other great personages, many jewels and pieces of silver plate, and a very complete outfit of arms, "brasin pistollettes," Jedburgh staves, Lochaber axes, "great iron fetters for men's feet and hands, ane heading ax" and other similar conveniences.

His son, Sir Colin Campbell, enriched the Balloch Gallery with a set of family portraits painted by Jamesone, the "Scottish Vandyke." He was succeeded by his brother, a Covenanter, who consequently drew down upon himself the fury of Mon-

trose, his whole estate being laid waste in the campaign of 1645.

Sir Robert's grandson, Sir John, first Earl of Breadalbane, left a reputation for singular sagacity. "The Earl is of a fair complexion and has the gravity of a Spaniard, is as cunning as a fox, wise as a serpent and slippery as an eel. . . . No Government can trust him but when his own private interest is in view."

After the Revolution this Earl of Breadalbane was engaged to use his influence to induce the Jacobite chiefs to lay down their arms and to submit to William and Mary. Fifteen thousand pounds were placed in his hands to be expended in this business, but it was suspected that much of this money never reached the persons for whom it was intended. When Lord Nottingham suggested the propriety of an account being rendered, the Earl replied, "My Lord, the money is spent, the Highlands are quiet, and this is the only way of accounting among friends." It was Breadalbane who was mainly responsible for the massacre of Glencoe. The Earl's first wife, Lady Mary Rich, was a daughter of the first Earl of Holland and a great heiress. The marriage took place in London, and it is said that the pair performed the journey to Balloch on horseback, the bride seated behind her husband, while the "tocher"—dower—of £10,000 in gold coin was placed in a leather bag and laid on the back

of a Highland pony, on either side of which rode an armed gillie.

Taymouth Castle, the modern residence that has replaced Balloch Castle, is a large building of gray-stone, more magnificent than beautiful. It is especially famed for its great hall and monumental staircase and for its fine collection of pictures.

Glenlyon, a long, narrow valley to the north of Loch Tay, was once the property of a branch of the Breadalbane Campbells, whose chieftain in 1692 was the principal agent in the massacre of Glencoe. The glen was much frequented as a hiding-place by Jacobite fugitives after Culloden.

The Laird, son of the butcher of Glencoe, was a fervent Jacobite, but was dying when Prince Charles was in Scotland. His eldest son had accepted a commission in the Black Watch and remained faithful to the Government, which so enraged his father that he refused again to see him, even on his death-bed. There is a pleasant story told of this son. After his father's death in the autumn of 1746 he was told off to garrison his own house of Glenlyon, along with a party of English officers and soldiers. His younger brother, who had been out with Prince Charles, was then hiding in a deep den behind the house, and one evening, approaching the house before it was quite dark, he was espied by the officers of the garrison. With great presence of mind, the elder brother called out, telling him where to hide himself, in Gaelic—a

Pass of Glenlyon

language not understood by the English—and then running back to call out the troops, the glen was searched, but naturally the rebel's hiding-place was not found. Ten years later this younger brother joined a Highland regiment and fell gloriously with Wolfe at Quebec, while the elder brother's military career ended in a tragical fashion, as will be related in the chapter on Argyllshire.

South of Loch Tay is Loch Earn, beautifully situated in the heart of a circle of lofty hills, above which Ben Vorlich towers on the south. Its one island is named Neish, from a family who long inhabited it. They were at feud with the MacNabs, whose country lay at the head of Loch Tay. After a series of aggressions on both sides, the head of the Neishs waylaid and robbed a servant of the MacNabs, who was returning from Crieff laden with Christmas stores. That evening, while the twelve stalwart sons of the chief of the MacNabs sat brooding over this insult, their father broke the silence with the significant remark, "The night is the night, if the lads were but lads." Instantly the twelve young men arose and went out. In order to reach the island-home of their enemies, they were obliged to carry a boat all the way from Loch Tay across the mountains to Loch Earn. This they accomplished, and landing on the island surprised and slew all the Neishes but two, a man and a boy, who lay hidden under a bed. When they dutifully presented the heads of the slaughtered Neishes to their

father, the old chief said approvingly, "The night was the night and the lads were the lads." So at least runs the tradition.

The village of St. Fillans and the district called Strathfillan owe their name to Fillan "the leper," a saint of the early Pictish Church of the sixteenth century, the scene of whose labors was "the Fort of the Earn in Scotland." He was a favorite saint of King Robert Bruce, and we find James III. confirming the office of bearer of his pastoral staff—called the Coygerach—to the family of one Malice Doire or Iore; the privilege had first been granted to them by King Robert Bruce. The head of this crosier is said to have been taken to America by a member of the family, who emigrated early in the nineteenth century.

Near Tyndrum in Strathfillan is the spot known as Dalry (Dal Righ)—the King's field—where Bruce with a small band was attacked and defeated by a large force commanded by Macdougal of Lorn. Bruce performed prodigies of valor on this occasion. A brooch is still treasured in the Macdougal family, traditionally said to have fastened the mantle worn that day by the King. Clutched in the convulsive grasp of a soldier whom he had just slain, the mantle so embarrassed his movements that he cut himself loose with his sword and left it on the field.

Of this beautiful stretch of country lying between

Callander and Loch Katrine in southwestern Perthshire, no further description has ever been needed since Scott wrote *The Lady of the Lake.* For the modern traveller, to be sure, bowling smoothly along on the top of a coach over a well-made road, much of the wildness of the scene as it was when the poem was written has been lost.

The Lady of the Lake is written in six cantos, and covers six days. It opens with the starting of a stag in the early morning by a party of huntsmen, a few miles northeast of Callander. The chase lasts all day; up the steep slopes of Uam Var, over Cambusmore and Ben Ledi, twice across the Teith in flood, westward it swept. When Loch Vennachar was reached "few were the stragglers following far," till at length at the Brig of Turk "the foremost horseman rode alone." At the entrance to the gorge this huntsman, King James V.'s, horse fell dead and he, proceeding on foot, reached Loch Katrine and beheld the Lady of the Lake pushing her light skiff across its blue waters. In the latter part of the poem the scene is laid in Stirling Castle.

Some of the scenes in the *Legend of Montrose* and *Rob Roy* are laid in neighboring parts of Perthshire. Scott's first acquaintance with this part of the country was in 1790, when he a "writer's apprentice" was sent with an armed escort to enforce the execution of a legal instrument against some Maclarens, tenants of Stewart of Appin. "The sergeant was absolutely a

Highland Sergeant Kile," writes Scott of this expedition, "full of stories of Rob Roy and of himself, and a very good companion."

After *The Lady of the Lake* had been begun, while visiting Cambusmore, near the head waters of the Teith, Scott rode from Loch Vennachar to Stirling Castle, to see if it could be done in the limited space of time he allows Fitz James for the same ride in the poem (after the duel with Roderick Dhu).

The Lady of the Lake was published in May, 1810. Its appearance was awaited with extraordinary interest. "James Ballantyne read the cantos from time to time to select coteries as they advanced at press. Common fame was loud in their favor; a great poem was on all hands anticipated. I do not recollect that any of the author's works was ever looked for with more intense anxiety, or that any one of them excited a more extraordinary sensation when it did appear. The whole country rang with praises of the poet; crowds set off to view the scenery of Loch Katrine, till then comparatively unknown; and as the book came out just before the season for excursions, every house and inn in that neighborhood was crammed with a constant succession of visitors. It is a well ascertained fact that from the date of the publication of *The Lady of the Lake* the post-horse duty in Scotland rose in an extraordinary degree, and indeed it continued to do so regularly for a number of years, the author's succeeding works keeping up

the enthusiasm for our scenery, which he had thus originally created." [1]

Scott does not appear himself to have shared in the popular enthusiasm for his poetry. James Ballantyne, on finding his daughter Sophia alone in her father's study one day, said to her, "Well, Miss Sophia, how do you like *The Lady of the Lake?*" "Oh, I have not read it," was the unexpected reply. "Papa says there is nothing so bad for young people as reading bad poetry."

Some four miles south of Callander is the little Lake of Menteith, which, contrasted with the rugged scenery of the Trossachs, presents "an aspect of soft pastoral beauty which soothes the soul." It is but a mile and a half long and its greatest breadth is about a mile. There are three little islands in the lake, the smallest of which, the "Dog Isle," was used for the kennels of the Earl of Menteith. On a larger island, Talla, stand the ruins of Ilantullo Castle, built by the first Graham Earl about 1427, which was the principal residence of the family down to the death of the last Earl in 1694.

But the most celebrated of the islands is the largest, Inchmahome, the island of Mocholmoc or Colmon, an Irish saint, where stood a celebrated Augustinian monastery, to which Queen Mary, when a child of five, was taken for safety after the battle of Pinkie in 1547, and where, or in the neighborhood, she remained

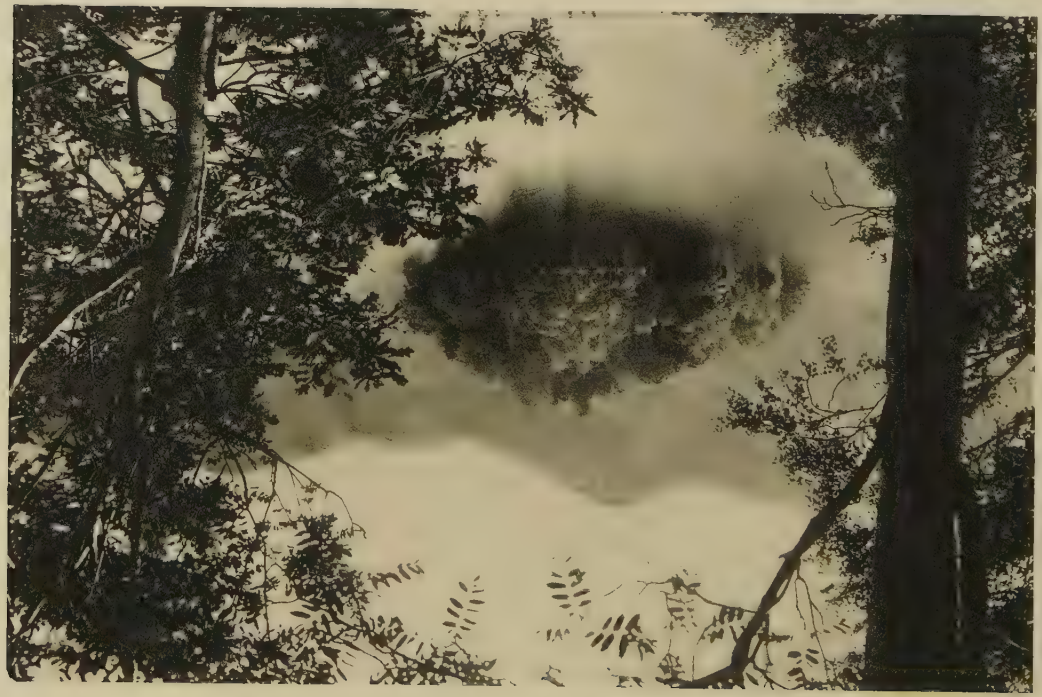
[1] Robert Cadell, quoted in Lockhart's *Life*.

until her removal to France the following year. The Priory was originally built in the thirteenth century by a Comyn Earl of Menteith, and was a flourishing establishment down to Reformation times, since when it has gradually become a ruin.

A small garden thirty-five yards square, surrounded by a stone wall, is known as Queen Mary's Garden and Bower. Dr. John Brown, in a sketch called "Queen Mary's Child-garden," gives a charming picture of the little Queen surrounded by "her four Marys, her child-maids of honor, with their little hands and feet and their innocent and happy eyes, pattering about that garden all that time ago, laughing and running and gardening, as only children do and can. There is something 'that tirls the heart-strings a' to the life' in standing and looking on the unmistakable living relic of that strange and pathetic old time."

There is an old boxwood tree, said to have been planted by the little Queen, which still flourishes. Until some forty years ago there were other large boxwood trees, bits no doubt of the old box-borders grown to trees in three hundred years' neglect. These were actually pulled to pieces by tourists, and the Duke of Montrose, the present proprietor, replaced them with slips that have grown so well that tourists, particularly Americans, nearly all take cuttings of box from the garden, in the belief that they come from bushes planted by Queen Mary. In reality

Ellen's Isle, Loch Katrine



these bushes came, and but lately, from the neighboring garden of Cardross.

The district of Menteith—that is the country of the river Teith, in which Callander and the Trossachs are situated, as well as the Lake of Menteith and Loch Ard—was one of the ancient Celtic Earldoms of Scotland, which passed by the marriage of heiresses to the Comyn family in the thirteenth century and on their downfall to the Stewarts. The Sir John Menteith who delivered Wallace to Edward I. was the younger son of a Walter Stewart, who on marrying the heiress had assumed the name of Menteith. His great granddaughter, failing male heirs, carried the title by marriage to a Graham, but again male heirs failed, and the Graham Countess was succeeded by her only daughter, who married as her fourth husband Robert, Duke of Albany, the third son of King Robert II. The next holder of the title was her eldest son, the wicked Murdac, Duke of Albany, who, with his two surviving sons, was beheaded at Stirling by James I.,[1] and the title reverted to the Crown. On the death of these traitors the Earldom once more passed to the Grahams. It was given to Malise Graham, Earl of Strathearn, whose mother, the wife of Sir Patrick Graham, was the only child of David Stewart, the Earl of Strathearn, the eldest son of Robert II. by his second marriage.

The reader will remember the irregular first mar-

[1] See p. 217, Vol I.

riage of that monarch and the controversies it gave rise to,[1] and this account of the Menteith title is here given to show how tenacious the Scottish people are of hereditary claims, and how equally tenacious kings are of their royal prerogatives. For nigh two hundred years the title descended in usual course from father to son in the Graham family, and in the year 1610 Walter Graham succeeded his father as the seventh Graham Earl, and he was served heir to the quasi-royal title of Earl of Strathearn, borne by his ancestor, the son of Robert II. He was an admirable man of business and was most useful to Charles I., under whom he became Lord Justice General of the Kingdom and President of the Privy Council. Puffed up by pride and with a certain insolent magnanimity, he renounced any claim to the throne for himself, but with a reservation for the rights of his blood, which he boasted was the "reddest blood in Scotland," insinuating that the King, as the descendant of Elizabeth Mure, was of an illegitimate line, and that he, as heir of the eldest son of the legitimate marriage, was the true heir of the royal house of Stewart.

This was more than Charles I. could stand, and saying with a sigh of regret that "it was a sore matter that he could not love a man but they pulled him out of his arms" he deprived him of the Earldom of Strathearn, but gave him in its place the title of Earl

[1] See p. 23, Vol. II.

of Airth, which had no royal connection, and it was declared by legal fiction that David, Earl of Strathearn, had died without heirs.

The son of this Earl was Lord Kilpont, who went out with Montrose and was murdered in 1644 in Montrose's camp at the foot of Dunsinane Hill by Stewart of Ardvorlich, in a private quarrel. This incident is part of the theme of Sir Walter's *Legend of Montrose;* but, while in the novel the young Lord recovers and marries the heroine, in real life Lord Kilpont died on the spot and his remains were buried in the Priory church of Inchmahome.

In the same place there is a beautiful old monumental tomb of the first Stewart Earl (died 1296) and his Countess Mary, in which their effigies are represented tenderly embracing one another. The second Earl of Airth was the son of the murdered Kilpont; he succeeded his grandfather in 1661, but he did not venture to assume the title of Menteith until the abdication of James VII. in 1688. Though twice married he left no children, and some time before his death he disposed of his estates to the Marquis of Montrose, grandson of the great Marquis, the head of another branch of the Grahams, to whose descendant, the present Duke of Montrose, the Menteith estates still belong. After the Earl's death in 1694 the title remained dormant for fifty years, when it was claimed by a William Graham, who said he was descended from Lady Elizabeth, a sister of the last

Earl. His claim was not denied, but he was forbidden to use the title until it had been established in course of law. This, probably for want of funds, he did not do, but wandered for years about the district, where he was known as the "Beggar Earl." One morning in 1783 he was found dead in a field near Bonhill in Dumbartonshire, the house of Smollett, the novelist, who no doubt knew him well. Thus perished the last claimant of the Earldom of Menteith, a title as old as the history of Scotland. Doune Castle, which stands at the junction of the Ardoch and the Teith, was a former Menteith stronghold, built by Murdac, Duke of Albany and Earl of Menteith, during the captivity of James I. It is now the property and residence of the Earl of Moray, to whose ancestor it was given by James VI. The ballad, founded on the tragic death of the third, the "Bonny" Earl, closes with the lines:

> "Oh, lang will his lady
> Look over the Castle Doune
> Ere she sees the Earl of Moray
> Come sounding through the town!"

It is to Doune that Scott brings Waverley as a prisoner, and the Castle was also historically connected with the events of the '45.

Some prisoners taken by the Jacobite army at the battle of Falkirk were confined there, and John Home, afterwards author of *Douglas*, gives a descrip-

tion of the place of imprisonment as "a large, ghastly room, the highest part of the Castle and next the battlements." Some of these prisoners escaped by making a rope of their blankets and dropping the seventy feet to the ground. A Mr. Witherspoon, who was afterwards President of Princeton College, had come to Falkirk purely out of curiosity to see a battle, but had been seized and confined with the rest. Before his turn came the rope broke and he had to remain a prisoner.

The Castle has been partially restored. There is a massive keep, disconnected in the interior from the rest of the building, an enclosed courtyard and a wall of enceint—all in fairly good preservation and forming altogether one of the finest examples of fifteenth century Castles now to be seen in Scotland.

At Dunblane is the fine Cathedral built by Bishop Clement, and the tower of a twelfth century church, which he found in ruins when he came to Dunblane as its Bishop in 1233. This earlier building was put up when David I. established the See on the foundation of a Pictish church of the seventh century. At the Reformation the Cathedral was ruined and its beautiful nave had remained roofless and forlorn for three hundred years, when in 1892 a thorough restoration was carried out. In the choir, which has been used since the Reformation as a parish church, there is some fine carved woodwork, which by a happy chance escaped the general destruction of such objects

at the Reformation. There, too, are the graves of Lady Margaret Drummond, James IV.'s mistress, and her two sisters, who were poisoned at Drummond Castle. The blue-stone slabs that formerly marked these graves were removed in 1817 and are now at the entrance to the choir.

Dunblane was chosen by "the good Bishop Leighton" for his See as being the smallest and poorest in Scotland. He held it from 1661 to 1670, when he was made Archbishop of Glasgow. His library, which he left to the town of Dunblane, occupies a house built to receive it, near the entrance to the churchyard; and a shaded walk near the river, where he was wont to pace back and forth, goes still by the name of the Bishop's Walk. To the southwest of the Cathedral are the scanty remains of the Bishop's Palace.

A house in the town—Balhaldie—Close is said to be the one occupied by Prince Charlie on his advance from Perth to Edinburgh on September 11, 1745; while the Sheriffmuir, to the east of Dunblane, is the scene of that battle of the '15 which both sides thought they had won. Owing to the nature of the ground, neither side could see the other, and when the Highlanders under the Earl of Mar and the Government troops under Argyll charged, they all but missed each other and each right flank swept on to victory.

Crieff, as the seat of the criminal courts of the

Stewards of Strathearn, was the scene of executions, and thus was full of unpleasant associations for the Highlanders. This is the reason given for their burning it (in the '15) to the last stick and stone. It had been rebuilt however twenty years later, and there Prince Charles reviewed his troops on the retreat to Inverness (February, 1746), when he spent two nights at Lord John Drummond's place, Fairnton, now Ferntower, in the neighborhood.[1]

Ten miles east of Crieff is Methven, where in 1306, three months after his coronation, Bruce was badly defeated by the English under the Earl of Pembroke; and three miles further on is Tippermuir or Tibbermore, where Montrose on September 1, 1644, won his first great victory over the Covenanters, whose greatly superior, but unorganized force was commanded by Lord Elcho.

Three miles south of Crieff is Drummond Castle, formerly the seat of the Earls of Perth, the chiefs of the Drummonds. The founder of the family is said to have been a Hungarian noble, who came to Scotland in the train of St. Margaret, and received from Malcolm Caennmor the lands of Drymen or Drummond, near Loch Lomond. A descendant of this Hungarian, Malcolm Drummond, received his Perthshire lands from Robert Bruce as a reward for his services at Bannockburn. It was he who advised the use of the concealed calthorps, which utterly baffled

[1] As noted by Scott in *Waverley*.

the English cavalry and contributed largely to the victory. This service is commemorated by the celebrated Drummond motto, "Gang Warily." Malcolm's daughter was the second wife of David II., and his grand-daughter was the Queen of Robert III.

Drummond Castle was built in 1491 by the twelfth in descent from the founder of the family, and it was much visited by Kings and Queens, especially by James IV., who there had a liason with a daughter of the house. This lady, with her two sisters, was mysteriously poisoned at the Castle in 1502, in order, it was said, to put an end to an infatuation that prevented the King from marrying.

Cromwell battered it down in 1650, but in 1715 it was rebuilt and strengthened, to serve as a Government stronghold and garrison.

Prince Charlie spent a night at the Castle in February, 1746, on his retreat to the North; and shortly after this the Jacobite Duchess of Perth levelled most of the Castle to the ground, fearing that it might again be used for a Government garrison; yet Prince Charlie's room was not entirely demolished. Early in the nineteenth century the Castle was again rebuilt. It was visited by Queen Victoria in 1842, when the Prince Charlie room was allotted to Prince Albert as a dressing-room. The Castle is now the property of the Earl of Ancaster, inherited through his Drummond mother.

Six miles south of Drummond Castle, near Green-

loaning Railway Station, is Ardoch, where are the remains of the most famous Roman camp in Scotland, placed there to bridle the Northern Caledonians, whom the Romans could however never subdue.

Fifteen miles east by railway is Forteviot, where on the Halyhill Malcolm Caennmor had a tower, and where by a certain tradition he was born, the natural son of King Duncan and the miller's daughter of Forteviot.

Dupplin Castle, a modern mansion belonging to the Earl of Kinnoull, is two miles northeast of Forteviot. Near it was fought the battle of Dupplin on August 12, 1332.

Edward Balliol, son of King John Balliol, had obtained an English army from Edward III., and joined by some Scottish adherents, he advanced north to subjugate the kingdom. At Dupplin he was encountered by an army fighting for Bruce's son, King David II., then a boy of nine. The Scots were completely defeated, and their leader, the Earl of Mar, was killed. Edward Balliol was crowned at Scone six weeks later, but his triumph was short-lived. "Two months and twenty-two days later" he fled to England from Annan, with "one leg booted and the other naked." His brother Henry was killed, and after this but little is heard of the Balliols in Scotland.

Six miles by railway northeast of Forteviot lies the town of Perth. Although anciently a place of

great importance, the residence of Kings, the seat of Parliaments, and the home of splendid ecclesiastical foundations, but one ancient building of historical interest is now to be found in the town. This is the parish church of St. John Baptist, from which is derived the name St. Johnstown, by which the town was at one time known. Of the church which was standing in the twelfth century nothing is now left, the oldest parts of the existing building dating from about the beginning of the fifteenth century. Since then there have been many additions and restorations, and it was a very magnificent church in all its appointments when John Knox made there (11th of May, 1559) his famous arraignment of "idolatry." At the close of the sermon (according to his own account) a priest, preparing to say Mass, "would open up a glorious tabernacle," a youth who stood by protesting loudly; a scuffle ensued between the two, in the course of which an image standing on the high altar was broken. That was the signal; instantly the "raschall multitude," as Knox calls them, that stood by, sympathizing with the boy, and having Knox's vehement and burning words still sounding in their ears, rushed upon the altars, and in a marvellously short space of time not St. John's only, but the Grey and Black Friars' Monasteries, and the Charter House or Carthusian Monastery as well, were utterly despoiled. "These things reported to the Queen Regent," says Knox, "she was so enraged that she

did vow utterly to destroy St. Johnstown, man, woman and child, and to consume the same by fire, and thereafter to salt it, in sign of a perpetual desolation."

It was in the Black Friars' Monastery that the tragedy of James I.'s death occurred. His uncompromising attitude towards the holders of doubtful claims to feudal territories had raised him up enemies among some of the powerful nobles, and when a plot was formed to murder him, a convenient instrument was found in the outlawed Sir Robert Graham, then lurking in the Highlands. The King, notwithstanding signs, portents and even warnings, had come to Perth for the Christmas festivities. On the night of the 20th of February (1437), after some guests had left, he stood before the fire, clad in a chamber robe, chatting with the Queen and some of her ladies; suddenly ominous sounds were heard below, and it was found that a party of men were forcing their way into the place. The closely barred windows offering no means of escape, the King told the women to secure the doors, prised up a piece of the flooring and leaped into the vault below. Meantime it was discovered that the bolts had been tampered with, and in desperation a devoted daughter of the house of Douglas thrust her own arm through the staple of the door. Easily breaking this feeble barrier however, the conspirators, with three hundred Highlanders at their backs, rushed in. The King was still in the vault

(from which he might have escaped had he not, only a few days earlier, had the exit closed to prevent his tennis balls from falling through). For some little time the search was unsuccessful, then Sir Robert Graham noticed an unevenness in the flooring, lifted the plank, and thrusting in a light, called out savagely, "Sirs, the bride is found for whom we have sought and carolled all night." As one after another of the conspirators leaped down, James, though unarmed, struggled with them, and for a brief space kept them at bay; then Graham fell upon him with his sword, and after that with swords and daggers they dispatched him. Seven of the murderers died for their share in the deed, six of them, notably Walter Stewart, Earl of Atholl, uncle of the King, with accompaniments of horrible and indescribable tortures.

It was in the time of James's father, Robert III., that the singular combat took place on the North Inch, now a large public park, described by Sir Walter Scott in *The Fair Maid of Perth*. The rival Clans of Chattan and Kay had agreed to settle their differences by a fight to the death of thirty on each side. On the eve of the battle one Chattan man deserted, and his place was filled by a small and misshapen, but powerful armorer of the city, who, fighting merely for pay, was nevertheless one of the eleven survivors (all severely wounded) on the Clan Chattan side. One Kay only escaped alive.

On the site of the present county buildings once

stood the splendid town house of the Ruthvens, Earls of Gowrie, the scene of that historical event usually referred to as the "mysterious" Gowrie Conspiracy. William Ruthven, a boy at the time, had nevertheless been present when his father, dragging himself from his death-bed for the purpose, directed the murder of Riccio at Holyrood. The son, who had meantime been created Earl of Gowrie, took part in the abduction of James VI. and his detention in Ruthven Castle, near Perth, in August, 1582 (the Raid of Ruthven, or First Gowrie Conspiracy, it is called), the conspirators' aim being to compel the King to dismiss his favorite Arran. For this offence the Earl was pardoned, but when he later became implicated in another plot, he was tried for treason and executed. His forfeiture was however reversed, and some years later his son John inherited the title and lands. The new Earl, after spending some years abroad, returned to Scotland and was living at Gowrie House, Perth, when, on August 5, 1600, his brother inveigled King James there on the pretence of showing him a pot of gold pieces, said to have been found in the possession of a suspicious character. The Earl met the King with a suitable escort, and took him to his house, and after supper he was conducted apart to a small room to see the treasure. Instead of producing it however, Ruthven began to threaten the King and abuse him for the execution of his father; while a mysterious armed man stood silently by. There was

a struggle, the King called loudly for help, armed attendants rushed in and in a few moments both Alexander Ruthven and his brother the Earl were killed. Meantime the alarm had spread, but the towns-people took the side of the Gowries, the Earl being their Provost and very popular. Crowds rushed through the streets howling "Green-coats,[1] we shall have amends of you! Ye shall pay for it. Give us our Provost!" and even such cries as "Come down, come down, thou son of Seignor Davie; thou hast slain a better man than thyself!" The situation was becoming critical when the magistrates finally appeared on the scene and succeeded in rescuing the King.

Every one connected with the House of Gowrie was from thenceforth hunted down and persecuted. Their estates were forfeited, their arms cancelled, their name abolished and any one who had borne it forbidden to approach within ten miles of the royal presence; and yet there have not been wanting those who have warmly (though very unconvincingly) maintained that the Ruthvens, instead of being conspirators against the person of the King, were themselves the victims of a plot!

The neighboring nobles were greatly elated at the downfall of the House of Gowrie, whose possessions and influence had increased to a degree that threatened to overshadow all others, and it is alleged that

[1] The color worn by the King's servants on hunting expeditions.

Site of the Gowrie House, Perth

SOUTH
STREET
COUNTY INN.
GOWRIE INN
WINES W. FORBES SPIRITS

the Earl of Atholl came to Perth and executed a pas seul before Gowrie House in sheer glee at their misfortunes.

Perth was associated with both the eighteenth century Jacobite Risings. Here, at the town cross (sold for £5 in 1765), the "old Pretender," the Chevalier de St. George, was proclaimed under the title of James VIII. in 1715, and it was here that he made such a painful impression on the Highlanders, when some months later he met his army in person for the first time. "I must not conceal," writes one of them, "that when we saw the man whom they called our King we found ourselves not at all animated by his presence, and if he was disappointed with us, we were tenfold more so in him."

Thirty years later (September 4, 1745) James VIII. was again proclaimed at the Cross of Perth, when Prince Charlie spent six active days there receiving reinforcements and supplies.[1]

About a mile northeast of Perth, in Scone Palace Grounds, stands the market cross that marks the site of old Scone, the ancient Pictish capital, and the place where the Stone of Destiny was kept. Shorn of the legends that surround it it appears probable that this stone first came to be looked upon with reverence from having been used as an altar, possibly by St. Boniface, an early missionary.

[1] "Traditionally the Prince occupied Lord Stormouth's house, where the Union Bank now stands." *Itinerary of Prince Charles Edward Stuart*, W. B. Blaikie.

It stood on the Mote Hill and was not unlike other stones of the neighborhood. From the time of Malcolm IV., crowned in 1153, Scottish coronations took place here, except when the sovereigns were infants.[1]

Down to the time of John Balliol (crowned 1292) the Scottish monarchs received the crown seated on the Stone of Destiny, but it was carried off to London by Edward I. in 1296 and has never been returned. It now however lies beneath the wooden coronation chair in Westminster Abbey, and thus the sovereigns of the United Kingdom are once more crowned seated on this ancient relic.

Robert Bruce was the first King who was crowned at Scone (March, 1306) without the celebrated stone. The arrangements were made in hot haste. A small circlet of gold was prepared, as King Edward had carried off the ancient crown. It was the hereditary duty of the Earl of Fife to place the crown on the sovereign's head. The Earl refused to attend; so, in order that some descendant of the loyal Macduff should perform the office, the Earl's sister Isabella, although the wife of John Comyn, Earl of Buchan, Bruce's mortal enemy, hurried to Scone to perform this service. For her kind office the Countess, who fell into Edward's hands the same year, was confined at Berwick in a lattice-work cage until 1313.

[1] James II., aged six years, was crowned at Holyrood; James V., aged seventeen months, Mary, less than a year old, and James VI., aged thirteen months, were crowned at Stirling.

Charles II. was the last King crowned at Scone—by the Covenanting Marquis of Argyll, on January 1, 1651.

The old Augustinian Abbey, founded by Alexander I. in 1115, and the Royal Palace were destroyed by a "rascal multitude" from Perth and Dundee in 1559, in spite of the special intervention of Lord James Stewart (afterwards the Regent Moray) and John Knox, who was never a church destroyer. He could not forgive the Perth Reformers for this outrage: "Whereat," he says, "no small number of us were offended that patiently we could not speak to any that were of Dundee and St. Johnstown [Perth]."

Scone subsequently came into the possession of the Lords Stormouth, who built a house or palace, in which the Chevalier de St. George stayed in 1716 and which Prince Charles visited one morning in 1745. This second palace has given place to a modern castellated mansion belonging to the present Earl of Mansfield, the descendant of the Lords Stormouth.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ARGYLL, BUTE AND THE WESTERN ISLANDS.

In the County of Argyll we come to one of the most romantically beautiful districts of Scotland. What district of Scotland, it may indeed be asked, is not both romantic and beautiful—each after its own fashion and kind? Here however is a country of islands and lochs, of lofty mountains and remote glens, of bays and inlets, rivers and firths—deep arms of the Atlantic that penetrate into the very heart of the country and divide its northern half in twain.

It is said that when during the great French war, as a measure of precaution, the Lords Lieutenant of counties were directed in times of danger to have all cattle driven twelve miles inland, there was difficulty in finding any parts of Argyll so distant from the coast.

The early history of these districts is involved in obscurity. There is a tradition of the three sons of Eric, an Irish chief, who, crossing from their own land, established colonies. Fergus settled in Kintyre, Angus on the islands of Islay and Jura, and Lorn, pushing further north, occupied the territory still called by his name.

With the conquest of the kingdom of the Southern

Picts by the Scottish King, Kenneth MacAlpin, in the ninth century we reach a period of more reliable records. Then, according to Browne,[1] the Western Islands and Argyll were inhabited by a race of Scottish rovers. They were termed *Oirir Gael*—that is the Gael inhabiting the coast lands, and from this name Argyll is derived. Gradually however, by constantly recurring invasions of bands of Scandinavian pirates, these acquired the supremacy, and for a considerable period the western districts acknowledged the rule of the King of Norway. In the thirteenth century the Norwegians were driven out; the decisive battle in which Haco, King of Norway, was defeated at Largs in Ayr occurred in 1263.

A Celtic chief, Somerled, now possessed himself of Argyll and of the southern half of the Islands. On his death, at the battle of Renfrew in 1164, his two sons divided the inheritance, and in the traditions of the West Highlands and Islands most of the western clans trace their origin back to one or the other of these two. Dougal got the district of Lorn, and his descendant, Macdougal of Dunolly, survives to own that ancestral property to this day. The Macdougals however fought against Bruce in the War of Independence, and thus, when the National Party triumphed, they lost their influence and most of their possessions.

The elder son of Ranald, or Reginald, Somerled's

[1] *History of the Highlands*, by James Browne.

other son, was named Donald, from whom the Clan Macdonald, known down to his time as "Clan Colla," takes its name. Two of Ranald's great-grandsons took opposite sides in the national struggle. Alexander, the elder, fiercely opposed Bruce, but he was captured and imprisoned, and after that he and his family disappear from history. His brother Angus, on the contrary, lent the King every aid in his power. It was he who commanded the right wing at Bannockburn and obtained for the Macdonalds that post of honor in perpetuity.[1]

When Bruce came to his kingdom Angus received all the domains of his father, and on his death these were inherited by his son John, the first *titular* Lord of the Isles. John had married Euphemia or Amy, the sister and heir of another descendant of Ranald, but in 1350 he divorced her and married Margaret, a daughter of Robert, the High Steward of Scotland, afterwards Robert II.

Although John had several sons by his first wife, the Lordship of the Isles went to Donald, his eldest son by his second wife. Donald married the heiress of the great northern Earldom of Ross, which he claimed in right of his wife. He frequently visited the English court and made treaties with the English Kings, Richard II. and Henry IV. His son Alexander rebelled against James I., but was defeated by

[1] Angus Macdonald is the hero of Scott's poem, "The Lord of the Isles."

the King at Lochaber. His son John was the fourth and last Earl of Ross and Lord of the Isles. Too powerful to be treated as an ordinary subject, he was sometimes in rebellion, sometimes fighting on the side of King James II., sometimes treating with Edward IV. as an independent Prince. On his death in 1498 without legitimate children the great united Clan of Macdonald was broken up.

The downfall of the Macdonalds was a cause of huge profit to a rising and rival clan, the Campbells. The origin of this clan has never been clearly determined. The Seannachies or bards trace the Siol Diarmid (the race of the "Children of the Mist") as Lords of Lochow back to the year 404, but the first of the Campbells of whom anything is certainly known is Gillespic Campbell,[1] who married the heiress of Lochow in Central Argyllshire towards the close of the twelfth century. The exact position of Lochow is not surely known, but it is generally supposed to have been on the slopes of Ben Cruachan, by the northern shores of Loch Awe, which is possibly a modern form of the word. "Cruachan" has ever been the war-cry of the Campbell clan, and the ancient proverb, "It's a far cry to Lochow," is still constantly used in referring to an enterprise either impossible or of enormous difficulty.

[1] "Gillespic" means in Gaelic the gillie or servant of the Bishop, and in English is rendered as Archibald. "Campbell" means in Gaelic crooked mouth.

Gillespic Campbell's great-grandson, Sir Colin, became, by conquest of his neighbors, so powerful and wealthy that he was termed in Gaelic *More*—that is Great, and from his day the chief of the Campbells has been designated by his clansmen The son of Colin the Great, erroneously rendered MacCallum More.[1]

From Sir Colin's second son are descended the Campbells, Earls of Loudoun, while the eldest son, Niel or Nigel, after loyally supporting Bruce throughout the War of Independence, was given large grants of land and the hand of the King's sister in marriage.

"MacCallum More after MacCallum More," says Macaulay, "with unwearied, unscrupulous and unrelenting ambition, annexed mountain after mountain and island after island to the original domains of his house. Some tribes had been expelled from their territory, some compelled to pay tribute, some incorporated with their conquerors."

By the beginning of the fifteenth century the chief of the Campbells had come to be reckoned among the wealthiest men in Scotland, and as such was named a hostage for the payment of the sums alleged to have

[1] This name is one of the celebrated historical mistakes. It is said to have been made first by Sir Walter Scott in *Rob Roy* and often repeated. "MacCallum More" means the son of the great Callum or Malcolm, while the Gaelic word for the chief of the Campbells was "MacCailan More," the son of the great Colin. When the error was pointed out to Sir Walter, he merely laughed and said it was his nickname for the Duke of Argyll. The error has long since passed into the language, and it is now hopeless to try to correct it.

been expended for the maintenance of James I. when a prisoner in England. He was created Lord Campbell and married a daughter of Robert Stewart, Duke of Albany (brother of Robert III.). The country lying along the north of Holy Loch in the Firth of Clyde had belonged at one time to the Lamonts, but they, having been ousted by the Campbells, Sir Duncan, first Lord Campbell, selected the site of a former Columban establishment at Kilmun whereon to found a collegiate house for a provost and six prebendaries. This was in 1442; the founder himself was interred there and Kilmun has ever since been the burial-place of the chiefs of the Campbells. Thither was brought the body of the Marquis of Argyll, beheaded in Edinburgh in 1661, and there were laid the remains of the late Duke of Argyll, who died in April, 1900.

All that is left to-day of Sir Duncan's building is a half ruined tower, probably intended to serve as a place of strength to be fortified in times of danger. A modern church now occupies the site of the old church to the east of the tower, and adjoining it is a mausoleum containing the tombs of the Argylls.

Lord Campbell's grandson, Sir Colin, was created Earl of Argyll by James II. (1457). He married the heiress of John Stewart, Lord of Lorn, whose father, a cadet of the Stewart family, had married the daughter and heiress of the ancient Celtic Lords of Lorn. Though the Earl of Argyll inherited the lands of Lorn, he did not inherit the title, which went to an

uncle of his bride. With this uncle he accordingly made an exchange of lands, and arranged, with the King's permission, that the Stewart should bear the title of Lord Innermeath, while the proud title of Lorn went to the Campbell family, with whom it still remains. From the day of this first Earl the house of Argyll has ranked among the most powerful in the land.

His descendant, Archibald, fourth Earl of Argyll, was one of the first of the great Scottish Peers to join the Protestant party. Notwithstanding this, we find his son Archibald figuring at the outset of his career as a staunch adherent of the Queen Regent, Mary of Guise. He, his half-brother and successor, and the latter's son, followed devious courses in their political careers, now taking one side in the struggle between the sovereign and the people, now the other. The last, who was Archibald, seventh Earl of Argyll, was conspicuous in his antagonism to the Roman Catholic party in Scotland; but having married as his second wife a lady of the English Roman Catholic family of Cornwallis, and having taken a military command under Philip III. of Spain, he joined the Roman Church and took an active part in the Spanish campaign against the Protestants of the Netherlands. His son by his first wife had meanwhile received a strict Scots Presbyterian education. The King, Charles I., anxious to win to his interests the future head of this powerful house, called Lord Lorn, while

still a very young man, to be a member of his Privy Council, showed him other marks of distinguished favor, and finally, by citing a penal law against Roman Catholics, forced the Earl to resign his estates to his son, reserving only an income sufficient for his own requirements.

The father and son had long been on ill terms, and when this transaction was concluded in London, in the presence of the King, the old Earl addressed to him some bitter words of warning. "Sir," said he, "I must know this young man better than you can do. You have brought me low that you may raise him, which I doubt not you will live to repent; for he is a man of craft, subtlety and falsehood, and can love no man, and if ever he finds it in his power to do you mischief, he will be sure to do it."

Charles had frequent cause to remember these words, and yet to the very end of his life he deluded himself with the belief that Argyll was or could be made his friend. He created him Marquis in 1641, and perseveringly showed him marks of his favor and confidence. The rivalry between the Marquis of Argyll and Montrose, and the circumstances of the former's execution in Edinburgh (1661), in spite of the fact that he had himself put the crown on Charles II.'s brow, have already been described. His titles were attainted, yet the Earldom, though not the Marquisate, was restored to his son and successor, Archibald, who thus became ninth Earl. Although he fought for

Charles II. at Dunbar, and was actually in prison at the time of the Restoration, this Earl was attainted for high treason in 1682, for refusing to take the "Test" or oath acknowledging the King as supreme in Church as well as State. He was committed to Edinburgh Castle, under sentence of death, but effected his escape disguised as a page, holding up the train of his daughter-in-law, Lady Sophia Lindsay. After three years passed on the Continent, he commanded the Scottish expedition in Monmouth's rebellion, was captured at Inchinnan, taken to Edinburgh and executed under the old sentence.

His son Archibald, tenth Earl, went to Holland after his father's death and placed himself under the protection of the Prince of Orange. The Revolution consequently restored his house to all its former weight and influence. He was created Marquis of Kintyre and Lorn and Duke of Argyll in 1701, besides receiving a string of other titles and honors. His son was the eminent Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, who exerted his influence at court so successfully at the time of the Porteous Riot, and of whom Scott gives such a pleasing picture as the patron of Jeannie Deans in *The Heart of Midlothian*. It is told that his having fallen when a child from an upper window without injury, on the day on which his grandfather was executed, was generally accepted as a favorable augury of his future.

His brother Archibald, who succeeded him as

second Duke, conceived the dignified old Castle of Inverary, near the head of Loch Fyne, to be not sufficiently grand for the chief seat of his house and tore it down. On the site he built the present Castle, a large, square building of dark-blue slate, having round towers at the corners and a tall pavilion in the centre. To provide money for this tasteless change the Duke sold Duddingston, an estate near Edinburgh, inherited from his grandmother, the Duchess of Lauderdale.

Dr. Johnson and Boswell visited Inverary in the course of the "Tour" of 1773. Dr. Johnson thought the Castle too low, but was nevertheless much impressed by it. "What I admire here," said he, "is the total defiance of expense." What Boswell admired was the "gay, inviting appearance of the ladies-maids, tripping about in neat morning dresses." In a foot-note, added some years later, he wonders that "my venerable fellow-traveller should have read this passage without censuring my levity."

Their host on this occasion, John, fifth Duke of Argyll, treated his guests with great distinction, and lent Dr. Johnson a "stately steed" on which to pursue his journey. His Duchess was one of the famous Gunning sisters, whom Horace Walpole describes as "two Irish girls of no fortune, who are declared to be the handsomest women alive. . . . They can't walk in the Park or go to Vauxhall but such mobs follow them that they are generally driven

away." Maria, the elder, married Lord Coventry; her sister was first the wife of the Duke of Hamilton, and afterwards of the Duke of Argyll. Her eldest son by her first husband was the young Duke of Hamilton, who succeeded to the Douglas title, but who lost the "Douglas cause."[1] Boswell had busied himself as a champion of the other claimant, and consequently felt somewhat shy about meeting the Duchess; and not without reason, for when he was conducted to the drawing-room by her husband, the lady—the wife of two Dukes and the mother of four Dukes—was so ill-bred as entirely to ignore his presence, an attitude she maintained throughout the visit, though showering attentions on Dr. Johnson to a degree that seems quite to have mollified that usually stern philosopher — all of which is complacently recorded by the biographer.

The present Duke of Argyll, who is married to the Princess Louise, daughter of Queen Victoria, succeeded to the historic title on the death of his father in April, 1900.

Castle Lachlan, on the east shore of Loch Fyne, and Carrick Castle, built on a rock on the west shore of Loch Goil, are good examples of fifteenth century keeps. Between Loch Fyne and the Firth of Clyde is the peninsular-shaped district of Cowal, so called from Comgall, a grandson of Fergus. Here are the scanty remains of Dunoon Castle, once a famous

[1] See p. 64, Vol. II.

stronghold of the Stewards of Scotland, and possessed later by the Argylls.

At the southern extremity of Cowal, and separating it from Bute, are the picturesque Kyles of Bute, a deep and tortuous channel of the Firth of Clyde, shaped like a horseshoe.

The County of Bute includes the islands of Bute and Arran and the two Cumbraes. At Rothesay, its principal town, are the ruins of a very ancient and very famous Castle. Of Scandinavian origin, the Castle of Rothesay was taken from the Norwegians after the battle of Largs, and was a favorite place of residence of the early Stewart Kings. Robert III. created his eldest son—David, Earl of Carrick—Duke of Rothesay in 1398,[1] taking the title from this Castle. Ever since then the Dukedom of Rothesay, the Principality and Stewardship of Scotland, the Barony of Renfrew, the Earldom of Carrick, and the Lordship of the Isles have been held by the eldest son and heir apparent of the sovereign. Robert III. died at Dundonald in 1406, on learning that his only surviving son (afterwards James I.) had been made prisoner by the English.

The Castle was reduced to ruins in the Monmouth rebellion of 1685; it is now, and most of the Island of Bute as well, the property of the Marquis of Bute, who is descended from the High Stewards of Scot-

[1] Robert, the King's brother, was created Duke of Albany at the same time. These were the first Scottish Dukes.

land. Sir James Stewart was created Earl of Bute in 1703; his grandson was that John Earl of Bute who obtained such ascendency over the mother of George III. He was that King's early and most unpopular Prime Minister, satirized by the Cockney wits under the presentment of a jack-boot.

In the ruins of the Abbey Church of St. Mary, west of the town of Rothesay, are some carved tombs of the Stewart family; and their seat, Mountstuart, a modern Gothic building, is some miles further south.

Anciently the people of Bute were called "Brandines," from Brendan, a missionary of the Irish Church, who crossed the seas in the sixth century and established missions on several of the Western Islands.

In the southern part of Bute, in a spot commanding a lovely view across the Firth of Clyde to Arran, are the ruins of a small, partly Norman chapel, dedicated to St. Blane. The plateau on which this chapel stands is surrounded by a retaining wall, and the church-yard was formerly reserved as a burial place for men only, an enclosure further down the slope being used for women. This curious custom of separating the men and women of St. Blane's after death was of very early origin. St. Blane—the traditional account of whose birth and early history recalls the story of St. Mungo—went to Rome, where he was consecrated a Bishop and sent back to work among the people of his native Bute. He brought with him a quantity of consecrated earth for the burying-ground

Kyles of Bute

of the church which he purposed to build as a votive offering for his own miraculous preservation in infancy. The women of Bute however refused to assist in the pious work of carrying this earth from the landing place up the hill, and in consequence were forbidden by St. Blane ever to share in its benefits. For generations it was locally believed that should a female be interred in the consecrated soil of the upper churchyard, the other bodies would of themselves rise out of their graves. By 1661 however the prejudice had died out—it was doubtless held to be a Popish superstition—and the Presbytery was petitioned to abolish the custom of separate interment. Since then the women have peacefully reposed beside their husbands, fathers and sons.

Two small islands, known as the Meikle Cumbrae and the Little Cumbrae, lie to the east of Bute and are included in that county. The Meikle Island contains a flourishing little town called Millport, with some eighteen hundred inhabitants. There are several churches in the town, but the finest building in the island is the pro-Cathedral of the Diocese of Argyll and the Isles in the Scottish Episcopal Church. This church, which is dedicated to the Holy Spirit, and a theological college attached to it, were built by the Earl of Glasgow in 1849–51. Historically this island is known as the place where Haco encamped before the battle of Largs.

On the Little Cumbrae, hard by, are found the

ruins of the chapel and tomb of St. Vey, an early Celtic saint, and an ancient tower, dating from the times of the Scandinavian pirates, which was surprised and burned by Cromwell. The Great Cumbrae is but three and a half miles long, and the Little Cumbrae is less than two miles; yet the minister of Millport, not very long dead, was in the habit of using this form of prayer: "Bless, O Lord, the Meikle Cumbrae, and the Little Cumbrae, and the adjacent Islands of Great Britain and Ireland."

Arran, the largest of the islands of Buteshire, lies to the south and is owned almost wholly by the Duke of Hamilton. Its ancient Castles of Loch Ranza and Brodick were Crown property at the time of the War of Independence, and the latter had been seized and was garrisoned by the English in the spring of 1307.

But King Robert Bruce was not far off. It will be remembered how, after his defeat by the Lord of Lorn at Dalry in August, 1306, Bruce fled down Loch Lomond and Dumbartonshire and thence by ship to Kintyre. From Kintyre he sailed with some three hundred faithful followers to the Island of Rathlin, on the north coast of Ireland. It is supposed that while resting here Bruce received a great incentive to renewed action. Weary of the struggle, which seemed hopeless, he was thinking of abandoning it. He was sorely troubled by his conscience for his action at Dumfries—not, be it noted, for *killing* the Red Comyn, which he looked upon merely as an act

of justice on a traitor, but for killing him in a church, which was sacrilege. He therefore contemplated retiring to the Holy Land, there, in a crusade against the infidels, to expiate his sin. Thinking over these things, while lying in a hut, his eye fell on a spider attempting to stretch his web from one rafter to another. Six times, as he watched, the spider failed, but at the seventh attempt he succeeded. Bruce applied the parable to himself; six times had he been baffled and defeated, perhaps, like the spider, his seventh effort might succeed.

There is no documentary evidence for this story, and it is the fashion for a certain class of modern historian to sneer at it; but it has come down by tradition, it was quoted to Prince Charles by Lord Lovat in his historical interview with the Prince at Gortleg after Culloden, and it is firmly believed by every Scotsman in the land. To this day no true Scotsman will kill a spider on any account whatever; but if any one of the name of Bruce were to do so it would be considered as equivalent almost to murder and sacrilege.

Whether Bruce, urged by this omen, felt that the time for action had come, or whether, as Barbour tells us,

> "James of Douglas was angry
> That they so lang suld ydill lie,"

we cannot tell, but Douglas and his friend, Sir Thomas Boyd, went over to Arran to reconnoitre. Here they

were fortunate enough to capture a Government convoy, carrying provisions to King Edward's garrison. They apparently sent word of this to Bruce, as he arrived on the island ten days later. Barbour gives a dramatic account of the meeting. The King on landing asked a woman if she had seen any strangers on the island and where. She led him to "ane woody glen," which Bruce entered, and sounded a blast of his hunting horn. The note was recognized from afar by Douglas as the King's, and the friends were soon together.

After a consultation the leaders determined not to stay long in Arran, but to make an organized attack on the mainland. The story of how, deceived by a fire of burning heather which they mistook for a signal, they crossed to Ayrshire and how they remained, and the wonderful results, has already been told in Chapter X.

The present structure of Brodick Castle, alluded to above, is probably no older than the end of the fifteenth century, though some sort of stronghold has doubtless stood on the site from very early times. It is now one of the seats of the Duke of Hamilton. The only other land-owner in Arran is the head of a family of Fullartons, whose little property—Kilmichael—came to them in grant from King Robert Bruce, in acknowledgment of some service rendered during his stay on the island in 1307, and it still remains in the family.

About midway, on the west coast, is the King's Cove, supposed to have concealed Bruce and his companions for a time, and associated traditionally with the mythical Fingal.

"Farther beyond Lorne," says one old historian, "the lande as it war in disdane is driuen to a strait and gret narownes . . . sum tyme named Menauia, bot now thay cal it Kaintyr—that is the head of the land."

Campbelltown has been the most important place in Kintyre ever since the time when, under the name of Dalruadhain, it ranked first among the towns of Dalriada, *i. e.*, the kingdom established by the sons of Eric. It was made a royal burgh by James II. and given its present name. Both burgh and parish are included in the property of the Duke of Argyll.

Near Campbelltown are the ruined chapels of Kilchonolan and Kilchenzie, examples of those Celtic churches, traces of which abound on the west coast and on the Islands. No fewer than eighteen of these are to be found in Kintyre, Knapdale and Islay alone.

In a little valley on the east coast of Kintyre are the sparse remains of a Bernardine Cistercian Abbey, founded in the thirteenth century by Ranald (son of Somerled). The adjoining Castle, built about three hundred years later, was restored some time after the latter half of the seventeenth century and is now in a beautiful state of preservation.

Another well-preserved building is Skipness Castle,

on the northeastern coast of Kintyre. It is a large and imposing fortalice of the early half of the fourteenth century; originally the property of the Macdougals it later fulfilled the common destiny of most of the estates in Argyllshire and passed into the hands of the Campbells. A chapel dedicated to St. Colomba stands without the walls towards the shore.

Tarbert Castle, commanding the isthmus that connects Kintyre with Knapdale, afforded King Robert Bruce an opportunity to pursue the policy which the English had used to such good effect in Scotland. Finding it in a state of dilapidation he, in 1326, caused it to be thoroughly repaired, armed and garrisoned, to serve as a *point d'appui* from which to overawe the neighboring rebellious chiefs. So keen was his interest in the work of restoration that a still existing charter records his payment of £5 6s. 8d. to "Robert the Mason" for having of his own accord built one of the walls thicker than was required by his contract.

Still another great thirteenth century stronghold of southern Argyllshire is Castle Swin, on the west coast of Knapdale. The name is said to be a contraction of that of a Scandinavian Prince Sweyn, its original owner, and it is quite likely that the spot was once occupied by a Norwegian fortress. Architecturally the present building has a certain interest of its own, as it resembles more closely a Norman Castle than any other Castle in Scotland. Its history however is like

that of many others—it was held by the Lords of the Isles till towards the close of the fifteenth century, when Sir Colin Campbell, first Earl of Argyll, was appointed its keeper. In the seventeenth century Colkitto[1] reduced it to ruins.

Islay, called the Queen of the Hebrides, was where the Macdonalds, Lords of the Isles, maintained their semi-regal state in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. In James V.'s time one of the Macdonalds, called, like the original chief, John of Islay, made an unsuccessful attempt to revive the ancient title and authority of the Lords of the Isles. In the succeeding reign (James VI.'s) a vigorous policy was adopted towards the Highlands and Islands, and those Highland chiefs, who also owned Lowland estates, were given authority to proceed against their rebellious and restless neighbors, whose forfeited lands were to be the reward of success. In such a business as this the Campbells would be sure to take an active part. By the year 1616 a general pacification of the West Highlands had been effected and the Campbells had added to their already vast possessions, Kintyre, Islay and Jura.

But what tended more to the pacification of the Western Highlands and Islands than any violent

[1] Alaster Macdonald, a Scots-Irishman of the Antrim family, commander of the auxiliary force sent to Montrose from Ireland in 1644. "He was called Coll Kittoch or Colkitto, from his being left-handed; a very brave and daring man, but vain and opinionative, and wholly ignorant of regular warfare."—*Tales of a Grandfather.*

measures was the peaceful mission of a Scottish clergyman in the year 1609. From the earliest days of the Stewarts these Western clans had constantly been in disorder, and generally in rebellion against the Crown. To bring them into subjection had ever been the aim of the Government, but the task had been too hard. Shortly after James VI. had succeeded to the throne of England—an event which enormously increased the power of the Crown—he set his mind to the task, and with that practical sagacity which this peaceable monarch ever showed, and which has never been properly recognized, he chose his policy and his instruments well.

In 1608 Lord Ochiltree was sent on a preliminary mission to the Islands, and he was given as his secretary Master Andrew Knox, the country minister of a Midlothian parish. Knox's talents for administration were realized, and the following year James, who had about this time reintroduced Bishops into the Scottish Church, while there was as yet no great cleavage between Presbyterian and Episcopal forms, made Andrew Knox Bishop of the newly-resuscitated Diocese of Argyll and the Isles, and sent him as royal commissioner to pacify the Western Highlanders.

Knox established his headquarters at Iona, and there the wild chieftains met him and cheerfully agreed to his proposals, which were promulgated and are known as "The Statutes of Iona."

The first of these was the establishment of inns.

Hitherto the exercise of hospitality by the chiefs had fallen upon poor retainers, who had to provide the supplies.

The personal retainers of a chief were to be limited to those whom he could keep out of his own private rents.

Sorners, or sturdy beggars, whom the chiefs had encouraged as useful followers in their feuds and wars, were to be expelled, and no man was to be allowed in a chief's territory who had not some ostensible means of earning his bread.

Tribal bards, who inflamed the minds of the people with warlike songs, exciting them to vengeance for fancied wrongs, or to emulation of the daring deeds of their ancestors, were to be suppressed.

Marriage, which had degenerated to an ancient pagan custom called hand-fasting, binding neither legally nor ecclesiastically, was to be restored; and arrangements were to be made for the support of the clergy, who since the Reformation had sunk into poverty and often contempt.

But perhaps the most important of all the statutes was that which decreed that every Highlander who was important enough to be the possessor of sixty head of cattle was to send his eldest son—or failing a son, his daughter—to Edinburgh, to be taught to read and write the English language.

The proof of the gratitude of these wild Highlanders for this parental legislation was evident be-

fore long. Only thirty-five years later, when Montrose appealed to the Highlanders for support, every one of these Western chieftains, whose ancestors had ever been a thorn in the side of the Stewart Kings, flocked to the standard of Charles I., the son of the benevolent, if undignified sovereign, the first of his race who had conferred on them pacific benefits.

Bishop Knox, after the Iona conference, was made Steward and Justiciary of the North and West Isles (Orkney and Shetland excepted), and he was also Constable of Dunievaig Castle, in Islay, the chief fortress of the ancient Lords of the Isles, but then a property of the Crown. The Bishop was enjoined to exert all his power to suppress the feuds between the chiefs, and generally to labor for the maintenance of law and order in the Islands.

Dunievaig Castle was surprised and captured by a wandering remnant of a "broken clan," and the Macdonalds, coming to the Bishop's assistance, won it back, ostensibly for the King. Once in possession however of this ancient stronghold of their clan, as well as of the arms and ammunition with which the Government had stocked it, the temptation to hold on was too strong to be resisted. Bishop Knox and his followers were captured, and only allowed their freedom on the condition of leaving a number of important personages as hostages. That the Bishop had his own theory as to the underlying cause of the affair is seen by the following letter:

"All the trouble that is done to me and my friends is because of Archibald Campbell's diligence to procure the Isle of Islay for the Laird of Calder [the head of the Campbells of Calder, generally called Cawdor, in Moray], of which they are certainly informed. The which if it take effect will breed great trouble in the Isles; far more nor all the fine and duty of the Isles of Scotland will afford these many years, and in the meantime be the wreck of my friends. Neither can I, or any man who knows the estate of that country, think it good or profitable to his Majesty or this country to make that name greater in the Isles nor they are already, nor yet to rout out one pestiferous clan and plant in one little better, seeing his Majesty has good occasion now with little expenses to make a new plantation of honest men in that island, answerable to that of Ulster in Ireland, lying upon the next shore, with which Islay hath daily commerce."

Jura, a wild and in great part uninhabitable island, lies to the north of Islay, from which it is divided by the Sound of Islay. This most rugged of all the Western Islands is also held by the Campbell family. The ridge of barren mountains that runs down its centre rises near the southern termination into three lofty peaks, visible at a great distance, and called the Paps of Jura. On the north, between Jura and the little Island of Scarba, is a famous whirlpool, Corrievrechan, much dreaded by small craft.

Oronsay and Colonsay lie about ten miles west of Jura. The first, though insignificant in size, possesses the most considerable monastic buildings to be found in all the Western Islands, Iona alone excepted.

Traditionally the name is derived from St. Oran, a companion of St. Columba. It is said that these missionaries landed first on Oronsay, but finding that from a high point of land it was still possible to descry Ireland, the country from which they had come, they sailed further and established themselves on Iona. The two islands are rich in ecclesiastical remains, traces of ten ancient churches existing on Colonsay alone.

The Priory of Oronsay was founded in the fourteenth century by the Lord of the Isles. The now roofless church and parts of the cloister, and the domestic buildings, are still standing. There is also to be seen a very beautiful stone sculptured cross in good preservation, rising twelve feet above the base.

The Crinan Canal, which severs Knapdale from the mainland, was opened in 1801. It extends from Ardrishaig on the east side to Loch Crinan on the west, the very fine harbor at the latter place having determined the selection of this route for the canal. It is nine miles long and the passage through its fifteen locks is one of the features of the very popular sea trip from Glasgow to Oban.

Eight miles north of the Crinan Canal is the head of Loch Awe, a loch twenty-two miles long and in few

Kilchurn Castle, Loch Awe

places more than a mile broad. It runs in a north-easterly direction, through the most exquisite Highland scenery to the very heart of the Highland country.

It was on the northern shores of Loch Awe that Bruce, three months after his victory at Inverurie in Aberdeenshire, met and completely defeated the Lord of Lorn in 1308, and thus avenged his defeat by that chief at Dalry two years before. North of the loch lies Glenorchy, anciently the country of the Macgregors, a clan that was no more successful than its neighbors in resisting the encroachments of the Campbells; and accordingly in the reign of David II. we find Sir Colin Campbell, the Black Knight of Rhodes (an order better known by its later designation "Knights of Malta"), a younger son of Duncan Campbell of Lochow, obtaining legal title to Glenorchy, and founding the powerful Glenorchy or Breadalbane branch of the Campbells. Sir Colin built Kilchurn Castle, on a little peninsula extending from the north shore of Loch Awe, about the middle of the fifteenth century; but tradition has it that his wife was the builder during her husband's absence in the Holy Land, and tells of his return, after years of absence, just in time to prevent her from marrying a neighboring laird, who had intercepted Sir Colin's letters and persuaded his wife to believe him dead. The ruins of the massive keep and of a seventeenth century addition, which are still standing, are famed for their beauty and picturesqueness.

The earliest stronghold with which the name of Campbell is associated is Ardchonnel Castle, the home of Gilespic Campbell, the founder of the family, which stands on an island near the east shore of Loch Awe.

West of Loch Awe lies the district of Lorn, and on the extreme edge of a steep cliff on the Island of Kerrera is "a little architectural gem," Gylen Castle, a very ancient stronghold of the Macdougals, Lords of Lorn. Here was preserved the Brooch of Lorn, taken from King Robert Bruce at the battle of Dalry, and kept in the family of the Macdougals till 1647, when Gylen was sacked and burned by General Leslie. Campbell of Inverawe got possession of the relic; it was sold by one of his descendants in 1825, and bought from a London jeweller by General Campbell of Lochnell, who restored it to its hereditary owner.

Alexander II. died in Kerrera in 1249. He had come to the west coast with the design of overaweing the island chiefs into transferring their allegiance from the Norwegian Crown to that of Scotland. There is a tradition that before he fell ill the King had a vision. Three men appeared before him; one, dressed like a royal personage, had a red face and a squint and was terrible of aspect; another was of commanding stature and fierce countenance, and the third was a noble and beautiful youth, very richly attired. These three personages inquired the object of the King's journey, and on being told that it was to wrest the islands from Norway, they solemnly warned him

to desist, and then vanished. They are identified as St. Olive, St. Columba and St. Magnus, though why St. Columba should have been in company with the two Norwegian saints and engaged on such a mission is not very evident. The King's failure to heed the warning was of course held to be the cause of his death.

Oban, a cheerful, busy town and the starting-point for numberless excursions, is of comparatively modern origin, its first stone house having been built in 1713. A little to the north is Dunolly Castle, of very ancient origin and belonging formerly to the Chiefs of Lorn. A few miles to the northeast is

> " . . . Where Dunstaffnage hears the raging
> Of Connal with his rocks engaging."

Dunstaffnage is a thirteenth century Castle, once—like the earlier stronghold of the Pictish Kings it replaced—a royal fortress. Here, according to tradition, was preserved the famous Stone of Destiny, prior to its removal by Kenneth II. to Scone. Dunstaffnage has been held by the Campbells since the beginning of the fourteenth century.

Duart Castle, commanding the southeast entrance to the Sound of Mull, was anciently a stronghold of the Lords of the Isles. In the fourteenth century a certain Lauchlan Maclean having married Margaret, a daughter of John, Lord of the Isles, added to the great rude fortress and founded the line of the Macleans of Duart, a family that became very powerful in the

West. In the sixteenth century a chief of this house married Lady Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of the third Earl of Argyll. Wearying in time of his wife, Maclean conducted her one day to a small islet which, lying midway in the channel between the Island of Lismore and Mull, is only visible at low water, and there left her to be drowned by the incoming tide.

By chance, however, some Campbells passed that way in a boat, just in time to rescue the unfortunate lady and take her to her father's house. But her husband, knowing nothing of this, announced her death and had a mock funeral duly attended by crowds of mourning Campbells. Shortly after, however, he was found dead in his bed, and it was known that he had been killed by one of his wife's brothers.

The island, or rather rock, for it is nothing more, where this incident occurred is called from it The Lady Rock. The story is told by Campbell in the ballad of "Glenara," and it also forms the basis of Joanna Baillie's drama, *The Family Legend*.[1]

[1] This play was given for the first time in Edinburgh, in the winter of 1810. Scott and Henry Mackenzie (the Man of Feeling) wrote a prologue and an epilogue, and the leading parts were taken by Mr. and Mrs. Siddons.

Scott writes to Miss Baillie the next day: "You have only to imagine all that you could wish to give success to a play, and your conceptions will still fall short of the complete and decided triumph of *The Family Legend*. The house was crowded to the most extraordinary degree. . . . Siddons announced the play '*for the rest of the week*,' which was received not only with a thunder of applause, but with cheering and with throwing up of hats and handkerchiefs."

On the Island of Lismore are the remains of the thirteenth century Cathedral of Lismore, now used as a parish church. About five miles to the south are the ruins of Achanduin Castle, the Episcopal residence.

Opposite Lismore and commanding the southeastern entrance to the Sound of Mull is Ardtornish, long one of the most powerful of the many strongholds of the Lords of the Isles. Some idea of the enormous influence wielded by these chiefs may be gathered from the fact that at Ardtornish in 1461 John of Islay, Lord of the Isles, and, according to his own claim, Earl of Ross, duly appointed commissioners, after the manner of royalty, to confer with commissioners of "the most excellent Prince Edward, by the grace of God King of France and England and Lord of Ireland." The outcome of the conference was a treaty of alliance—the Lord of the Isles agreeing to become vassal to the Crown of England and to aid Edward IV. and James, Earl of Douglas, to subdue the realm of Scotland. The opening scenes of *The Lord of the Isles* are laid in Ardtornish Castle.

> "'Wake, Maid of Lorn!' the minstrels sung.
> Thy rugged hall, Artornish, rung.
> * * * * * *
> Who on that morn's resistless call
> Were silent in Artornish hall!"

One of the most ancient of the existing strongholds of the West is Mingarry Castle, a gloomy and forbidding pile, covering a detached rock on the south shore

of Ardnamurchan. This promontory was granted to Angus Macdonald, grandson of Ranald, and son of Donald, the founder of the clan of that name, in recognition of the part he took in the Convention of 1284, which declared the Maid of Norway heiress to the Crown of Scotland. Mingarry Castle, dating from the thirteenth century, became the stronghold of the MacIans, a sept of the Clan Macdonald. In 1644 it was captured by Colkitto and used as a prison for Covenanters.

The Stewart family, a sketch of whose history has been given in the chapter on Renfrewshire, increasing in power and in number, gradually spread into the Highlands. "Of these," says Browne, in his *History of the Highlands*, "the principal were the Stewarts of Lorn, of Atholl, and of Balquhidder, from one or other of which all the rest have been derived. The Stewarts of Lorn are descended from a natural son of John Stewart, the last Lord of Lorn, who, with the assistance of the Maclarens, retained forcible possession of part of his father's estates. From this family sprang the Stewarts of Appin. . . ." Appin, the country of this branch of the Stewarts, lies along the east shore of Loch Linnhe.

"Stuart of Apine . . . was not personally in the Late Rebellion, but the Gentlemen and Commons of his Clan were almost to a man, with a very uncommon zeal. The People of this country are tall, strong and well bodied; they are a kind of Protestants . . .

Idolize the Nonjuring Clergy and are Enthusiastically Mad in their Zeal for Restoring the Stuart family."

It was in Appin, at a point "at the entering in of Loch Leven," that David Balfour (in *Kidnapped*) landed just in time to witness the shooting of Colin Roy Campbell of Glenure. Even at first sight and before he and Alan Breck had been hunted up and down its steep heights and desolate wastes in hunger, weariness, thirst and fear of their lives, poor David observed that "it seemed a hard country this of Appin for people to care as much about as Alan did."

The author, whose description of the Stuarts of Appin is quoted above, goes on to say: "Bordering upon Apine is Glenco. . . . Before the Revolution this small country was famous for Murder, Theft and Rapine. The Earl of Breadalbane [chief of that branch of the Campbells] had some lands adjacent to theirs which they turned to waste. They came yearly with their cattle and Eat up the Grass that grew upon his Lands without ever making the least acknowledgment for so doing." It was these depredations that led indirectly to the melancholy event known in history as the Massacre of Glencoe.

As was mentioned earlier in this chapter, the Government of William III. had entrusted to the Earl of Breadalbane certain sums of money, to be distributed among the Highland chiefs in consideration of their making submission to the Government. All who should fail to do so within a

certain limited period were to be visited with fire and sword.

Breadalbane proposed to Alexander Macdonald, generally termed MacIan,[1] of Glencoe, to keep his share of the Government money in satisfaction for the damage committed on Breadalbane's lands by Glencoe's people. This proposal being angrily refused, there was a quarrel, and Glencoe held off as long as possible from making submission. Sir John Dalrhymple, the Master of Stair, then Secretary of State for Scotland, a warm friend and supporter of Breadalbane, meanwhile sent in a report that "the Macdonalds were not making submission, and that they were an incorrigibly lawless tribe of thieves and murderers."

The legal time for taking the oath of allegiance expired on the 1st of January, 1692. On December 31 Glencoe appeared before Colonel Hill at Fort William and offered to take the oath, but Colonel Hill, not being a civil officer, declined to receive it, giving him however a letter to Sir Colin Campbell at Inverary, Sheriff of Argyllshire, in which he stated

[1] This chief and his clan were locally termed MacIan, which means Sons of John, although a main branch of the Macdonalds. As there were so many branches of the Macdonalds in Argyll and Inverness-shire, it became usual to give additional names to individual families. MacIan, son of John, MacEachain, son of Hector, MacIsaac, MacColl and many others are common in the Macdonald country. When leaving home persons having these names often revert to their original clan name Macdonald, as in the case of Neil MacEachain and his son, Marshal Macdonald.

the case and asked him to receive the oath, even though the legal time had expired. MacIan, now thoroughly alarmed for the safety of his clansmen, started off at once on his fifty miles journey, by wild mountain paths, across swollen streams and through deep snow. So eager was he to reach Inverary at the earliest possible moment that, although his road led close by his own house, he would not pause an instant. Arrived at last he found Sir Colin absent and was obliged to wait three days for his return. At first the Sheriff refused to receive his submission (it was now the sixth day of January), but on second thoughts consented. "The Sheriff, considering all the circumstances, administered the oath; he gave MacIan a certificate and wrote to the Privy Council detailing the facts and giving explanatory reasons for his own conduct in the matter. This letter Secretary Stair suppressed and he deleted the submission from the records."

Ten days later an order bearing the King's signature was issued to the commander of the forces in Scotland. It ran partly as follows: "As for MacIan of Glencoe and that tribe, if they can be well distinguished from the rest of the Highlanders, it will be proper for the vindication of public justice to extirpate that set of thieves." It has been alleged in defence of the King that he signed this paper without knowing its contents, "thinking it only a detail in ordinary business."

Glencoe is a small, wild valley, shut in by high mountains. Through its midst flows the river Coe on its way to empty itself into Loch Leven, an arm of Loch Linnhe, which for some distance forms the boundary between Argyll and Inverness. Thither, about the end of January, came Campbell of Glenlyon with a detachment of Argyll's regiment. The Macdonalds, on seeing them approach, came out to ask their errand, but on being assured that this was entirely peaceable, they received them hospitably. A niece of Glenlyon's was married to a son of MacIan, and for a fortnight the soldiers remained in the valley, quartered about among the people and maintaining the friendliest relations with them. On the 12th of February the order for which they were waiting arrived. It came from Glenlyon's commanding officer, Major Duncanson, and ran as follows:

"You are hereby ordered to fall upon the rebels and put all to the sword under seventy. You are to have especial care that the old fox and his cubs do on no account escape your hands; you are to secure all the avenues that no man escape. This you are to put into execution at four in the morning precisely, and by that time, or very shortly after, I will strive to be at you with a stronger party. But if I do not come to you at four you are not to tarry for me, but fall on. This is by the King's special command, for the good and safety of the country, that these miscreants be cut off root and branch. See that this be put into execution, without either fear or favor, else you may expect to be treated as not true to the King or Government, nor a man fit to carry a commission in the King's service. Expecting that you will not fail in the fulfilling hereof, as you love yourself, I subscribe these with my hand.

"Robert Duncanson."

Macdonald's Monument, Glencoe

With this document in his pocket Glenlyon passed the evening of the 12th playing cards in his own quarters with the "cubs," MacIan's two sons, and he and his officers accepted an invitation to dine on the following day with "the old fox" himself. At four A. M. the slaughter began. MacIan was shot in his bed by a party commanded by one of the officers (named Lindsay) who was to have dined with him that day. His wife was stripped to the skin and died on the following day from horror and exposure.

Secretary Stair had meanwhile issued his orders worded in a way that recalls the language put into the mouths of Ogres in the *Fairy Tales.*

"In the winter," he writes, "they cannot carry their wives, children and cattle to the mountains. This is the proper season to maul them, in the long, dark nights."

Fortunately it so happened that Major Duncanson's party was so delayed by a heavy fall of snow that they did not reach the valley till about noon, and, the passes being thus unguarded, about a hundred and fifty men and most of the women and children escaped to the mountains. The belated detachment found every house on fire and one old man of eighty the only living human being left. Him they killed and then, collecting all the cattle, drove them off to Fort William.

To Secretary Stair's disappointment it was found that the killed numbered only thirty-eight. "I regret," he writes, "that any got away."

The indignation of the Scottish people was so aroused by this affair that after three years' successful evasion of an inquiry, the Government was at last obliged to appoint a Royal Commission to investigate it. The members found that the King was not responsible for the massacre, laid the entire blame on Secretary Stair, and recommended that Glenlyon and the other officers, who had carried out the Secretary's orders, should be sent home from the foreign military duty in which they were then engaged, and tried for their part in it. This was not done, but Secretary Stair was removed from office and found himself the object of such general detestation that for five years after his father's death, which occurred about this time, he did not dare to take his seat in Parliament as Viscount Stair. The Lord Justice Clerk declared indeed that should he do so he would move an inquiry into the report on the Glencoe massacre. He died in 1707, on the day on which the Treaty of Union was signed, "not," says Sir Walter Scott, "without a suspicion of suicide." General Stewart of Garth tells an anecdote of the grandson of Glenlyon, Colonel Campbell, whose presence of mind in saving his Jacobite brother in 1746 has already been told. Colonel Campbell was stationed at Havana in 1771, where "he was ordered to superintend the execution of the sentence of a court-martial on a soldier of marines condemned to be shot. A reprieve was sent; but the whole ceremony of the execution was to pro-

ceed until the criminal was upon his knees, with a cap over his eyes, prepared to receive the volley. Then he was to be informed of his pardon. No one was to be told previously, and Colonel Campbell was directed not to inform even the firing party, who were warned that the signal to fire would be the waving of a white handkerchief by the commanding officer. When all was ready, and the clergyman had left the prisoner on his knees, in momentary expectation of his fate, and the firing party were looking with intense attention for the signal, Colonel Campbell put his hand into his pocket for the reprieve, and in pulling out the packet the white handkerchief accompanied it, and, catching the eyes of the party, they fired and the unfortunate prisoner was shot dead. The paper dropped from Colonel Campbell's fingers, and clapping his hand to his forehead, he exclaimed, 'The curse of God and of Glencoe is here. I am an unfortunate, ruined man,' and soon afterwards retired from the service."

THE WESTERN ISLANDS.

The islands off the west of Scotland were the Hebudes of Ptolemy, a name corrupted by error to the modern Hebrides. They belonged to the Norwegian monarchy until the battle of Largs, after which they were formally ceded to Alexander III. in 1266; but for two centuries longer the Lords of the Isles maintained a kind of semi-independence.

The Norwegian name for the islands was "The Sudreys," or Southern Islands, in distinction to the Orkneys and Shetland. The name still survives in "Bishop of Sodor and Man," a title dating from the time when the Sudreys and the Isle of Man belonged to the Norwegian Crown.

The inhabitants are probably partly of Scandinavian, partly of Irish Celtic origin, with a strong admixture of emigrants from the Scottish mainland. The ordinary spoken language to-day is Gaelic, though in the admirable schools all children learn to read and write English. The inhabitants of the islands are principally poor "crofters," who cultivate their "crofts" or tiny farms—wretched strips of ground—and eke out a precarious living as best they can; but many of the people have taken to fishing, and make a comfortable living out of it. About a hundred years ago the kelp industry, which continued prosperous for more than a generation, enriched the proprietors and benefited the tenants. Seaweed is thrown up by the Atlantic in enormous masses on the shore. This seaweed was put through a process of burning and kelp was produced, from which the alkalies used in soap-making were obtained. New processes of manufacture destroyed this source of revenue, and kelp is now only used for the making of iodine, for which a very small quantity is required.

But this was not the crofters only misfortune. In addition to the failure of the kelp industry, the pro-

prietors had turned most of their best land into sheep farms, and driven the poor crofters to the worn land on the seashore. Thousands were removed and forced to emigrate; yet still numbers remained and increased. Their cry was constantly for more land and better land; and the cry at last was heard.

Within the last fifteen years two Royal Commissions have sat and examined every island in the Hebrides; courts have been appointed to fix fair rents, and land suitable for "crofting" has been scheduled, which proprietors must on certain equitable terms give over to the crofters, under supervision of the courts, when required. Since then new life and hope have taken possession of these poor people.

The islands have an ancient history of their own, which it is impossible here to give in detail. On most of them are interesting archæological remains, few of which have been properly investigated, owing to the difficulty of access. There are Druidical remains, underground houses, lake dwellings, vitrified forts, Scandinavian encampments, or Christian remains, in nearly every island.

In the outer islands there are practically no trees. In the whole of South Uist there is but one tree, which is, strange to say, a Californian araucaria, the last survivor of an experiment in tree-planting by a former proprietor. Wood for the rafters of cottages is very valuable, and the people can generally give the history of their roof-timbers, often more than a

century old, and erected more than once and carried from place to place.

The Gulf Stream is a benefactor to the islands, much of their timber being American, floated across the Atlantic and cast on their shores. Many a great log of West Indian mahogany has been found there, and quantities of tropical nuts and beans are picked up.

The principal islands have already been mentioned, but it may be well, before closing this volume, to give a few notes on the smaller members of this interesting group.

One of the most remarkable of all the British islands is St. Kilda, far out in the Atlantic, over a hundred miles from the nearest point of the mainland of Scotland and forty miles due west of North Uist, the nearest inhabited island. This rock is but three miles long and two broad; its main features are its precipitous cliffs, inhabited by myriads of sea birds. There are no trees, and the only wild animals are mice. Two hundred years ago there was a population of one hundred and eighty souls; to-day there are but seventy-one, whose language is Gaelic.

There are enough sheep on the island to provide the inhabitants with meat and clothing, and a few head of cattle. The rent is paid in kind, with feathers, oils, cloth, cheese, tallow and fish.

St. Kilda is the property of the Chief of Macleod of Dunvegan (Skye), to whose family it has

belonged for centuries. The inhabitants say that the cuckoo always appears when the Chief dies, and only then, and thus they always know when Macleod is dead.[1]

The island is visited thrice a year by the proprietor's factor, who takes out mails and supplies, and until the last two or three years these visits were the islanders only communication with the outer world. Now however tourist steamers occasionally carry the curious to St. Kilda, and after each of these visits the inhabitants, who are usually singularly exempt from all forms of illness, are visited by an epidemic of feverish cold, known locally as the "boat cold," which attacks them often very severely.

St. Kilda was in the eighteenth century the scene of the abduction and imprisonment of Lady Grange; the details of which extraordinary and mysterious incident are unfortunately too complicated to be given here, except in briefest outline.

Lady Grange was a daughter of Chiesley of Dalry, who in 1689 was hanged for shooting the Lord President of the Court in the street. She inherited her father's passionate nature, and it is believed that in addition she occasionally gave way to fits of intemperance. For twenty-three years after her marriage

[1] I am informed by one who was told by the present Chief that when his factor landed in St. Kilda, after his father's death, the people told him, "We know that Macleod is dead; we heard the cuckoo."

to Lord Grange, who was a Judge of the High Court and a member of Parliament, she lived with her husband. Then he gave her a separate maintenance and insisted on her leaving his house. Though the cause of this rupture was never stated, it is supposed to have been the lady's violent temper and intemperate habits; it was even said that Lord Grange was at times in actual danger from her violence. Another theory is that Lady Grange had discovered some plot in which her husband, an ardent Jacobite, was concerned, and had threatened to expose him.

After the separation Lady Grange appeared on several occasions before her husband's house in Niddry's Wynd, screaming threats and reproaches at the top of her voice, and haranguing the bystanders on her wrongs, until the city guard had to be sent for to quiet her. In modern times she would have been shut up in an insane asylum. Her husband took other measures. The lady disappeared, and it was given out that she had died. In reality, however, she was kidnapped by a party of Highlanders wearing Lord Lovat's livery, carried to Polmaise, near Stirling, and imprisoned there for six months, when she was removed and for nearly two years was kept on Heskir, a desolate island off North Uist, belonging to Sir Alexander Macdonald, which had for its sole inhabitants her jailor and his wife. Then, the secret of her place of confinement having leaked out, she was taken by a vessel belonging to the Chief of Macleod to St. Kilda.

The island was then visited but once a year by Macleod's factor. On each of these visits he brought a supply of tea, sugar, flour and "an anker of spirits" for the prisoner's use. She had a cottage furnished for her and a girl to wait upon her.

Here she remained for seven years, knowing no Gaelic and unable to converse with the people. At last a Presbyterian minister and his wife came to the island; to them she told her story, and on leaving they went immediately to Edinburgh and informed Mr. Hope of Rankeillor, a lawyer of eminence, and the friend and agent of Lady Grange, of her whereabouts. He at once set about effecting a rescue, but before this had been accomplished Lord Grange had taken alarm, and his wife, now hopelessly insane, was removed to a secret place in Ross-shire, where she died in 1745, having been confined for thirteen years in defiance of the law. The principal actors in the abduction were all Jacobites, while even Hope of Rankeillor belonged to that party.

Lord Grange had retired from his judgeship in 1734 and spent his last days in London in a rather disreputable fashion, and there he died in 1754 in a mean lodging in the Haymarket.

The group known as the "Long Island" takes in Lewis, Harris, North Uist, South Uist, Eriska, Barra and a few rocky islets. Lewis formerly belonged to the Macleods of Lewis, who were dispossessed centuries ago by the Mackenzies. Harris belonged to a

different branch of the Macleods. At Rodil, a lonely spot at the south end, one comes most unexpectedly on a wonderful old church which belonged to a fifteenth century Augustinian Monastery, built on the site of an older Culdee cell. This church, though not used for service, is kept in repair by Lord Dunmore, the proprietor.

The east shore of North Uist, Benbecula, and the western side of South Uist all lie very low and appear as a perfect honeycomb of lochs of all sizes—some of salt water, some of fresh—and it is difficult to realize how the people continue to live at all, yet they do live, and some of them are comparatively prosperous, cultivating their strips of land between the waters. Eriska is entirely a Roman Catholic island; it does not contain a single Protestant.

The northern divisions of the Long Island have most interest as the scenes of Prince Charlie's wanderings after Culloden, which have been already narrated.

Barra, the southernmost division of the Long Island, was the home of the Roman Catholic Clan of MacNeil. Early in the nineteenth century most of the inhabitants emigrated, but unlike the people of other districts the movement was voluntary and against the will of the Chief. A characteristic story of the time tells how a party proceeding to the shore to embark were accompanied by the Chief, who implored them to remain. To a favorite clansman he particularly ad-

dressed himself, but in vain. At last, losing his temper, MacNeil struck the man so violently that he fell to the ground. Much ashamed, the Chief burst into tears, raised the man and begged him for his honor's sake to strike him back. "Do you think," was the reply, "that any provocation in this world would induce me to strike my Chief? No; but should any man living offer to you the least affront, I should be the first to fell him to the earth." Such were the relations between Chief and people—father and children. Nor has this feeling died out. A few years ago the representative of the old Clanranalds, an Admiral in the British Navy, visited the former territory of his ancestors, long before sold into other hands. The people crowded around him, kissed his hands and showed every sign of infinite affection.

Barra, like Clanranald's territory, long since passed by sale to a Lowland proprietor—Gordon of Cluny.

East of Barra lies a group of four islands. Canna is a Roman Catholic island, on which are some ancient Scandinavian and some Christian remains. Rum is now a deer forest, its entire population of four hundred souls having been cleared off in 1826, except one family. Eigg was once famous for its barley, and therefore for its illicit stills and smuggling of whisky. It possesses a cave, the scene of two tragedies separated from one another by nearly a thousand years—the massacre in 617 of St. Donnan, a monk of Iona, with his entire company of fifty-two persons, and the

killing there of two hundred Macdonalds in the sixteenth century by the chief of Macleod and his followers. Muick was a farm of the monks of Iona, and Tyree, further south, was the monastery's granary. Coll was formerly a Maclean island, and is now the property of Colonel Lorne Stewart, a scion of the Appin family, whose house Breacacha Castle is the modern successor of an ancient stronghold of the Lords of the Isles.

On Coll Island Dr. Johnson and Boswell were storm-bound for ten days. The two cockneys found themselves reduced to the last extremity for means of entertainment. Boswell eagerly ran after anything in the shape of a "sight" and Dr. Johnson ransacked the garret of the laird's house for books. "As in our present confinement anything that had the name of curious was an object of attention, I proposed that Coll should show me the great stone mentioned in a former page as having been thrown by a giant to the top of a mountain. Dr. Johnson, who does not like to be left alone, said he would accompany us as far as riding was practicable. We ascended a part of the hill on horseback. A servant held our horses, and Dr. Johnson placed himself on the ground, with his back against a large fragment of rock. The wind being high, he let down the cocks of his hat and tied it with his handkerchief under his chin . . . he amused himself with reading *Gataker on Lots and on the Christian Watch* . . . found in the garret of Coll's

house. . . . On our return he told us he had been so engaged by *Gataker* that he had never missed us. . . . We proceeded to the lead mine. In our way we came to a strand of some extent, when we were glad to take a gallop. Dr. Johnson, mounted on a large bay mare without shoes, and followed by a foal which had some difficulty in keeping up with him, was a singular spectacle."

Coll, more than any other island of the Hebrides, benefited by the kindly action of the Gulf Stream. The harvest from shipwrecks has almost ceased since the building of the great Skerryvore Light House; yet even now a good haul is occasionally made. In 1900 an Atlantic liner was wrecked near the Skerryvore rocks, and the next morning the shores of Coll were strewn with American apples and a miscellaneous assortment of objects, among which were three American organs, thrown up under the proprietor's windows.

Southeast of Coll, off the west shore of Mull, is Ulva, whose chief was the hero of Campbell's ballad, "Lord Ullin's Daughter." It is associated with David Livingstone, whose Gaelic name was Macleay. His great-grandfather had fought at Culloden and retired to Ulva. His grandfather emigrated to Lanarkshire, where, in Blantyre, Livingstone was born. Before returning to Africa for the last time he visited Ulva, but was disappointed to find no trace of any island relatives remaining.

A few miles to the southwest of Ulva is Staffa, a small, barren island, visited yearly by thousands of tourists, who are attracted thither by its remarkable caves. Of these the most celebrated is Fingal's Cave, whose wonderful proportions and towering pillars of black basalt, worked out by the action of the sea, have been eloquently compared, by writers of prose and poetry alike, to some great temple reared for the worship of the Almighty, while the surging of the Atlantic—

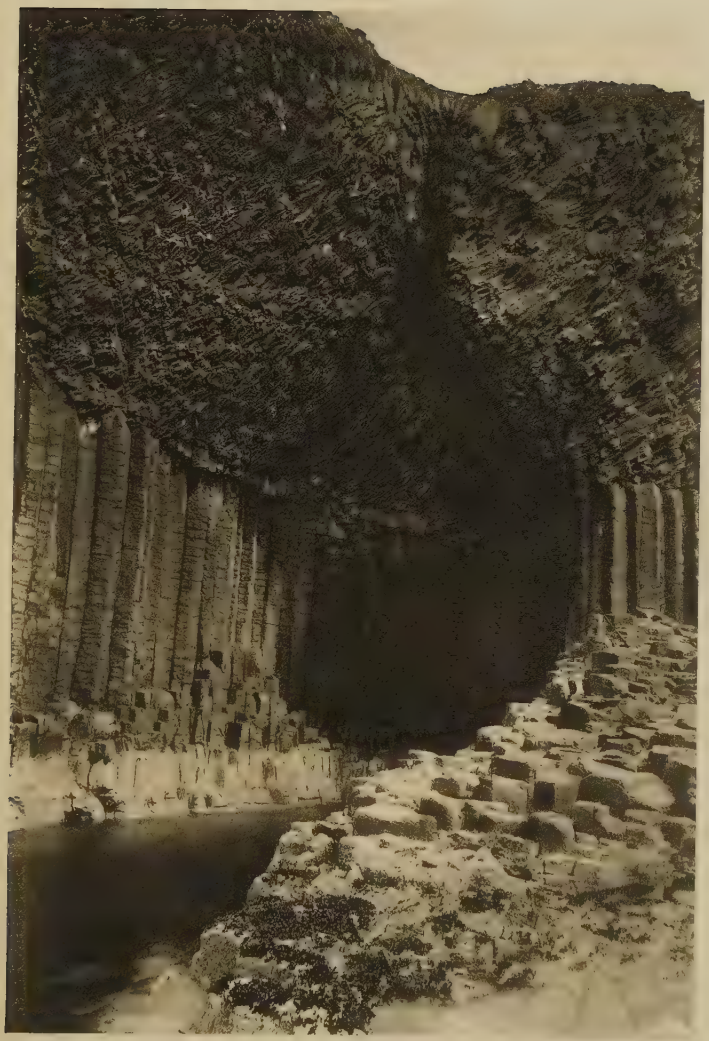
> "From the high vault an answer draws,
> In varied tone, prolong'd and high,
> That mocks the organ's melody."

Some six or eight miles south of Staffa, and separated from the Ross of Mull by Iona Sound, is the Island of Iona.

In the year 563 a small band of missionaries, crossing over from Hibernia, sailed in and out among the closely-clustered islands lying off the coast that bounded their horizon on the northeast. In time they came to one whose fertile aspect, resembling no doubt the green shores of the land they had abandoned, seemed to offer the asylum of which they were in search. Upon this they landed, and there was established that settlement whose beneficent influences even now, after the lapse of more than thirteen hundred years, have not ceased to be felt.

The leader of this devoted company was one who,

Fingal's Cave, Isle of Staffa



on a later occasion, thus describes himself: "I am a Scottish pilgrim, and my speech and actions correspond to my name, which is in Hebrew Jonah, in Greek Prehistera, and in Latin Columba, a dove."

One of the earliest and most important of the converts made by Columba was Brud, King of the wild Picts, among whom the missionaries' labors were for the most part to lie, the Scots it is stated having already become Christianized.

Brud made over to them the island on which they had landed, now called Iona,[1] and they forthwith set about erecting a church, and huts to live in.

Columba had evidently been through some trying experiences before he adopted the monastic life, for he refused to allow cows on the island because "where there is a cow there must be a woman, and where there is a woman there must be mischief."

There is a heathenish story connected with the first buildings erected on Iona that doubtless originated in the fertile brain of some professor of the old religion. According to this legend, every attempt to raise walls

[1] The name Iona is another of the historically famous mistakes. It was caused originally by a misprint or a mistranscription of the word "Ioua." The original name was Y, I or Hi, which means "Island." In Gaelic it is known as Icolmkill, *i. e.*, "the Island cell of Columba." Ioua is believed to have been some Erse inflection of I, misunderstood by a scribe or a printer, and thus arose the happy mistake which gave this musically-sounding name.

The name Hebrides is a similar mistake of a printer or a transcriber for the Hebudes of Ptolemy.

was futile; when a certain height was reached they always fell down. At last it was revealed to Columba that this would continue until a human being should be buried alive as a sacrifice. Lots were cast and the choice fell upon Oran, one of the brothers. He was duly interred; but after three days Columba could not resist the temptation to see how he looked. As the earth was removed Oran opened his eyes, and fixing them upon his Superior, observed, "There is no wonder in death, and hell is not as it is reported." Whereupon Columba hastily threw back the earth, exclaiming, "Earth! earth on the mouth of Oran, that he may tell no more tales."

The cemetery in which so many famous personages have been laid to rest, and which is the oldest Christian place of sepulture in Scotland, is dedicated to Oran. Here all the Scottish Kings who preceded Macbeth were buried, as well as a number of royal personages of both Ireland and Norway.

All of the Columban buildings have long since disappeared, the ruins now seen on the island belonging to ecclesiastical buildings of various later periods.

Here Columba lived and labored for thirty-four years. His household, which gradually increased until it numbered a hundred and fifty monks, was divided into three Orders—the Seniors, whose main business was to officiate in religious services and to transcribe the Scriptures; the Working Brothers—tillers of the soil for the most part and herdsmen, but

who also conducted the domestic affairs of the establishment; and the Alumni—youths under instruction. The brothers wore white tunics, an upper garment of natural wool, and sandals, and shaved the entire front part of the head. The rule of life, while enjoining extreme simplicity and temperance, does not seem to have been extreme in its rigor.

There was a weekly celebration of the Holy Eucharist, as well as one on all festivals, and the Wednesday, Friday and Lenten fasts were observed. In doctrine the Church of Iona was identical with that of Ireland, from which it sprang.

The account Columba and his companions gave of themselves when they journeyed to Gaul in 590 was: "We be men who receive naught beyond the doctrine of the evangelists and apostles. The Catholic faith, as it was first delivered by the successors of the holy apostles, is still maintained among us with unchanged fidelity."

St. Columba died at Iona on June 9, 597, very early in the morning. Feeling that death was close at hand, he had gone at midnight to the church and stretched himself before the high altar. A few hours later the brethren, summoned by the ringing of the bell, arrived just in time to receive the blessing of his uplifted hand and to see him pass peacefully away. He was in the seventy-seventh year of his age and the thirty-fifth of his missionary labors. Thirteen hundred years have gone by, and his works do yet follow him.

"Small and mean though this place is, yet it shall be held in great and unusual honour, not only by the Kings of the Scots, with their people, but also by the rulers of foreign and barbarous nations, and by their subjects; the saints also of other churches even shall regard it with no common reverence."

Such was the prophecy which, according to both of his early biographers,[1] Columba uttered on the evening preceding his death, standing with outstretched hands upon the little hill above the monastery, identified with that now called *Cnoc-an-bristeclach*.[2]

Just two hundred years later the peaceful and useful career of the Iona Monastery was rudely broken in upon. In 794 the Scandinavians made their first piratical descent upon the Isles, burning, pillaging and slaughtering. After repeated visitations of this sort, it was, in 814, deemed advisable to remove the relics of Columba to some place of greater security. Part therefore were taken to Kells, in Meath, Ireland, and the remainder to Dunkeld. At a later period, when new buildings, of stone and more securely placed, were built on Iona, the relics were brought back.

There is no actual proof that the traces of a still older building, seen to-day among the ruins of the

[1] Cummene, Abbot of Iona, about sixty years after Columba's death; and Adamnan, who was born twenty-seven years after his death.

[2] See Skene's *Celtic Scotland*.

Benedictine Monastery at Iona, are a part of these first erections in stone; but it is very likely that they are, and the site at all events is almost certainly the same.

The late (seventh) Duke of Argyll, shortly before his death in the spring of 1900, gifted the ecclesiastical ruins at Iona, to be held in trust for the Church of Scotland.

The buildings are to be held inalienably for the purposes of public worship by Presbyterian form; and the sum of £20,000 is to be raised by subscription to pay for their restoration, and to defray other necessary expenses.

This brief notice of a spot whose continuity of interest links the Scotland of to-day with the very dawn of her history is an appropriate point at which to bring to a close our survey of some of her localities most renowned in History and Romance; a survey whose aim has been throughout rather to arouse interest than to satisfy it. Indeed an adequate presentation of the subject demands and has in some measure received a definite proportion of English literature.

The character and customs of the Scottish people, their habits of thought and speech, their unconquerable love of liberty and freedom of action, and a chivalrous loyalty which heeds neither suffering nor poverty, have together tended to produce a national ideal which is a distinct picture in human history. Neither the diversities of Cavalier and Calvinist,

Catholic and Covenanter, or Chief and Laird have eradicated it or even blurred its outline. It has survived nearly two centuries of political union with England, including the removal of the seat of government from the ancient capital to London, and it remains unimpaired by the even more levelling influences of the modern methods of commerce and communication. It is, in short, difficult to conceive of its extinction by anything less than the obliteration of civilization itself.

This intense national spirit, always dignified and earnest, sometimes proud and cruel, often tender and true, has reproduced and realized itself in a mass of chronicles and traditions, law, religion and architecture, which present a field in the realm of purely human interest unsurpassed by any country of modern times.

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